32 PAGES

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SECTION 1. PAGES 1 TO 16

VOL. 23, No. 15. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 22, 1910. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3. Whole No. 1155

THE FRONT PAGE

GEORGE H. MUNROE, whose flotation schemes and shady business methods, received some little attention in last week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, is still a resident of Toronto.

On former occasions, when he "blew up with all on board" he tried the old-time method of getting out between two days, but this never seemed to properly appeal to the general public, and particularly to those whom the genial buccaneering promoter had fleeced out of their money.

So it is that Munroe has resolved to stay on for a time and face the music. This is as it should be. For after all there is method in Munroe's madness, for, like Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, Munroe is fast using up the centres where the financial fish is to be readily caught. Pretty soon there will be none left on the Continent, and then he will be obliged to take himself abroad and try his luck.

When George Munroe felt it incumbent upon him to leave New York, the climate of the American metropolis having suddenly become unhealthy, he followed his old method and disappeared between two days, never to return so far as the general public has been informed. Then, again, when he had occasion to leave Montreal there were no brass bands at the station and no farewell addresses.

If Munroe will stay along and see it through as he promises to do, there will be no general grounds for complaint so far as TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is concerned.

Accustomed to purchase silence, or advertising space, at so much per, the Munroe outfit could scarcely believe their senses when it became noised abroad (it is difficult to make a complete investigation of people of the Munroe stripe without their hearing of it, for they ever have their ears to the ground), that TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT intended to print in its columns an exposure of this man and his methods.

From the most unexpected sources, influences and pressure were brought to bear to compel SATURDAY NIGHT to let go its hold.

Men with anxious faces appeared. Munroe owed them money. "Hold it off for a week, until I get my cash. Do this like a good chap. It's worth thousands to me."

Next a tall gentleman appeared, the paid publicity agent of the Munroe outfit. An expert in his line. For many months this man had been buying publicity in the Toronto daily press. It was all so easy.

Surely no one would attack the Munroe outfit without a motive? What was ours?

"Resolved to print your story are you?" said our tall visitor. "Well," he continued, "there are two alternatives. We need not necessarily sue you for libel. We might possibly blanket you through the daily press. Your paper comes out once a week and theirs' six days in the week. It's all a case of how much space it is necessary to purchase in the daily papers. The public has a short memory and we will take advantage of that fact."

With this as a parting shot the publicity agent went his way.

Next came the men who defend Munroe on the ground that he is a "spender." Munroe can spend money faster than any man in Toronto and therefore he should be encouraged in place of being "knocked." It apparently didn't make any difference to this class of special pleader whether Munroe was spending his own money or someone else's.

It was then explained to these men that while Toronto was a moderately wealthy community it is hardly fair to draw on the city indefinitely in favor of George H. Munroe's "cold bottle and warm bird" account. But these men went away unconvinced. It was bad business to their minds. A positive harm to the community. What if he did get a lot of other people's hard earned dollars! Didn't he spend 'em? Didn't George Munroe put in circulation money that had been lying in the savings banks?

The preachers say that honesty is the best policy, but is it?

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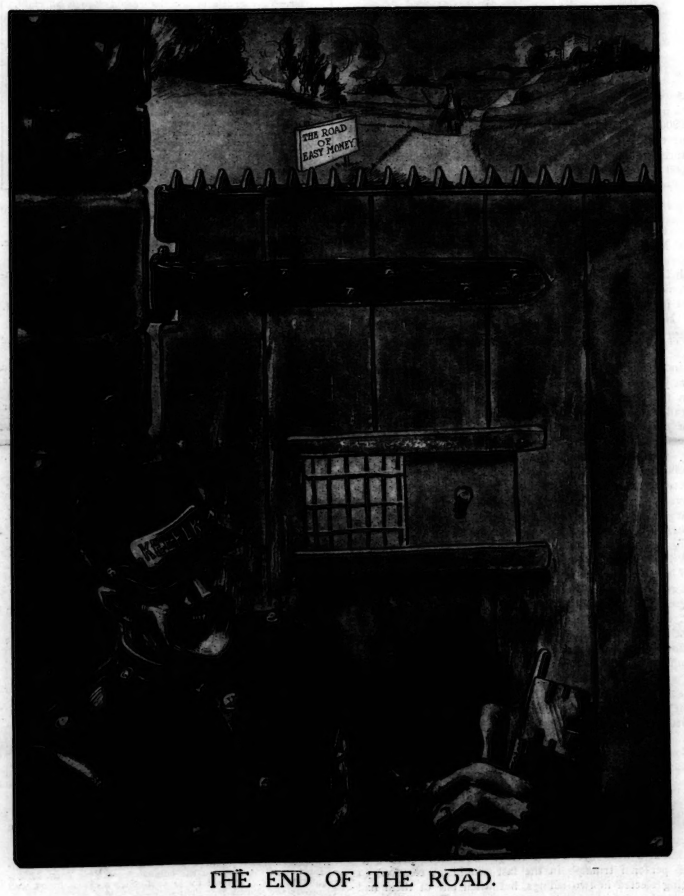
HALF of wisdom lies in the ability to take a hint. Toronto, the other day got a hint as to the danger of fire in its school buildings, and it now remains to be seen if the authorities will have the wisdom to act quickly and efficiently on the warning given them. Out in the St. Clair avenue school a paltry little blaze, which lasted only a few minutes and did less than two hundred dollars' damage, was able to imperil the lives of over a hundred children, and did actually result in the serious injury of one child and the lesser injury of two or three others. It is almost like a problem in mathematical proportions to figure out the result of a fire ten times as serious—it would still be a small fire—in such a school as the Ogden, where there are fourteen hundred pupils, three storeys, and an equal lack of fire escapes. That it would result in a terrible loss of life. there can be no possible doubt. The only question is how long it will be before the people of Toronto wake up to the fact that they are endangering their children's lives in sending them to the average Toronto school.

Some time ago public attention was called to this most important matter by a series of editorials in "Construction," a technical journal. These articles were reprinted in certain of the local papers, and aroused sufficient interest to cause the appointment of a committee to investigate the charges. The report of the committee was to the effect that the public schools of this city were perfectly safe for the children, so far as danger from fire was concerned. It is true that the buildings are not of fire-proof construction, and that there are no fire escapes. Furthermore the buildings are, in several cases, three storeys in height, and have classes of small children on the top floors. These conditions would seem to warrant different conclusions from those reached by the committee. But all this was passed over as being of slight account, while great stress was laid on the efficacy of the fire-drill as a means of getting the children out in times of emergency.

It is time this fire-drill fad was hit on the head. It has caused more horrible accidents and more loss of life in schools than it will ever be able to compensate for. Not that it isn't a good thing; but that it is a good thing driven to death. The fire-drill is an excellent practice and one which, when kept in its proper place, often proves of great service. But when it is given an altogether undue importance and is allowed to take the place of every other precaution against fire, it is a bad thing and should be thrown into the same limbo as the hair-of-the-dog-that-bit-you, and a spider in a walnut-shell, and a rabbit's-foot, and all the other silly charms of a superstitious age. The fire-drill has been worshipped by educational authorities as the sovereign remedy against all dangers from fire, till it has begun to assume the horrible aspect of those ancient gods who demanded sacrifices of the flesh of children.

There has been altogether too much silly talk about the fire-drill. Enthusiastic accounts have been published again and again in the newspapers, telling how the children of this and that big school jumped from their desks at a sound of the gong, marched down in perfect order, and poured out into the open air while the principal held a stop-watch on them. Their time has been given in so many seconds and fractions of seconds, and then everybody has leaned back with the comfortable assurance that before a fire could gather force enough to singe a mouse's tail the children would all be out in a ferry-boat on the bay with telescopes trained on the school building. That is, of course. if the fire behaved according to rule and played the game fair. And then in the midst of all this general satisfaction and confidence in the fire-drill there comes along a little flash-in-the-pan sort of fire, and the fire-drill fails miserably just when it is needed most. The children at sight of the flames break ranks, rush back into their class room, and start jumping out of the windows, with the result that ankles are sprained and that one boy has his spine seriously injured. This, in spite of the fact that there was a convenient snow-bank to break the fall. The School Board, however, can hardly count on the permanence of such a substitute for common intelligence and foresight on their part. Fires have been known to occur when there was no snow on the ground.

What are the actual facts of the case in the matter of the Toronto public schools? The editor of "Construction" in his articles on the subject stated—and there has never been any satisfactory answer to his charge—that in four of the largest schools of the city he was unable to find an iron stairway, a fireproof hall, or a really fireproof basement. These are the Ogden, Queen Alexandra, King Edward and Kent schools. He pointed out that in the Ogden school, which accommodates fourteen hundred children, the stairs are of wood, and the halls are plastered on wood laths fastened on wooden joists. In the basement the only fireproofing consists of corrugated ceilings nailed to wooden joists—at the best a mere makeshift. But most dangerous of all is the fact that all the stairways from the upper floors lead down into a central corridor, directly under which are the engine-boilers. If a boiler-explosion should take place, all four stairways would be cut off; and in school-hours the inevitable result would be a catastrophe worse than that which occurred at Collinwood, Ohio, where over one hundred and sixty children lost their lives. These children, too, had been assiduously trained in the fire-drill. But no amount of training will make children march through flames, any more than it would make adults do it. The people who are always preaching the efficacy of the fire-drill seem to forget that for children to march downstairs in good order during a fire, it is necessary that there should be a stairs to march on. Therefore, it is entirely pertinent to ask what would be the probable result of a serious fire in any of the Toronto schools mentioned by the editor of "Construction." There are many probable results which it is not pleasant to contemplate. But there are also some desirable things which might result from the destruction of a hundred children or more. One would be the development of a sense of responsibility and a moderate measure of common sense on the part of the educational authorities. Then after the harm had been done there would be a wild rush to make the school-buildings fireproof, fire-escapes of every description would be installed, and the children would be drilled in the use of the fire-escapes as well as in the use of the ordinary exits. But why not do these things now? The School Board was given warning the other day in the case of the St. Clair avenue school fire. How many little boys must have their spines injured before the authorities can be induced to face the situation with some measure of the understanding and practical efficiency that the public has a right to demand of men placed in a position of such grave responsibility?



THE END OF THE ROAD.

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IN another column of SATURDAY NIGHT will be found a communication from the Society for the Reformation of Inebriates. For some years past this Society has, in a quiet way, been doing excellent work in reclaiming the unfortunates charged in the police court with drunkenness, and it is with the idea of drawing public attention to the work, and at the same time making an appeal for funds, that the communication is sent out.

The notion that drunkenness is a habit was long ago discarded into the ash heap of the things that are not. That drunkenness is a disease just as much as smallpox, diphtheria, measles and housemaid's knee is now very generally admitted by the scientific world and the medical profession.

Why, then, is it that drunkenness, a disease, is not treated as a disease?

Why is it that we hail a policeman in place of a physician?

And why is it that the police magistrate, in place of handing the man over to the competent medical authorities gives the "drunk" ten days in jail?

What the chronic inebriate requires is good healthy exercise, fresh air and sunshine, for his is a disease of the nerves. When we put him in jail for a short period the treatment is obviously just exactly what a physician attending the case would advise against. We are, by sending this man "down," doing him more harm than good.

The solution of the "drunk" problem appears to lie in the work of just such societies as that referred to.

Read the communication and then chip in.

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THE expression "play up, and play the game," and its originator, Mr. Henry Newbolt, both came into sudden prominence in England during the progress of the South African struggle. Indeed, Mr. Newbolt is rightly regarded as the finest poet produced by the war, and his poetic light was not perceptibly dimmed when Mr. Rudyard Kipling decided to write a few Imperial poems for The London Times and the Empire at large. The phrase was frequently quoted in this country about the time of Dr. Drummond's death, with whom the poem in which it appeared was a prime favorite. An expression very similar in form, but exactly opposite in meaning, is also much used here. Go to almost any hockey match these days, and you will hear some disgusted railbirds denouncing a certain player as "playing to the gallery."

But athletes are not the only section of the community who are open to such censure. Everyone, no matter what his station in life, either "plays the game," or "plays to the gallery." The poor, however, deserve this tribute: the great majority of them do not fall into the latter category—perhaps because they have no gallery to play to. There are many rich citizens who prefer contributing to public funds, rather than giving in secret. There are many large employers of labor who prate on the need of bettering the conditions of life among the poor, while grinding down their employees to the smallest possible wage. There are many fashionable churches—and Toronto has some of them—which send large sums to spread the Gospel among the poor, benighted, and ungrateful heathen, while neglecting the unwashed and unhonored in their own parishes. There are many well-fed, well-groomed parsons who preach sensational sermons with an eye to the reporter in the rear pew. There are many politicians who advocate temperance from the housetops while making sure that the wine cellars are well stocked.

These are some of the people who play to the gallery in a much more reprehensible degree than the athlete, who at the worst, is striving only for a little more applause than his fellow-players receive. The list might be extended indefinitely. The fact is that our whole social system is impregnated with a craving for cheap sensationalism. This would be a better world, and Toronto a finer city to live in, if Newbolt's phrase furnished a more general motive of conduct.

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PROFESSOR ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL is an inventor of many things—things to talk with and things to fly with. And now in his latter days he has taken to inventing words. But that is an immensely difficult thing to do, and one may well doubt if this latest invention is likely to be counted among the Professor's successes. For words have a way of refusing to be invented. They prefer to just happen. A new word comes like a blossom on an old gnarled apple-tree in the springtime and no amount of scientific synthesis and labor in laboratories is likely to duplicate it. It is true that scientific workers have coined all kinds of strange expressions according to the needs of their work; but these words are not properly words at all. Lamb said that not everything between covers was a book, and he divided volumes into books that were books, and books that weren't. In the same way not everything is a word that is spelled by letters properly assembled into one or more syllables. The vitality of a word lies in its currency, and until the great mass of the people can be induced to talk of a man "droming" from place to place, when they mean travelling in an areoplane, this new word of the Professor's will be a dead and useless thing, merely cumbering up the paths of language. But then the Professor points out that "droming" is the only proper expression, as the word "areoplane" is a misnomer. They are not true planes, says the Professor, and he is probably right. but at the same time they look enough like planes for the layman to call them so. Besides, the word "aeroplane" means something to the ordinary man, which is more than can be said for "aerodrome," meaning "air-runner"—Greek, ahem! At any rate, it is for the great public to decide. If they like the word "droming" they will take it and make it their own. without much regard to Professor Bell. And if they don't like it, they will simply pass it by, with as little consideration for the famous inventor.

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A GENTLEMAN whose communication will be found on another page takes exception to some of my remarks in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT in reference to the Duke of Beaufort, who rises to distinction by reason of the fact that he owns one of the biggest game preserves in England and is perhaps the most expert Master of Hounds in all England.

My esteemed correspondent is evidently of the opinion that the noble Duke could not be better occupied. My correspondent also states that possibly few of our readers understand the qualities necessary to administer and hunt a great pack of fox hounds. Quite likely. Over here we have scarcely the time to hunt, for two or six days a week, while the "butcher, the baker, the doctor, the draper and the parson" are also too much occupied with their own work to chase foxes over the scenery, and incidentally brush elbows with the noble lord who meets them on "purely horsemanship equality."

My correspondent states that the Duke of Beaufort's hounds meet six days a week during the season, and the cost of maintaining this pack is approximately $18,000 per year. He also gives us the following interesting figures "It has been computed that the amount of money

Munroe, the princely buccaneering financier, is said to have lifted from the Canadian public no less than $750,000 in his various ventures, and still he remains Toronto's honored guest.—Senator Archibald Campbell disclaims any present connection with the Munroe outfit on account of their crooked methods.—How the genial promoter gets the money from the widows through his sleek canvassers.

(See also page 9)

THE question of just how much of good Canadian money George H. Munroe has managed to acquire during his career of eighteen months in Toronto, is one in which many people are interested.

Competent authorities state that a total of fully $400,000 has been chipped in by the public in the Bartlett Mines proposition. Of this sum $100,000 was paid over on account of the purchase price, and possibly another $100,000 was wasted by Munroe and his "able" assistants in their spectacular "development" proceedings. Coal at $100 per ton landed in Gowganda runs into money, and machinery at equally extravagant prices also has a tendency to eat holes in a mining company's bank account, no matter how active Munroe's agents may have been in handing out the stock to the deluded public.

Montreal alone is said to have bitten off $50,000 worth of Bartlett stock, at prices ranging from 40 to 60 cents per share. It is, therefore, easily within the facts to state that the Bartlett mine has cost Toronto $250,000, leaving $100,000 for the country districts and the smaller Ontario cities.

In Universal Signal, Toronto chipped in at least $50,000, and as for the Berna Motors and Taxicab stock it is at the moment impossible to state just how much of this has been taken. The amount, however, has been placed at upward of $300,000 by competent authorities.

A grand total of $750,000 in eighteen months. But it must be remembered that not quite all of this went into the pockets of Munroe and his "active" assistants. A little went into the properties, that is into the Bartlett Mines and the Berna Motors and Taxicabs, the proportion would probably be $100,000 in each, a total of $300,000. Add to this sum the amount paid on account of the Bartlett mine ($100,000), and the total expenditure is $300,000, leaving a balance of no less than $450,000 to be divided between the "gang," to be lived up, flitted away and wasted.

GEORGE H. MUNROE.
(Republished by request from last week's Saturday Night.)

Senator Campbell Disowns Munroe.

The Senate,
Ottawa, January 19th, 1910.

Editor Saturday Night, Toronto:

Dear Sir,—I read your article in last Saturday Night reflecting on Mr. George H. Munroe and the Bartlett Mines, in which my name appears as one of the directors, and I desire to say that at the request of the Hon. Mr. Harcourt I did consent to act as one of the directors, but becoming dissatisfied with the way things were managed I sent in my resignation and since then I have had nothing to do with the company.

I never had anything to do either directly or indirectly with the Universal Signal Company or the Taxicab Company.

Yours sincerely,
ARCH. CAMPBELL.

How Taxicab Stock is Sold.

Up to last Friday, when the SATURDAY NIGHT'S story of Munroe and his dealings became public, the agents of the Berna Motors and Taxicabs were busy handing out their stock to all who would purchase and the tales which some of these agents told in their endeavor to dispose of it were enough to make the angels weep.

Here is an individual case of the many which in the past week has come to the attention of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT: The victim is a widow lady who is dependent for her bread and butter upon a most modest income.

She was approached at her hotel by the agent of John A. Street and Co. He told her that a Boston broker through financial misfortunes had been obliged to dispose of $6,000 worth of Berna Motor and Taxicab stock. If it had been possible the broker would have kept the stock for his own investment, but, alas, this he could not do. Eventually he had been prevailed upon to part with this precious stock to the John A. Street Company and now it was being divided up into small lots to sell their particular friends.

At no small inconvenience to themselves and as a great favor to the lady they would part with a small amount. Was it safe? Why, it was just what she was looking for. It was a WIDOW'S INVESTMENT.

She handed out her precious $200. This was all she had to invest. When this small amount was presented to the agent his face bore a disappointed look.

It was a great opportunity! One of a long life time. She had better invest more than this amount.

Fortunately for the lady this was all she had to invest, and the agent passed on to the next victim.

Up to the present the lady had not received her script, and the case is in the hands of her attorney.

How About the Fellows Who Lend Their Names?

Brantford, Ont., Jan. 19, 1910.

The Editor, Toronto Saturday Night, Toronto:

Sir,—Your article in last Saturday's issue is all right, but it does not go far enough. You do not say anything about the man who sells his name for a present of ten or twenty thousand shares of the stock of the company that the swindler proposes to promote. Without this man's name as one of his board of directors the promoter's operations would be very limited. The man who receives the stock for nothing unloads as soon as possible and the innocent investor has bought perhaps this man's stock on the strength of so-and-so being one of the directors. Those who are bit by a fellow like Munroe are not entitled to much sympathy, but the widow or poor man who is looking for investment for savings because —— and —— apparently were willing to put their money into it. You don't go far enough.

Respectfully yours,
BRANTFORD.

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spent annually by the inhabitants of Great Britain upon fox hunting totals the large sum of $43,700,000."

It is true as my correspondent points out that there is a deal of dullness, drudgery and monotony about country life in Canada as distinguished from the joyousness of English country life among the titled class. We, on the one hand, work so hard that many of us have forgotten how and when to play, but on the other hand the average Englishman of wealth has played so long that he has apparently forgotten how to work.

A leisured class who spend their time fox hunting will never build up a country. If the North American Continent had depended upon the people of this class we would still have forests in place of farms, and wastes where the factory now belches smoke.

Looking at the matter as a crude Colonial, I believe that the Duke of Beaufort could be better employed.

However, the point of view is everything.

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A RECENT number of The British Weekly (London) contains a stinging indictment against Lord Curzon, who has before been referred to on this page as having given expression to astoundingly despotic ideas as to who should govern Britain. In attacking representative government; in declaring that the House of Lords was the House which should govern, because it was not exposed to the dangers and temptations of popular election, Lord Curzon has evidently forgotten that he is no longer India's Great Nabob.

Speaking of Curzon's administration of India's affairs, The British Weekly says: "A new danger has crept into British politics with the appearance of men like Lord Curzon at the head of the forces of reaction. Lord Curzon, true despot as he was and is, failed with the Bengalees just as Lord Milner has failed with the South Africans. It is true that Lord Curzon effected the partition of Bengal, but let no one imagine that this achievement was final. India is seething with sedition, and the partition of Bengal will have yet to be undone.

"Lord Curzon has essentially the temper of the Nabob. He is as completely out of touch with the temper of the British people as ever the Nabob was. Not only did Lord Curzon fail as a statesman; he failed as a man. He left India amidst the general detestation of the whole country, white and colored. It has been said of him that he turned the Anglo-Indians into Radicals. He had all the qualities of a despot—insolent, overbearing, intolerant. Whatever he did will yet have to be undone, and it may seriously be doubted whether he did not put a term to the power of this country in India. He accelerated by a hundred years the resentment and rebellion against the English rule. He—and this is his everlasting distinction—made fighters out of the Bengalees.

"Lord Milner and Lord Curzon have learned nothing. They have committed the prodigious error of imagining that what they tried unsuccessfully to do with the Bengalees and the Boers, they may do successfully with the British people."

The paper concludes the article as follows: "The British people mean to rule themselves in the land which the sweat of their brow has made fruitful, and for which they have poured out their own blood. The Nonconformists are not Bengalees. They will not suffer prancing proconsuls to recast in their political and ecclesiastical mould settlements in which the ruling spirits were the representatives of Pym, Hampden, Vane, and Cromwell. They will steadily clear the path for a more independent, a more fearless, and a more Christian generation."

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HENRI BOURASSA'S new daily organ, "Le Devoir," which was projected many long months ago in Montreal, is at last a reality. It has been in existence a little over two weeks, and so far has failed to set the St. Lawrence on fire. In fact, it may be said without any unkindly feeling toward Mr. Bourassa, that he has a whole lot yet to learn about journalism. Signed articles written in the purest Parisian French and in the Nationalist leader's most caustic vein appear to be the chief feature of the new paper, but as circulation producers and advertising builders they have yet to prove their efficiency.

Bourassa's oratorical talents have secured him a big following of a kind in the Province of Quebec, largely because he is a professional scold. His ideas are destructive, rather than constructive. He never lacks for a large and cheering crowd when he delivers an address, because his hearers expect something out of the ordinary, and they are rarely disappointed. Outside of Sir Wilfrid Laurier few orators can arouse the enthusiasm of a gathering of French-Canadians like Bourassa, but it remains to be seen if he can swing the clientele attracted by his peculiar political philosophy to the support of his new journalistic venture. Political oratory costs the auditor nothing. On the other hand a newspaper cannot live on applause. There are salaries to be met, and many bills to be paid regularly, and Mr. Bourassa has no government advertising to fall back upon. He has deserted his former Liberal friends for good, and they happen to be in charge of the fleshpots, both at Ottawa and Quebec.

He has patched up an uneasy truce with the straight Conservative and Jean Prevost sections of the Quebec Opposition, but there is little love lost. The one common bond is antagonism to the Gouin administration. J. M. Tellier, the regular Conservative leader, is sure to resent secretly, if not openly, Bourassa's bandwaggon methods of leadership, and Prevost was not so very long ago nailed to the tree by the Bourassites, as the man without a head (Jean *sans tete*). Bourassa won a signal personal triumph in the last provincial elections in being elected in two ridings, but when one of them had to be thrown open not long ago, his most brilliant henchman, N. K. Laflamme, K.C., was decisively beaten by Alderman Robillard, a man of no particular distinction.

Bourassa has only two Nationalist followers in the Legislature, after several years spectacular campaigning, so it may be urged that he has not made such a success as a political leader as it might seem to those outside Quebec.

However, no man in Canadian public life has done so much in the last five years to develop its picturesque side than this same Bourassa, and for this reason, it is to be hoped that "Le Devoir" will not die an untimely death. Its brilliant, but erratic, editor is always interesting, if not convincing, and what he writes, as what he says, should prove of interest to all Ontario readers in any way interested in the affairs of the sister province.

The Colonel

GOLD AND DROSS

Toronto Saturday Night maintains a thoroughly competent staff of financial writers and critics for the purpose of protecting investors from those who prey on the public through wildcat promotions. Any reader may communicate with the editor of this column, and obtain impartial and candid advice regarding any public enterprise in which they contemplate investing their funds.

The reputation of Toronto Saturday Night as a fearless critic of fakes and fakirs is an evidence that it is specially fitted to render investors this much needed service.

Enquiries should be brief and to the point. Address Editor Gold and Dross Column.

Editor Gold and Dross.—I see the California-Alberta Oil Company advertised very largely in the daily papers. What of this as an investment?

The project you speak of is purely speculative. The company has some land in Northern Alberta off the line of the Canadian Northern, which may have oil under it, and then again it may not. Up to the present not a well has been dug, nor a shot fired, according to the company's own admissions. The company state that they have machinery on the ground. The American-Canadian Oil Company has a well in this territory, said to be now producing sixty barrels a day, and it is presumably on the strength of this strike that the California-Alberta Company is being promoted. As an investment I would not advise you to touch it with a forty-foot pole.

How do you regard Carter-Crume preferred as an investment selling around $90?

Those who have knowledge of the inner workings of the Carter-Crume Co. say that it is in a much better position than formerly and that the operations for the current year will afford the largest earnings in its history. As the company has always earned almost double the amount of its preferred dividend (7 per cent. cumulative), this issue at the level suggested should prove an attractive purchase.

Is there such a concern as the British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Company?—S.W.

Yes. But thus far it is in a comparatively formative stage and investment in its securities cannot but be viewed in a problematical light. The company was recently reported to have bought additional properties in the vicinity of Prince Rupert. The annual meeting is to be held in the near future, when further particulars will be doubtless forthcoming.

Is the Cuban Realty Co. still in existence? Has the Bartle Colony been a success?—M.L.B.

1. Yes.
2. There are one hundred people in the colony at present—one-third from Canada and the balance from New York, Michigan and Illinois. The colony is said to have been in no way affected by the storms that visited Ocean Beach.

Is the stock of the American Telegraphone Co., New York, a good investment?—C.H.

Is a first-class investment. Will probably sell much higher. Is earning about 14 per cent. and paying a dividend of 8 per cent.

Would you give, through your "Gold and Dross" column, some information about the Cobalt Development Co? Is it being managed in the interests of the shareholders?—S. S.

Cobalt Development has nothing much to manage, or at least nothing worth while. Its interest in the North Cobalt townsite has been sold. Mining claim assets—apparently worthless if alive.

I should be pleased, being a stockholder in Cobalt Central, to have any opinions regarding the affairs of this company.

(1) What are your impressions of the Bradley people backing down, after being so deeply concerned?

(2) Do you consider this stock worth holding after what has transpired, and whether it is a buy or sell at the price now quoted?

(3) Have the —— any repute that would warrant anyone treating this proposition as an investment?

Yours truly,
C. H. S., City.

(1) Your opinion of them is as good as ours.
(2) Sell it.
(3) If they ever had any they have lost it.

The writer is much interested in your comments on Cobalt stocks, and would be glad to know your opinion on Silver Queen.

Silver Queen is apparently worked out, and the stock practically worthless, but there are many more so rated higher on the market.

There is a mining proposition in Cobalt known as the Wolst-Reed Mine. Will you kindly advise me what you know about that as an investment at say twenty cents per share?—W. T.

Never heard of the proposition.

WALL PAPER

The attractiveness of your home depends on the effect of tasteful decorations. Appropriate Wall Paper is the first important consideration—yet only too often is it overlooked or neglected. No Room can be really inviting with the wall paper faded, soiled or inharmonious.

Come to our Store and let us suggest a decorative scheme within the limits of your appropriation.

We are Experts in Home Decoration.
Estimates submitted at short notice.

The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
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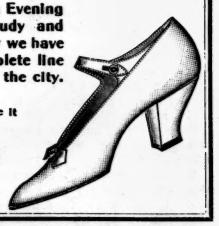

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are a skilful and pleasing blend of pure liquors of the finest quality.

They are specially adapted for home use, saving all the trouble necessary to produce a pleasant mixed drink.

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Age	20	25	30	35	40
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LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

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Chief Toronto Agents.

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CAPITAL (PAID UP) $1,000,000
RESERVE FUND $1,250,000

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TORONTO

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Thirty year 4% guaranteed Gold Bonds.

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The appraised value of the Terminals is placed at twice the amount of bonds outstanding.

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Rentals paid by the Grand Trunk Pacific and National Transcontinental Railways for the joint use of the terminals amount to $97,500, or 80 per cent. of annual interest charge on outstanding bond issue.

Denominations—$1,000, or £205-9-7.

Principal and interest payable at New York, Toronto, London, Eng.

We recommend these bonds as a security of the highest character.

Any further information desired furnished upon request.

Income return, slightly over 4 per cent.

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BRANCHES
MONTREAL—WINNIPEG—LONDON—ENG.

FINANCIAL

MONTREAL, Jan. 20, 1910

THERE are times when one is very much inclined to doubt the reliability of the assertion that to make a success of a business one must know all about it. In fact, every now and again, one is strongly disposed to think that success, at least in the management of a business, has absolutely no relation to one's knowledge of the business. When a thoroughly skilled workman arrives in Canada from the superior training-ground of Germany, or France, or Europe, do we find him shortly making a success in business? Not much. We find him getting a good salary—if he has luck—for plodding along in the shop, the laboratory or the factory. But as to the managerial chair, the closest he gets to it is when the buzzer goes and he stands respectfully in front of a man who called him in to explain some trifling technicality to a customer. The chap who is made manager has, a good part of the time, almost no knowledge of the business. But he is a good manager—sometimes. It is a rare quality and one calculated to increase one's bank account. Put the technical man in as manager and often as not the business will shortly hold a cheap sale to dispose of its stock. The point is that, in this country at least, when we want a manager we do not insist that he have a very intimate knowledge of the business so long as he exhibits the managerial qualities of resourcefulness, energy, perhaps a little bluff without being altogether unscrupulous and is strong on organization. The latter is especially valuable in a large industry. We make that sort of a chap manager and let him hire the men to post him on detail.

⁂

Managers Wanted.—When the controlling interests in the Canada Cement Co. recently wanted a general manager did they go nosing around a lot of dusty cement works to find one—some chap who knew all about the cement business? Not at all. They chose a man—Jones—who for some years had been associated with the iron and steel trade and presumably had been making a success of it. That naturally left a vacancy in the iron and steel business and started the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. hunting for a man to take his place. Did the directors of the company—who are also the directors of the Dominion Coal Co.—arm a man with a lantern and send him out through the coal mines and the steel shops to discover someone born and reared in the business? Not on your life. They selected M. J. Butler, C.M.G., and made him second vice-president and general manager of both companies. And as far as I can discover, Butler knows no more about the steel and coal business than you or I. The odds are heavy, however, that he will earn his salary—and I have no doubt that that will represent a tidy little sum, too.

M. J. Butler, C.M.G., the newly appointed vice-president and general mananer of the Steel-Coal merger.

⁂

Why M. J. Butler Got the Call. Mr. Butler ought to be worth a good salary. When you look back over his life, as detailed in print, it becomes manifest that he has had a very wide experience and that he couldn't very well have avoided accumulating much that the Steel and Coal companies ought to be willing to pay spot cash for. To begin with, he's a civil engineer of no mean standing, being a member of the English, American and Canadian Societies. He couldn't get that for saying please, no matter how cunnin' he looked. Of itself, it means that he has a working knowledge of the procedure of mining coal and iron and of converting these into their most important products. In the position he is about to vacate, that of Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, he has gained a large knowledge of public works and, what is of perhaps more importance, has been brought into close touch with public men. Then there was his experience as head of the Intercolonial Railway Commission. Just how much glory and honor he gets out of that depends upon whether you are for the government or agin it.

⁂

The Devious Pathways. A point which must appeal to all of us who have been interested in the Steel-Coal episodes, is that Mr. Butler has a knowledge of law. The trouble is that he came too late. Had he turned up a few years ago and kept the Coal Co. in the straight and narrow path, it would have been some service, but in their present amorous condition it is superfluous. After all it is doubtful if a knowledge of law is more apt to keep one in the straight and narrow than to teach him how far he may with safety, wander therefrom. At the worst, then, the new general manager's experiences in the Chicago University should at least ensure the Steel-Coal combination of a safe passage, e'en though it be a stormy one. His engineering studies were pursued at Toronto University, back in 1878, from which it is evident that, like the rest of us, he's getting on in years. From 1882 to 1884 he was connected with railways in Ontario, and in 1885 was engineer of bridges for the Acheson Topeka and Santa Fe. Apparently he afterwards built a pulp mill, but whether a good or a bad one, deponent faileth to commit himself. From 1889 to 1899 he was connected with the Rathbun Company, of Deseronto, afterwards joining the Montreal Locomotive Works—so it says in the newspapers. Just how he managed to study law, early in the nineties, and graduate at the Chicago University, is for you to figure out. I make it that he was in the employ of the Rathbun Company, at that time. However, he did all these things, and he got a C.M.G.—along with more substantial recognition, no doubt—from the Canadian Government, the service of which he entered in 1902.

⁂

Santa Claus will Pass Him, Sure. The street was a little anxious to see how the market would take the appointment to the Steel-Coal management. As a matter of fact, the market showed little effect, one way or the other. That the price is lower is evident, but the price of everything else is lower, unfortunately,—everything save rents and things to eat—so that the market affords no indication. Mr. Butler is undertaking the biggest job of his life and if hard work keeps a man happy, the late Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals will be so chuck full of joy for some years to come that old Santa Claus would blush to be found giving him anything at Christmas time.

⁂

Steel Co's. Business. A recent report of the operations of the Steel Company shows that the company suffered from a shortage of Coal during the year 1909 and that its output was adversely affected thereby. Nevertheless, the production of steel was considerably increased and the rest of the production showed but little diminution. In addition to this, the work of enlarging the plant has proceeded apace and contracts were let for the new blast furnace. This will have a capacity of about 500 tons per day and will be ready next fall. The following table is self-explanatory:

	Tons, 1909.	1908.
Coke	401,182	411,086
Pig iron	256,496	262,529
Steel ingots	296,950	279,513
Blooms	262,052	248,621
Rails	140,738	152,440
Wire rods	73,004	40,420
Ore from Wabana	530,682	556,255
Ore from other sources	14,765	44,212
Shipments	267,286	246,041

⁂

TORONTO, Jan. 20, 1910.

THE political situation in Great Britain continues to wield an influence over the stock markets in London, and this has not been without its effect upon securities both in New York and in this city. On the whole the local Exchange has borne a weakened aspect, although there have been sporadic expressions of strength. There has been a movement of the bank stocks toward the centre of trading, while industrials, such as Penmans and Burt, have occupied the lime-light to no small extent. The present course of the market, while not without precedent, is unusual. Ordinarily in January one would look for an appreciation of prices; on the contrary, the market, under heavy liquidation, has, during the past couple of weeks, lost ground. That has been noticeably the case in New York, the inter-listed securities at this centre having held their ground fairly well. Reports from Wall Street indicate that the general public have not been in the market to any extent, being somewhat daunted by the high level of prices and all efforts to attract fish to the net have been unavailing, So far as one can judge from present indications speculative activity on both sides of the line is likely to be restricted for some little time to come. The political mix-up at Washington caused uneasiness for a few days, but it seems reasonably certain that President Taft, by bringing the various elements in the Republican party together, will be able to carry through his programme. Following the elections in Britain, an improvement in trade is expected there and that should tend to improve sentiment on this side of the Atlantic.

⁂

Relative Merits of Two Traction Issues. A little tempest in a tea pot was created the other day when a local brokerage firm wrote to its clients expressing a preference for Duluth-Superior as opposed to Twin City. Immediately the champions of the two stocks were in arms. Friends of Duluth-Superior contended that this company was very moderately capitalized while the Twin City was quite heavily charged. They pointed out that the first mentioned company had commenced at once to pay dividends at the rate of four per cent. per annum, whereas the report that the latter would increase its dividend from five to six per cent. had been current in this market for the past ten years. The champions of Duluth-Superior consequently maintained that more was to be expected from it than from a company that had been so dilatory in action when more generous treatment of its shareholders was in contemplation. There is, of course, as is only natural when two sterling properties are under review, a good deal to be said on both sides. But the Twin City partisans have perhaps the better of the argument. Those behind the management of the Twin City company may not in the past have been any too generous with their shareholders, but, in the meantime, they have been building up a traction company whose system stands unrivalled on this continent. Its topography and the climate under which it operates reduces to a minimum the track maintenance and the running expenses. The recent remarkable increases in its earnings have proven that the company's constituency is increasing in a manner that is common to few other lines in America. Moreover, Twin City stock, on account of its conservative management, is always marketable.

⁂

St. John Railway Bondholders The other day it was announced that the Canadian Northern Railway had reconsidered its determination to take over the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway

Bank of Montreal

(Established 1817.)

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (all paid up),	$14,400,000.00
REST,	12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS,	959,311.06

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Imperial Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 78.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend at the rate of Eleven Per Cent. (11%) Per Annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st January, 1910, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

Tuesday, the 1st Day of February Next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to 31st of January, 1910, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, 22nd December, 1909.

BONDS FOR INVESTMENT

The Royal Securities Corporation, Limited, offers to investors Government, Municipal and Corporation bonds which present the most desirable investment opportunities. These offerings are chosen with two factors in mind: security of principal and amount of return.

Complete information concerning any security offered is always available.

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The bonds which are offered have been selected with a view to maximum security combined with the most attractive return, and are therefore deserving of your careful consideration.

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CANADIAN AGENTS

STILL THE BEST

DUNLOP AUTOMOBILE TIRES

Turn down C.N.R. because the bondholders of the latter had expressed a good deal of antipathy toward the adoption of such a course. According to the latest reports to hand from London, the British bondholders were of the opinion that some cut and dried arrangement was proposed by Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann—a course that would, of course, be foreign to the desires of these gentlemen. It is known that the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway suffered severely in the general slump incident to the year 1907, the timber trade, in which it is largely interested, being thoroughly demoralized. Other railway companies affected in incidentally the same manner, showed greater recuperative power. The St. John railway, far from recovering, commenced to go behind, and it was with the idea of making it an integral portion of a great trans-continental system, where it would be the recipient of life-giving traffic from a variety of sources, that the Canadian Northern people were induced to consent to incorporate it in their undertaking. But the bondholders in Great Britain held that they were entitled to benefit before the ordinary shareholders received a farthing. At a meeting convened in London it was pointed out that nearly the whole of the ordinary shares were held by the Canadian Northern, and it was asserted that the line should pass into the hands of the bondholders rather than remain in the hands of those who hold the ordinary shares. A resolution was passed declaring that the proposals put forward were inequitable and could not be entertained.

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Germans Threaten Trade Reprisals on Americans.

Quite a furore was aroused in Great Britain the other day when Mr. Balfour intimated that the Germans were complacently considering whether they would or would not permit the passage of a tariff reform measure in the mother land. But from present indications the Germans will be up against a commercial controversy with the Americans that will keep them busy without interfering in the domestic politics of a thoroughly peaceable Empire such as that of which we form so conspicuous a part. The trouble has arisen over the passage of a law in Berlin that would upset contracts held by Americans for the supply of potash and covering a period of seven years. A German syndicate was anxious to secure a monopoly and they took this course to secure their end. At the outset the Americans professed to be willing to meet the Germans "in a spirit of friendliness and liberty." But the former soon found out that the latter were desirous of securing important concession for the surrender of relatively trivial considerations and came to the conclusion that all friendly overtures were taken as signs of weakness. Canadians who have followed British negotiations with regard to matters affecting this country will indulge in a reminiscent chuckle when they hear of the Washington authorities being up against it. Finally all negotiations were broken off, as one might well imagine when the Americans found it impossible to get everything their own way, and we are told that the German envoys sailed for home "having, through their unreasonable and arbitrary attitude, lost an opportunity of consummating an agreement with the Americans which would not only have resulted in a great saving to German potash interests but would also have secured the friendly co-operation of all American fertilizer manufacturers in their behalf.

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Our Trade with the United States.

The trade reports for the past calendar year indicate that no other important country is quite as good a patron of Uncle Sam as is this Canada of ours. Not only did our trade with the republic of the South, reach its highest point in 1909, but it has more than doubled in the last ten years. In one decade the exports from Canada to the United States have increased from thirty-five millions in 1899 to approximately eighty-eight million of dollars in 1909. But to show just how benevolent Canada is one has only to mention the fact that the imports in the same period have increased from eighty-six millions to about a hundred and ninety millions. The ten leading items of exports to the United States are lumber, copper pigs, wood pulp, hides of cattle, furs and fur skins undressed, tea. copper ore and matte, distilled spirits and horses. From the United States the ten leading articles imported were bituminous coal, anthracite coal, cotton, fruits and nuts, boards, books, maps, etc., agricultural implements, automobiles and wheat. In the ten years under review the most important increases in imports from the United States have been in respect of locomotives, wheat flour, leather, steel rails and cotton manufactures. In the single matter of bituminous coal the past year saw an increase in imports of over a million dollars, and the same might be said of fruits and nuts. Over ninety-eight per cent. of the entire exports of anthracite coal from the United States last year came to Canada, about sixty-five per cent. of the bituminous coal, forty-five per cent. of the books, maps and engravings, forty per cent. of the structural iron and steel, thirty per cent. of the automobiles, thirty per cent. of the fruits and nuts, twenty-five per cent. of the telegraph, telephone and other electrical apparatus, twenty per cent. of the builder's hardware. and from ten to fifteen per cent. of the entire American output of agricultural implements, corn, cars and carriages, and steel rails.

⁂

Punishment for Brokers in Rock Island Espisode.

There can be little doubt that what is now known as the "Rock Island episode" injured the reputation of the New York Stock Exchange, not only in the house of its friends, but in this country and all Europe as well. After a great deal of deliberation the Governing committee of that body decided to suspend the head of the house directly responsible for the execution of the orders for a period of sixty days while his partner was set down for half that time. The committee held that the brokers in question could not possibly have been ignorant of the character of the orders, or of the fact that in executing them, on the lines prescribed by their author, they would be guilty of conduct "detrimental to the Exchange."

INVESTOR.

THE slump in New York brought out bearish letters from several brokerage houses including Laidlaw and Randolph. The latter apologized for doing so and remarked that he knew it would make him unpopular.

Now, the question arises, why should the writer of bear opinion on the stock market become unpopular. At first sight it would appear, because the publication of such views would tend to depress prices but prices are more largely depressed by more selling orders than buying orders and the man who acts on early advice to sell out on a declining market should be thankful. In a general way it can be accounted for in the very human trait that mankind remembers its ills more acutely than its benefits and the fact the holders of stocks are a defined body and the possible buyers undefined. Those who are inclined to cultivate animosity to those who assail their pet investments should remember that it takes two to make a sale, the buyer as well as the seller. If a man sells anything for less than it is worth the buyer benefits and, vice versa.

When the ordinary person buys mining stocks or any stock, an instinct of maternity is developed and the stock is held against all assaults. The writer once asked a broker why he was advancing a certain stock which was palpably already too high. "You have got to do that to get business, you can't make them sell and if you were to advise selling Cobalts you would lose all your business."

So much for human weaknesses.

Cobalt Lake is being manipulated on the Exchange. It is not probable that the public will be induced to buy of this stock and the wonder is that any one has the courage to advance it. About two months ago it was advanced when a considerable number of shares were purchased at sixty days. As these options are coming due it is probably an attempt at making a market to unload. The annual meeting is not now far distant but it is unlikely that the shareholders will be assured of much save prospects. The proposition has always appeared to the writer as being hopeless.

In regard to the report recently sent out that the Chambers Ferland has a quantity of ore ready for shipment. This has been denied.

La Rose has been holding remarkably steady all things considered.

Crown Reserve is under the $3.50 mark, $2.50 from high or five millions off its late market valuation. At present there seem to be more people willing to sell than there were when it was at its apex. In the light of the present it is deplorable that it ever got above the present price. As is now learned its rise was not instigated by the directorate who have no desire to unload on the public. The president and directors thoroughly believe in their mine and are content with the dividends. However, its decline cannot be attributed to general conditions, I mean the slump in New York securities. A diamond drill is at present at work prospecting underground.

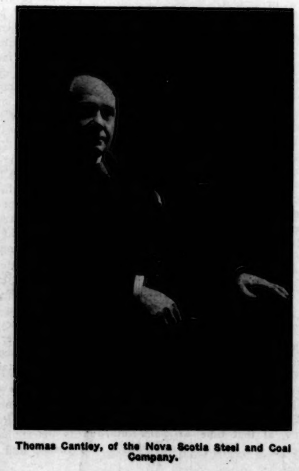
The writer recently gained some interesting and valuable information upon a mining stock of which, in Canada, the chief holdings are in Montreal and Canada. This is "Yukon Gold" which two years ago was sold by Tom Lawson by most aggressive advertising. The source of information is an official of the Yukon Territory whose knowledge of conditions, and while what he said in detail is too lengthy for this letter, yet the writer's judgment may not be unacceptable, and that is if it declines with the general market around $4.00 it may be safely purchased. At present it pays 8 per cent., while last year the company extracted no less than $2,000,000. The plant which the company has put in cost $10,000,000 which with total capitalization, $17,500,000, leaves $7,500,000 to represent the mining rights of the concern. There is no water in this. Incidentally, it may be said that the great installation of the company is a fifty mile flume and ditch which picks up the water of Twelve Mile creek at an elevation of 2,000 feet above the Yukon and by the aid of several inverted syphons, one across the Klondike valley lands 5,000 inches, a small river of water on the top of the gold hill. The water was turned in just at the close of last season but results will be attained this year. The annual meeting is at hand when, no doubt complete information will be at hand.

The market for Porcupine claims seems to be bad, even those with showings. It is hardly probable that it will, to any extent, be a "poor man's" camp and men with money are attempting to take the properties on working bonds. On the other hand it is quite probable that important pockets of placer gold may be found about which will help the prospector with a "grub stake."

There is no tendency on the part of Porcupine's best friends to claim the phenomenal values out-cropping in that portion of the northern wilderness will hold in depth Did they do so there would be no estimating their value A very small fraction of these values carrying to a depth of 1,500 feet will make an enormous industry and many people wealthy with all that that implies. In the Westralian fields great values were found on the surface in the quartz and lying about in the shape of placer. The quartz held above $15 to the 1,500 foot level if I remember rightly. Of course, these are generalities. Coolgardy was in the desert several hundred miles from a water supply. On the Treadwell in Alaska the miners, in early days panned gold off the surface yet it yields its millions from rock going under $3.00 per ton. The Homestake in the black hills was found by the placer miners, and there are many such.

Porcupine has been visited by many truthful and reputable men who have a feeling that values will hold.

COBALT.



Thomas Cantley, of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company.

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - - $2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000

Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars

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We receive accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

THE IMPERIAL GUARANTEE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

Head Office: 46 King Street, - - TORONTO

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Imperial Guarantee & Accident Insurance Company of Canada, was held at the Head Office, 46 King street west, Toronto, on the 10th inst.

Mr. E. W. Cox, President of the Company, in reviewing the business of the year, made reference to the growing popularity of Accident Insurance, and its effect on the success of the business of the Company during the year. The amount of Insurance written was over $26,270,000.00, an increase of $1,940,000.00 over the business taken out in 1908. This is considered exceptionally satisfactory in view of the fact that the business of the Company is confined to Personal Accident and Guarantee Insurance.

The gross income amounted to $219,741.76. The Assets now total $306,974.00, and, after allowing for Reserve for unearned premium calculated on the full Government standard, and all other liabilities, the surplus for the protection of policyholders has increased to $213,447.12.

The following were elected as the Board of Directors for the ensuing year: E. W. Cox, Noel Marshall, Hon. Geo. A. Cox, Hon. F. T. Frost, R. Bickerdike, Elias Rogers, G. A. Morrow, J. J. Kenny, H. C. Cox, W. D. Robb, P. G. Goldsmith, S. Burrows.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. E. W. Cox was re-elected President, and Mr. Noel Marshall, Vice-President, with E. Willans, General Manager, and Frank W. Cox, Secretary.

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Cor. Agnes St. and Centre Ave.
Esplanade E., near Berkeley Street
Esplanade E., foot of Church Street
Bathurst Street, opposite Front Street
Pape Avenue, at G.T.R. Crossing
1131 Yonge Street, at C.P.R. Crossing
256-256 Lansdowne Avenue
1268 Queen Street W.
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THE CANADIAN ART CLUB EXHIBITION

CANADIAN ART CLUB.
Horatio Walker—"The Enchanted Sty. Circe and the friends of Ulysses."

CANADIAN ART CLUB.
Franklin Brownell—"Harvest Field."

CANADIAN ART CLUB.
Horatio Walker—"Evening, Ile d'Orleans."

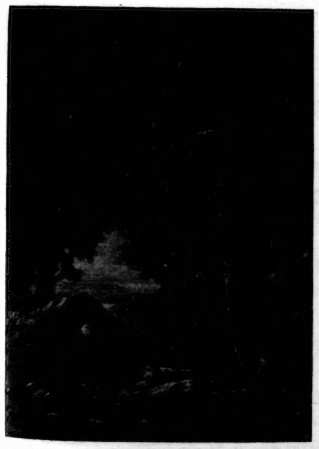
A Small Club's Big Show.

A art club's achievement is the best and, in fact, only test of its right to exist. On any other ground it may prove its right to recognition as a social organization or a debating society. But it is an art club only so much as it produces art. And on this ground the Canadian Art Club, whose third annual exhibition is now in progress at the gallery of the Art Museum of Toronto, has more than justified its existence. It is a very small organization, but its members have again shown their ability to turn out work of a very high average of quality. The present display is on the whole quite up to the standard set by last year's excellent exhibition; and there is every reason to look for even greater things in the future. The Club has thus more than made good its claim to consideration as an association of artists, even though one should fail to notice any distinctive trait shared in common by its members. There is no suggestion of a "school" about this society, and though the foreword in the catalogue of the present exhibition speaks of "a broader view of art than had hitherto been experienced in Canada," it would seem that each member of the Club has interpreted this view in his own peculiar and personal manner—often entirely at variance with that of his colleagues. They are united, however, by their common attachment to Canadian scenes as material for their art, in spite of the wide variance in their methods.

It would, perhaps, be too much to say that there is a prevailing Canadian tone to the present exhibition, for the method is wholly European and foreign, and much of the material is likewise. But then it is still far too soon to look for a distinctive Canadian style in painting—if indeed such a thing is ever likely to be developed—and as for the subject-matter, there is abundant evidence in this exhibition that Canadian painters are turning more and more to Canada for their inspiration. This is true even of those artists, like Horatio Walker and James Wilson Morrice, who do not live in this country. Mr. Walker, however, still does much of his work at his studio on the Island of Orleans in the St. Lawrence just below Quebec.

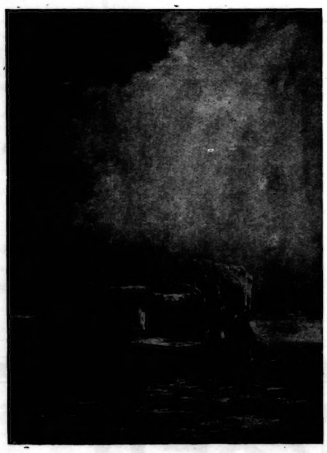
This painter, who has been for years a resident of New York, and whose recognition in the United States has been so general—and also so generous—has furnished the most conspicuous canvases of the present exhibition. This is especially true of his "Oxen Drinking," which is probably the most remarkable of the canvases on display. It is certainly the most remarked, and visitors to the gallery almost invariably make for this picture on their entry to the exhibition. It faces the doorway, and has a vividness and picturesque power that strike one clear across the room. The accompanying illustration may give an idea of the construction of the picture, but no reproduction can give any adequate notion of its splendid life and color. The light effects are especially wonderful—they very literally excite wonder. The light simply bursts down on the drinking oxen from an opening in the clouds above, and the effect is almost dazzling. In fact, it is just this very quality of brilliancy which becomes almost an objection in the picture. The attitude of the oxen and the man suggests repose and the mellow light of evening, but instead of that they are bathed in a shower of gold which is dazzling enough to remind one of that ancient fable of the transformation of Jupiter.

The drawing in the picture is masterly, as in all this painter's work. He is a great technician and he wields a brush of wonderful vigor and precision. His rendering of the lights on the sides and heads of the oxen, and his handling of atmosphere are excellent. His method of treatment, too, unites great simplicity with splendid dignity and strength. But these are things which may be said of almost all his work. Walker's draughtsmanship is always sure, and it is an important element in the popular appeal of his work. For drawing is a thing that the ordinary man can understand, and with him it looms larger than subtleties of color or any command, however superb, of tone and atmosphere. He likes to see the thing well drawn. And Walker always satisfies him there. His color, too, is of the kind that strikes the spectator at once. It makes an immediate and vivid impression, with its brilliance and the vigor of its laying-on. His pictures are not pictures to grow on one, but to give the deepest impression at the very first view. Therein lies Walker's great merit, and also his great defect—a lack of depth and subtlety.



CANADIAN ART CLUB.
Homer Watson—"The Source."

A painter of an almost directly opposite type is James Wilson Morrice, who is now a resident of Paris. Morrice is a painter of fine and delicate harmonies of tone. His paintings—which are almost always small canvases—are little gems in their poetic feeling and their subtle blending of restrained color. Not that Morrice is afraid to use strong colors or that there is anything neutral in his tints. But he manages to throw over his canvases a certain mellowness and depth of tone which clothes them in an atmosphere all their own. He is a fair draughtsman, too, but not in the same sense as Walker is. His drawing is always subservient to his tonal effects of color.



CANADIAN ART CLUB.
Horatio Walker—"Oxen Drinking."

Morrice is represented by several canvases at this exhibition, among which one of the most interesting and attractive is a picture of four or five youngsters toddling home from school through the slush of a Canadian spring day. The grey snow and the rut-marked road and the leaden sky are all filled with the wetness which only Canadians can know in April. The whole picture is a superbly simple and beautiful study of atmosphere.

Two other charming pictures by this painter are a couple of Venetian views. One is a view of the Grand Canal, and it is full of that subdued but rich coloring, of which Morrice alone among Canadian painters seems to have the mastery. The other is "The Salute, Venice," a tiny picture in which the painter's special excellences seem concentrated. It is a little gem.

A picture which never fails to attract attention is that of "The Enchanted Sty" by Walker. It is a new venture for the painter who has won his fame as a depicter of rural life, and it cannot be said to be an altogether happy one. It is well painted, of course. It could not be Walker's and be otherwise. But beyond the merit that attaches to a fine piece of draughtsmanship and color, it has little claim to rank with the best work of this artist. Circe has little of the enchantress in either figure or attitude, and is rather too insistently suggestive of a Salome dancer. And the illusion is heightened by the peculiar spot-light effect of the lighting, which seems to play on her from the wings. This has been attributed to the fact that the lady in question was a daughter of the Sun and so radiated her own light. The explanation, however, does not alter the theatrical nature of the whole effect, although it may account for it. It may be good mythology, but it isn't particularly good painting. Mr. Walker is much more at home among the Canadians of the Island of Orleans than among the descendants of the Sun; and he paints the pigs of Quebec much better than those of ancient fable.

A very notable canvas at the exhibition is the portrait of his father by Curtis Williamson. This fine picture would be conspicuous anywhere, but it stands out with particular clearness at this exhibition on account of the comparative dearth of portraits. It is a very forceful and yet restrained piece of work, with the head of the subject standing out in the high light against the dull back-ground. It is a vigorous and masterly study of a striking face, and the portrait is quite one of the most notable that have been exhibited in this city in recent years. A beautiful thing about it is that in spite of the vigor of the treatment, the general effect is rich and mellow. In fact, the picture for depth of tone might have been ripening for years in some old art gallery.

Maurice Cullen's two Canadian pictures are excellent specimens of that painter's work. Mr. Cullen is always at his best in the handling of snow and the soft light effects of winter evening and night. His "Winter Night, Quebec," is a study in blue and gray of the Ancient Capital as seen from the mouth of the St. Charles river. A fleet of barges and river craft are moored in the ice, and above them looms the great rock and the lights of the city. It is a fine conception finely carried out.

The other picture which is called "Stormy Night, Montreal," might better have been christened "Forgotten." It shows an old horse and sleigh standing outside a store. It is evening and people hurry by through the snow. The lights burn green and yellow in the store-window. The old horse hangs his head in weariness. Waiting!

Homer Watson has quite a number of pictures on view. With few exceptions, however, they are not in his best manner. They show all his faults of lack of color and stiffness of drawing, with only occasional evidences of the vigor of concept and treatment which gives dignity to this painter's work. His best canvases in this exhibition are probably the two marines, in both of which he has caught the harsh and rugged beauty of the scenery of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. "The Squall" is particularly good, the effect of a hard and sudden blast whitening the water under the dark sky being admirably conveyed.

A conspicuous group of paintings are those by Clarence A. Gagnon. The most notable of these is probably the large canvas, "Les Deux Plages, Parame et St. Malo." It shows a wide stretch of wet beach reaching through the shadow of a passing cloud to where a bright town stands in the sunshine. There are figures on the beach, but they are very much scattered, and the general effect of the foreground is one of vacancy. The town and the sky are very well done, but the general impression of emptiness and lack of balance mars one's enjoyment of this otherwise clever painting. Some of Mr. Gagnon's smaller canvases, however, are excellent, notably "The Plage Dinard" and "Early Winter Moonrise."

Mr. J. L. Graham is one exhibitor who is not a member of the Canadian Art Club. He is represented by four small pictures, all of which are extremely well done. He is a painter of cattle, and his picture "By the Birch Grove," showing a line of grazing cattle with the setting sun shining on them through a hedge of birches, is quite one of the prettiest things in the exhibition. It is suffused with the golden glow of evening, and the atmosphere has a wonderful transparency. The cattle, too, are evidently drawn by an experienced and a loving hand. Another charming picture of Mr. Graham's is his "Pasture Field," in which he obtains a somewhat similar effect of light. His picture, "The Stable," is well drawn, and is another proof of his intimate knowledge of "the rural divinity," as Burroughs calls the cow; but there is scarcely enough color in the picture and the general effect is a little dull and flat.

Archibald Browne is a painter of etherealized landscape, and has evidently been greatly influenced by Macaulay-Stevenson. There is a delicate decorative quality and a poetic grace to Mr. Browne's best work that have a strong appeal to many lovers of painting. But there is naturally a corresponding lack of vigor and substance to this style of work. "The Valley" is one of Mr. Browne's best efforts in this direction. It is a very dainty study of slender trees, and wistful half-lights, and a dreaming lake such as might be the scene of adventures in fairy legend. But no human fisherman ever drove a canoe over a lake like that, or caught a fish in it. If he did, it would probably be a ginger-bread fish with tinsel fins.

CANADIAN ART CLUB.
Archibald Browne—"Autumn Glory."

Franklin Brownell's "Harvest Field" is a craftsman-like piece of work, well drawn, and well colored. It is a study of purple sky over yellow grain, and is vigorously conceived and carried out. In fact, it is this very vigor which lays it open to the objection of a certain crudeness and rawness in color. This, however, is probably due in considerable measure to the hard directness of the light to which this picture is subjected. Mr. Brownell's "Statuette" is cleverly drawn and is a graceful composition, but it lacks the contrasts in light and shade which a lamplight study ought to offer. His "View of Ottertail Mountain" is a charming presentation of a kind of scenery which has been done very much and very badly.

William Brymner's large portrait of Miss Dorothy and Miss Irinie Vaughan is what might be called a good honest piece of work. Mr. Brymner is always a thorough craftsman. But beyond the fact that it is well painted, there is little to distinguish this portrait from a host of similar pieces of work. Neither are the two sea-coast pictures by this artist painted in his best vein. They are well done—that is, the color is well laid on, and all the technical rules are properly carried out. But there is little in them to seize and hold the attention.

Mr. W. E. Atkinson has a large number of canvases on display, including a large picture, "Spring Freshet." One wonders, however, why this picture should be so very much larger than any of the others, for it certainly does not contain any more of a picture than several of the others not a quarter its size. And it does not contain half as much of a picture as his charming "Dutch Moonlight." The mere size of the canvas does not necessarily express the force and volume of the flood. One of the most successful and typical of the canvases which Mr. Atkinson has on view, is a small picture called "The Golden Hour." It is a study of trees against a sunset sky, and is filled with that peculiar quality of golden glow which this painter succeeds so well in depicting.

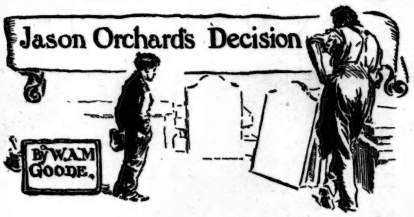
CANADIAN ART CLUB.
W. E. Atkinson—"Dutch Moonlight."

An interesting feature of the exhibition are the Indian pictures of Mr. Edmund Morris. The four portraits of Indian chiefs are quite in his best style, and the rugged countenance of the warriors stand out very strongly from amongst the landscapes on display. Mr. Morris has also on view three paintings of scenery in the Northwest. They are interesting studies in color and composition.

The Canadian Art Club counts two sculptor members, but only one of them, Mr. Phimister Proctor, has any of his work on exhibit. Mr. Walter Allward, the other member, is handicapped for such displays by the size of his work, which is all of heroic dimensions. There is much reason to regret this, as Mr. Allward's work is invariably of high artistic quality. Mr. Proctor, however, has a great many statuettes which are admirably designed for such exhibitions. He has six pieces on display, two of which are working models of tigers for bronzes for Princeton College. Another is a large buffalo-head, which meets the visitor to the exhibition at the top of the stairway. It is a fine and vigorous performance, but the statuettes are probably the most interesting pieces of Mr. Proctor's work. They represent a moose, an American buffalo, and a challenging elk; and they are all striking evidences of the sculptor's understanding of wild animals and his splendid mastery of his own art. In spite of their small size they are impressive pieces of work, and form one of the most interesting features of the exhibition.

In conclusion, it may be said that the present exhibition presents a distinct and notable artistic achievement; and it is to be hoped that the public will show their appreciation of this by turning out in such numbers as the excellence of the work displayed would warrant.

P. O. D.



"THORN!" shouted the chief sub-editor.

The new reporter jumped up from his desk and hurried to the side of his chief. For one whole week Cyrus Thorn had been employed by the Gazette, and, so far, all his work had been waiting for something to do—sad and weary contrast to the breathless excitement of the newspaper life he had pictured.

"Read that," said the chief-sub. "It's from the Western Courier—a reliable paper."

This is what Thorn read—

"It is rumoured that Jason Orchard, the famous New York millionaire, will give five hundred thousand dollars to those who suffered in the recent terrific cyclone at Fairflower, Kansas. Mr. Orchard was born at Fairflower."

"You must go at once," said the chief-sub, "and see Jason Orchard. I suppose I'd better tell you that he is the meanest man in New York. He's worth millions, yet, rather than spend a penny for a newspaper, he'll wait for the papers other people leave in the morning trains. I can't imagine that this paragraph is true, for Jason has never been accused of helping a living soul except himself. It's past all comprehension that old Jason—he's over seventy—should give five dollars, let alone five hundred thousand, to Fairflower, or any other place. It would take a mighty sight bigger cyclone than struck Fairflower to get money out of Jason." The chief-sub chuckled softly at his own sardonic humour. "Still," he resumed, "the Western Courier ought to know what it's talking about; and we want a good, strong denial from the old man himself. You'll find him at his house in Fifth Avenue. He'll be mad as a hatter when he sees this clipping about Fairflower, and you'd best excuse yourself for suggesting that he might be generous. If he talks, so much the better; but get at him some way, and hurry back."

As Thorn was departing, the chief-sub, mollified by the succinctness of his own summary of Jason Orchard, shouted to the cub reporter—

"Say, if the old man hits you, don't hit him back. Telephone me, and we will have him up for assault. That," murmured the chief-sub, "would be a better story than *you* are likely to get."

The brusqueness of the orders and the unpleasantness of the errand in no way detracted from the enthusiasm with which Thorn bounded down the steps and ran, rather than walked, upon his initial assignment. For the first time in his life he was going to "do an interview," and with a man whose name was known throughout America. Apart from his extraordinary wealth and public meanness, Jason Orchard was known all over America and Europe as the man who once averted, by means of his hoarded millions of ready cash, a widespread financial panic. In place of national gratitude, Mr. Orchard had received and continued to receive national interest, which he preferred.

It was thoroughly consistent with the bearish attitude which the great millionaire preserved towards the Market and mundane affairs that he treated Thorn's card with scant attention. "Go and see what this reporter wants," he said somewhat testily to his son. And as that young man, already worth a small fortune in his own right, was departing to fulfil the errand, Mr. Orchard added—

"Tell him that I refuse to be disturbed at this hour of the night by fool newspapers."

Thorn, still standing on the steps, listened patiently while Orchard junior conveyed an exaggerated version of the foregoing. Thorn entreated the millionaire's son to take the clipping, reporting the gift to Fairflower of five hundred thousand dollars, to his father. Curt refusal was the only response.

In despair of fulfilling his instructions "to see the old man himself," Thorn asked: "Well, can *you* tell me if it's true?"

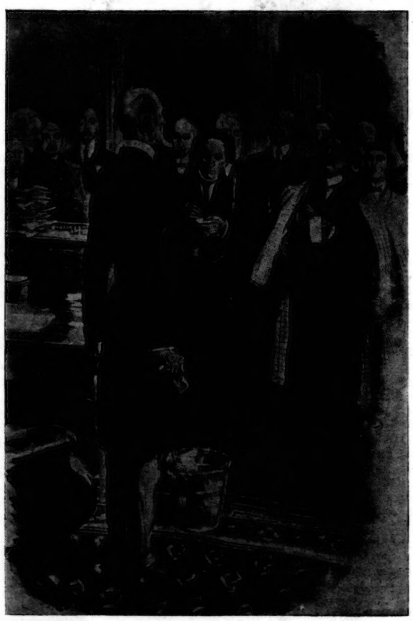
"True?" Orchard junior's voice rose almost to a shriek. "True? *My* father giving five hundred thousand dollars to some one-horse place in Kansas? Do you think my father's gone crazy?"

Young Orchard laughed loud and bitterly. His earlier days had taught him stern lessons in paternal penuriousness. "Why," and he looked half pityingly at Thorn, "why, I don't believe my father was even born at Fairflower. And——"

"What's that about Fairflower?"

Jason Orchard appeared in the doorway. In the same quiet way in which he was accustomed every other minute of the busy day to tear tape from the stock-ticker, he took the clipping from his son's hand and read it.

"Come in here," he said to the cub reporter. The impassiveness of the tone sent a chill through Thorn that instantly banished the first thrill of delight at the unexpected intervention. He followed Jason Orchard into the study.



"Suddenly Jason Orchard shoved his chair back and stood upright."

The old man's son stared in amazement at the retreating figure. He knew that his father was eccentric, but his eccentricity had never before in the hall. "I do hope Jason will be kind to him," said Mrs. Orchard rather fearfully. "He has such a nice face—for a reporter." Then Mrs. Orchard went to bed.

In the study, Thorn stood dry-lipped, leaden-throated, his eyes riveted on this strange, hard face that now was bent over the clipping from the Western Courier. For all the gifts the world had to offer, Thorn could not break the silence.

Then he heard a dry, rasping voice saying—

"So you want to know if this is true?" The words seemed to come from miles away. "Does it occur to you, young man," the voice went on, "that if I *did* give five hundred thousand dollars to Fairflower, it would be no concern of the newspapers? Have I not a right to meditate giving to charity without being cross-examined by reporters?"

The implied sarcasm, the open challenge, and the realisation that an interview had actually commenced, restored all Thorn's energy. At twenty-two years of age one is not permanently overawed.

"I know it's none of my business," Thorn began, "or anybody else's." It sounded rather lame, but he plunged boldly on, looking straight into the old man's half-shut eyes while he talked. "You see, sir, other people—that is, the Western Courier—circulated the report, and the Gazette—that's *my* paper, you know—has no other alternative except to ask you personally. It's only in the interests of truth; and, of course, we didn't think it was really true. That is," added Thorn hastily, "we thought—I mean—we scarcely thought——" Thorn stopped.

"Quite right. You imagined I wouldn't be giving such a sum to charity." Jason Orchard smiled grimly at the boy's embarrassment. "The meanest man in America isn't likely to play the fool like that, is he—Mr.—" he took up the card—"Mr. Thorn?"

"Well, I didn't say—at least, I didn't mean to intimate that."

Thorn's face was crimson. With palpable effort to turn the conversation, he added: "Then you must remember, sir, what a sensation such a report would cause at Fairflower. I know the town. They'd go crazy in that little place. It would scarcely be fair to them, would it, sir, to let such a canard—such a report go without contra—I mean—er—without—well—something a bit more definite?"

Jason Orchard laughed aloud—a queer, discordant laugh at Thorn's embarrassment. Mentally he calculated that a young man of such pleasing address could with reformation and training become a conscientious salesman of gilt-edged bonds.

"You say you've been to Fairflower?" Jason Orchard looked sharply at his interviewer. By a stroke of luck Thorn had been on a train that was "stalled" at Fairflower *en route* to New York only about ten days before, and just after the cyclone had wrecked the little western town. In the one day that Thorn was obliged to wait there he had learned a good deal.

"Oh, you should see it!" he said, warming up to his subject and forgetting the formidable personality of his solitary auditor. Everything's wiped out at Fairflower. The schoolhouse is down, the Methodist and Episcopal churches are unroofed, the depot is wrecked, and except the courthouse there's scarcely a place standing. The streets and avenues are all blown into each other and tangled up together, until the people who got out safe couldn't identify what was left of their houses, let alone their belongings. When I was there, they'd got out most of the dead—but some they wouldn't be able to get out for days. The worst thing was the children, and the mothers looking for them. One woman went stark mad looking for her child in the avenue they lived on, and afterwards the child was found quite well, blown nearly half a mile away, not even bruised.

"Then there was the cemetery all turned up. The rainstorm that followed the cyclone wrecked the cemetery, and almost all the old graves were washed away. Fearful sight, sir—corpses, buried years ago, lying all around. Not a tombstone standing. You read about the typhoid epidemic that broke out after the cyclone?" Jason Orchard shook his head in dissent. "That was almost entirely due to the exposed corpses from the cemetery. Oh! it was a ghastly mess—— What's the matter, sir?"

Cyrus Thorn jumped forward; and as he did so, Jason Orchard deliberately picked up a toothpick from the floor. Thorn could have sworn he saw the old man sway and fall; yet there was the toothpick, and there was the millionaire erect and impassive. The uncanniness of the proceeding and the uncomfortable feeling of having made some stupid mistake recalled Thorn to the object of his visit.

"Well, sir, I mustn't take up any more of your time. I suppose I can deny the report—as you weren't even born at Fairflower?"

"Who said I wasn't born at Fairflower?" Jason Orchard's tones were particularly acid.

"Your son," said Thorn.

"He doesn't amount to a row of beans," and at that moment Jason Orchard meant it. "I *was* born at Fairflower; and, what's more——"

The old man stopped and took another look at Thorn's face. It was the open countenance of a youngster who knew no guile. Then there was a long silence, peculiarly trying to Thorn. It was broken by Jason Orchard. In reminiscent tones he observed—

"You see, young man, my mother's buried in that cemetery—that same cemetery at Fairflower—that's wrecked." In sharp, doubting ac-

(*Concluded on page 16.*)

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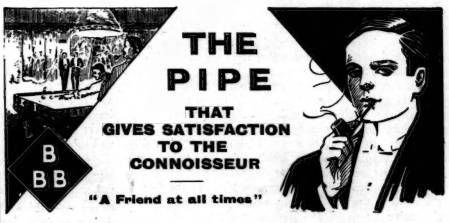

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THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

BANK OF HAMILTON

As submitted to the Shareholders at the Annual Meeting held at the Head Office of the Bank, at Hamilton, Monday, January 17th, 1910.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR 1910

HON. WM. GIBSON, *President.* J. TURNBULL, *Vice-President and General Manager.*
CYRUS A. BIRGE. C. C. DALTON. COL. THE HON. J. S. HENDRIE, C.V.O.
GEO. RUTHERFORD. W. A. WOOD.

LIABILITIES

To the Public

Notes of the Bank in circulation		$ 2,468,185.00
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date	$25,049,830.99	
Deposits not bearing interest	5,931,633.64	
		30,981,464.63
Balances due to other Banks in Canada and the United States		341,464.54
Dividend No. 82, payable 1st December, 1909	$ 62,500.00	
Former Dividends unpaid	481.50	
		62,981.50
		$33,854,095.67

To the Shareholders

Capital Stock	$ 2,500,000.00	
Reserve Fund	2,500,000.00	
Amount reserved for Rebate of Interest on Current Bills Discounted	75,000.00	
Balance of profits carried forward	403,665.32	
		5,478,665.32
		$39,332,760.99

ASSETS

Gold and Silver Coin	$ 558,966.56	
Dominion Government Notes	3,754,311.00	
	$4,313,277.56	
Deposit with the Dominion Government as Security for Note Circulation	125,000.00	
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	1,663,980.13	
Balances due from other Banks in Canada and the United States	206,414.23	
Balances due from Agents of the Bank in Great Britain	51,653.27	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	575,184.57	
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, or Foreign, or Colonial Public Securities, other than Canadian	4,324,855.00	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	820,000.58	
Loans at Call, or Short Call, on negotiable Securities	1,498,926.33	
		$13,588,721.67
Notes Discounted and Advances Current		23,787,447.58
Loans to other Banks in Canada, secured		172,977.19
Notes Discounted, etc., overdue (estimated loss provided for)		94,838.71
Bank Premises		1,353,052.96
Office Furniture, Safes, etc.		131,220.32
Real Estate (other than Bank Premises), Mortgages, etc.		131,029.82
Other Assets not included under foregoing heads		67,441.74
		$39,332,760.99

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

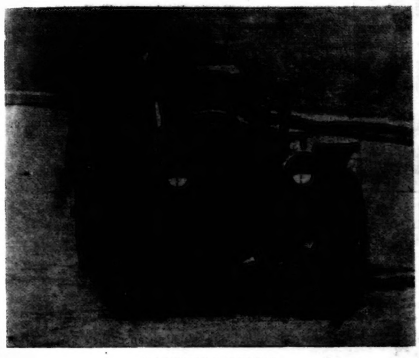
The Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1908, was		$301,097.19
The profits for the year ended 30th November, 1909, after deducting charges of management and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, are		$382,332.41
Premium received on new Stock		27,140.00
		$710,569.60
FROM WHICH HAVE BEEN DECLARED FOUR QUARTERLY DIVIDENDS, IN ALL 10 PER CENT.	$249,764.28	
Carried to Reserve Fund from Premium on new Stock as above	27,140.00	
Written off Bank Premises	25,000.00	
Allowance to former President authorised by Shareholders	5,000.00	
		306,904.28
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward		$403,665.32

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

MOTORS and MOTORING

It so happens that this is a peculiarly appropriate time to look back to the first annual automobile show held in America, says a writer in the excellent automobile number of Harper's Weekly. The period not only marks the close of the first decade of the twentieth century, but at the same time ushers in the tenth annual automobile show.

In the years 1898 and 1899 a few motor-cars were shown in the same exhibitions with bicycles both in New York and in Chicago. But in the latter year the Automobile Club of America was found, and it grew so much in strength that it decided the following year to promote an exclusive automobile show to be held in Madison Square Garden in 1900. The dates chosen for this annual club show were November 3rd to 10th.



AUTOMOBILE SIGNALS.
How a driver should signal to one side when about to make a turn.

At this first exclusive automobile show in New York there were thirty-one exhibitors of complete motor-cars and twenty exhibitors of parts and accessories. A flat, oval track for showing the cars in motion was built on the floor of the Garden, and on the roof was erected an incline built of timbers for demonstrating the hill-climbing abilities of the different machines. These lent spectacular features that were absent in subsequent years, because the police objected to the use of gasoline in the building when it was crowded with thousands of spectators.

In order that the ease and certainty of control in starting and stopping and in steering might be demonstrated convincingly, parts of the driving-track were obstructed by large numbers of barrels set on end in very irregular order with barely space between for the passage of a machine. The drivers showed their dexterity by threading their way among them, if possible without knocking down any of the barrels.

Visitors to the exhibition who wished to inspect the vehicles displayed in sections marked off within the track enclosure were enabled to cross the track safely by way of a bridge over it, with stairs at either end. Except for a few embellishments of their signs by the exhibitors, the decorations for the exhibition consisted almost exclusively of American flags draped from the roof and galleries. No attempt at uniformity in signs and illumination was made. All the motor cars shown were enclosed by the driving-track on the main floor of the Garden, and there was plenty of room on the first balcony for the displays of the score of exhibitors of parts and sundries.

Steam vehicles predominated in number at the first show, with electrics a good second, and the gasoline vehicles a poor third.

The Winton Motor Carriage Company exhibited a two-passenger phaeton that had recently made a record run from Cleveland to New York—a great achievement in those days, however long the time consumed. There was also a Winton racer and a delivery-wagon. They were driven by a single-cylinder gasoline engine placed horizontally under the body. A single-cylinder Packard car was shown by the Ohio Automobile Company, then located in Warren, Ohio. The Knox Automobile Company had a curious looking three-wheeled machine steered by tiller and driven by a single-cylinder engine.

A "motorette" for two passengers was offered for inspection by the Peerless Manufacturing Company. It was driven by a De Dion motor imported from France. A surrey type car, with horizontal engine, that had come down over the roads from Boston, was shown with pride by the French Brothers. Messrs. Haynes and Apperson were then associated, and as their joint product exhibited vehicles with one and two seats driven by horizontal two-cylinder opposed motors placed under the bodies, so that a man had to lie on his back on the ground to make adjustments and repairs. But this was the common practice in construction ten years ago. The only three-cylinder gasoline-engine vehicle in the show was shown by the Automobile Company of America, since deceased. The American Bicycle Company was one of the largest exhibitors, showing Waverley electric vehicles, Cleveland motor tricycles, and steam carriages. The most striking, as well as one of the largest stands, was that of the Locomobile Company of America, which was then the biggest manufacturer of light steam runabouts and surreys. It showed ten different models of these machines. To-day, as everybody knows, it makes none but gasoline cars.

In the electrical field the Riker Motor Vehicle Company was an important factor—so important that two spaces were needed properly to show its products. It was long ago succeeded by the Electric Vehicle Company. The Woods Motor Vehicle Company of Chicago, which was one of the pioneers, had a prominent display of imposing electric cars; but the Baker Motor Vehicle Company was new in the industry and produced a sensation by introducing a novelty in the form of a 500-pound electric runabout fitted with a battery weighing only 160 pounds.

Ten years ago the day of the imported foreign car had only begun to dawn in the United States, notwithstanding France and Germany had been making gasoline cars for a number of years and running thrilling inter-city road races that later on became most sanguinary affairs. So there was no "foreign sections" or "importers' salon" in connection with the first annual automobile show.

AUTOMOBILE SIGNALS.
The correct method of signalling when coming to a stop.

Even the most optimistic of the manufacturers who helped to make the first show in the Garden a success could hardly have foreseen the magnitude to which the show has since attained, the magnificent scale on which the decorative scheme is carried out, and the marvellous perfection to which the motor cars themselves have been brought in the span of ten fleeting years.

* * *

VANISHED are the days when all that was required of a car was that it should run consistently, and now the modern motorist seeks to have his automobile resplendent in shining brass and polished varnish, with useful and attractive accessories that clever inventors and careful manufacturers have made possible. The increase of useful things for the car is noticeable this year. There seems to have been no pains spared by the accessory makers to introduce whatever might add to the utility or comfort of the motor car.

The offering is so nearly a plethora that it is well-nigh impossible to consider everything in the meagre show time, and difficult to select the most important or most interesting new accessory of the year. At the shows the horns make the most eloquent appeal, and of these "Le Testophone," the new military automobile horn, which sounds like a bugle, is the most distinctive. This not only provides an effective warning, but also the bugle calls that it sounds by repeated pressure on the bulb afford a pleasant novelty.

In operation it is like the ordinary bulb horn. Each time the bulb is pressed a piston arrangement moves out and gives a turn to a ratchet wheel at the base of a four-tone group. This revolves a valve, which directs the air into the various tubes in turn. By changing this device, any combination of sounds can be produced, or different calls given. The horn is furnished with a removable bracket, so that it can be detached from the car readily for safekeeping. It measures twenty-six inches in length.

The Gabriel exhaust horns, which have given such satisfactory results to many in past years, show improvements in the new models. The two lower notes are operated together, making a perfect chord, which in combination with the high note, two octaves above, produces a singularly pleasing effect, and adds to the carrying power.

The Gabriel trumpet is the new offering of the same make. It consists of four single tubes with a valve on each controlling the tube individually. These are operated by a board carrying four keys. All ordinary bugle calls can be thus played. An attachment makes it possible to open all pipes at once and so give a warning chord by simply pressing the foot-pedal.

For the motorist who chooses to equip his car with an electric horn, the Klaxon serves the purpose well, with an elimination of the harshness that typified the electric horns at the time of their introduction. It is provided with a 5½ inch alloy steel diaphragm vibrated by an electric motor. It is operated by the ignition battery, with six or eight volts storage, or six to eight dry cells.

Although car makers endeavor to build their product so that the road-riding qualities will approach perfection, there are always some people who desire, as nearly as possible, elimination of shocks and jolts, to which the best ordered springs are subject. To supply this demand, there are many types of supplementary springs or absorbers on the market, some of which show improvement over last year. But it is significant of the improvement of motor car manufacture that these devices do not enjoy the same popularity that they did a few years ago, and must show exceptional qualities to attract the motorist.

The Truffault-Hartford, which has been largely adopted, shows a few refinements to increase its utility. Economy is one of the chief points claimed in favor of its use—in that it makes a car easier on tires and saves the machine from the racking of severe bumps which the device is designed to absorb.

The increased use of wind-shields by motorists, in summer and winter, is evidenced by the greater number of types now on the market. Although to the novice, they bear a close resemblance, each has its little point of individuality upon which the maker builds his claims to superiority. The most important thing for the motorist to consider in the selection of a windshield, is—Will it rattle?

After that its utility both as regards vision and wind-warding characteristics. For the man who drives his own car, the automatic seems an exceptionally useful shield, in that it can be raised or lowered without leaving the wheel, unless the driver is of short stature, by simply raising the seat, pulling down the upper section or pushing it up. It fastens automatically and it is claimed that it will not rattle. The Vasco windshield also provides automatic features.

A new type of wind-shield is offered which, it is claimed, will deflect the rush of air by means of a concave surface so that it will pass over the driver's head. At the same time the shield is so low that its upper edge is below the driver's line of vision and does not at all interfere with his view ahead. It is made of celluloid and brass, covers the open spaces behind dash and seats, and is waterproof.

The prevalent use of the windshield has largely done away with goggles; in fact, goggles never were very comfortable, and frequently caused eye-strain.

* * *

ONE curious and very satisfactory outcome of the transformation of London cabbies into taxi-men has been the improved physical condition of the drivers. The typical London hansom cab-driver of a few years since was somewhat inclined to be smart, rakish-looking, and nervy; the hansom cabby of to-day—what there is left of him—is alas! often enough a pitiful and tragic figure, whose shabby clothes and thin features betray the hard fight he must make to live. The taxi-man, on the contrary, is developing portliness. The motor companies are complaining seriously of the unexpected expense in changing uniforms of their men on account of the uniforms becoming too small. The reason for this is not far to seek. Motoring is essentially a healthy occupation, and the man who masters his wheel can sit in comparative ease. Only the amateur clutches his steering bar and racks his nerves in anxiety. The motor driver, even though his numbers are greatly multiplied, still makes a comfortable living, well above the average of his fellows. His hours are not heavy, his earnings are good, and his mind is at ease. "Laugh and grow fat," was the motto yesterday. "Motor and grow fat," is the word to-day.

* * *

Touring motorists should beware the risks involved in buying lubricating oil for the motor of agents and dealers in out of the way places. The average gasolene engine is very sensitive to poor grades of oil and frequently will develop more troubles on one pint of the wrong kind than it would in a month's running with a proper variety. Steam engine oil is sometimes palmed off on the tourist as gas engine oil, but seldom is suitable for the purpose. In case an emergency demands the use of this or some other unknown and very heavy compound it is well to mix a little kerosene with it before taking chances on dirty valves or gummed cylinders. Not simply will this thin the oil, but also tend to "cut in," rendering it somewhat less injurious in its effect. In this connection the mistake should not be made of using gasolene instead of kerosene for the purpose, as it would vaporize at once, leaving the lubricant unaffected, and it might cause a crank case explosion.

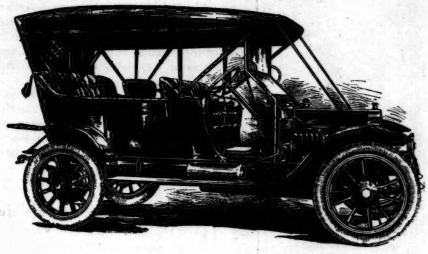
* * *

Never run an engine to its utmost capacity for a longer period than is absolutely necessary unless you wish to shorten its life considerably. When the car is on the level or running down hill the speed desired can be obtained by judiciously advancing the spark and reducing the gas by means of the throttle valve.

* * *

One of the best things to clean lens mirrors is a mixture of equal parts alcohol and water. Denatured alcohol answers the purpose perfectly well. Pure alcohol evaporates so quickly that it leaves the greasy film pretty much as it was, whereas a 50 per cent. solution evaporates more slowly and gives time to wipe the glass clean.

PNEUMATIC.



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The McLaughlin-Buick is just what these words imply—a car designed and built throughout to embody the extreme of richness, elegance, and, above all—*power*.

Model "7" pictured above is (like all our cars) equipped with a motor so flexible as to take smoothly the short, sharp corners and curves of city streets, yet powerful enough for *any* road conditions encountered in town or country.

No car at this price, or at any price, can boast of so complete an engine in every detail. It can overcome any road difficulties, easily climb any hills, and is a wonder on the level stretch.

Come and see them and let us give you a demonstration.

SPECIFICATIONS
BODY—Wide, roomy, exceedingly comfortable.
SEATS—Seven passengers.
CYLINDERS—Four, 5 by 5 inches, cast in pairs.
CLUTCH—Large cone, leather faced, semi-pneumatic.
TRANSMISSION—Sliding gear, selective type. Three speeds forward, one reverse.
HORSE POWER—Fifty.
DRIVE—Shaft.
PRICE—$3,600, f.o.b. Oshawa, including Top and Glass Front.

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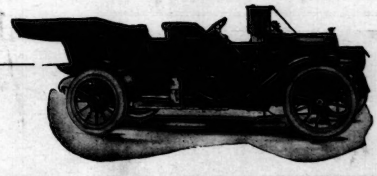
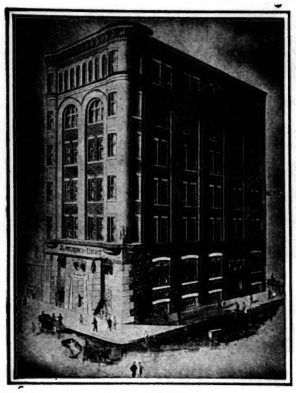




TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a thirty-two-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone {Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments.} Main {6640 6641

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:
Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$3.00
Six Months	1.50
Three Months	.75

Postage to European and countries other than Great Britain and Colonies $1.50 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 23. TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 22, 1910. No. 15.

!?- PONTS ABOUT PEOPLE -?!

An Irving Retort.

THERE are few Torontonians quicker at the art of retort than Mr. T. C. Irving. Among business men the sayings of Mr. Irving are treasured and repeated, and every week some new saying of his is recorded. Not long ago he was introduced to a pompous visitor from abroad named Bull.

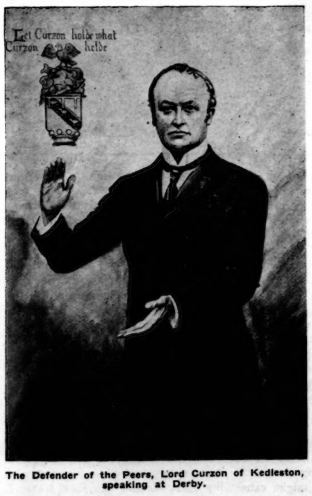
"Irving, Irving," said this individual after the preliminaries of acquaintance had been disposed of; "are you related to the Irvings of So-and-so? No! then perhaps you are connected with the Irvings of Thus-and-thus."

"No," said Mr. Irving"; and by the way, are you related to the Bulls of Bashan?"

Judge Hodgins.

THE late Judge Hodgins, who passed away suddenly a few days ago, was, as readers of the daily press will have gathered, one of the popular figures in Osgoode Hall, where it is violating no confidence to say that popularity is not prevalent. He was a man who took an interest in matters beyond the four walls of his office as Master-in-Ordinary. The post of Judge in Admiralty was one that he had held only of recent years since the death of Judge Macdougall, and sometimes he had an interesting case to listen to. The post of Master-in-Ordinary compels a man to devote himself to the driest routine, mainly relating to the settlement of the affairs of bankrupts. In the Admiralty Court a judge gets an opportunity to exercise his constructive imagination because in intricate cases he has to depend not upon statutes but upon the custom law of the lakes as embodied in the traditions of the ancient mariners; and the more ancient the mariner the greater his facility in "stretching a point," to give the practice a polite phrase.

Judge Hodgins showed an admirable grasp of whatever he had to deal with, but there was one subject outside the routine of his daily life which was a hobby with him, and upon which he was a well of information. This was the history of British diplomacy so far as it affected Canada. It is probable that no other man had at his immediate command as much information on the nice points in connection with the many boundary disputes that have arisen between Canada and the United States. Strangely enough, he was never called upon to use this vast fund of information in the interest of Canada. Loyal Imperialist as he was, he thought that on boundary questions the British authorities had from the outset been culpably neglectful of the interest of this country, and had allowed themselves to be over-reached through sheer indifference as to the value of what they were sacrificing. The notes he prepared at various times on this rich field of research will be permanently valuable to the future historians of Canada.

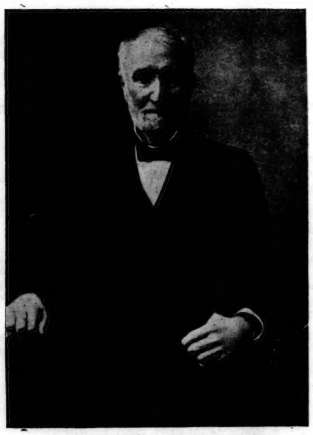


The Defender of the Peers, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, speaking at Derby.

A Yonge Street Incident.

HUMAN nature is pretty much the same wherever you go, notwithstanding the efforts of the punsters on the metropolitan press in the direction of trying to give country people a monopoly in the matter of adorning themselves in a garb of bright and shining green. Residents of the rural districts are not as smart as their city cousins in some things, of course. But a consideration of doings on the stock markets and the exercise of a little everyday observation will reveal the fact that many city dwellers are perhaps as easily influenced by fakirs and as readily guided into paths of folly as the most verdant residents of the side-lines of Tamarac township. People hurrying along a thoroughfare like Yonge street all look very busy, sharp-eyed, and preoccupied, but if a man should stop on the sidewalk and look steadily into the air, in five minutes a crowd would assemble gazing where he gazed—at nothing. And in big cities everywhere it is the same. When the Lusitania first arrived in New York the natives trooped down in thousands to the pier at which she was to tie up, giving an exhibition of the same spirit of curiosity which takes the villager to the station to watch the evening train go by. And, as I intimated a moment ago, an event of great importance is not required to gather a crowd in a city street.

An amusing incident which goes to prove that the majority of people, whether they live in a big town or in a sleepy burg, are "just folks," simple enough and curious enough at heart, occurred the other day in Toronto's busiest thoroughfare. A certain downtown Yonge street merchant attracted attention by displaying certain goods through a sort of kaleidoscopic device. To see the stuff the passerby had to stop and glue his eye to a certain rather small round spot in the window. Of course a crowd assembled at once, and all day long the police had to keep an eye on a jostling throng of people, each trying to get a peep at what was to be seen through the mysterious aperture. But more laughable than this performance was its sequel. Another merchant near by noted the success of his neighbor's device, and next day, the weather being very cold and his windows frosted, he kept his window space cool, had a neat round space in the frost polished clean, and hundreds of people stopped to look through it at the ordinary display inside!



"ME, BEELZEBUB! ME, THE CZAR!"
In these words did Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, in a recent address, depicts himself as his enemies see him.

The Greatest Invention.

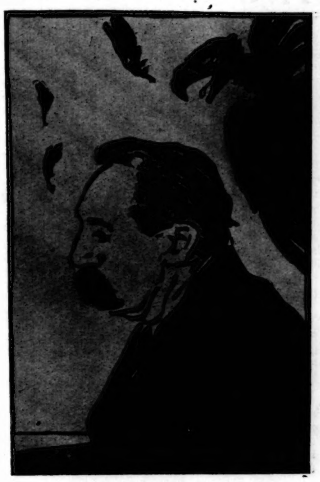
THREE or four Toronto men who have a business acquaintance with one another were lunching together down town the other day. Various matters were discussed, such as the British elections, the Porcupine Lake discovery, and SATURDAY NIGHT's sensational story of the wonderful doings of George H. Munroe. Presently the talk turned to the marvels of recent invention. This of course brought up the subject of flying, or "droming," as Dr. Bell prefers to term it, and one member of the group at table launched into quite a lecture on aeroplanes. This discussion was interrupted only by the shuffling of chairs prior to the departure of the lunchers. And just then one of the number—a quiet-looking man whose habit is to listen rather than to talk, especially when two or three garrulous companions are about—remarked dryly:

"You talk about inventions, but the only invention I am interested in is the gyroscope. Just think of the time when they have that idea so perfected that a man, when he starts for home at night, can just put in his pocket a little machine that will hold him up at any angle until he lands within hand-grasp of his virtuous couch!"

That Belgium is, perhaps, the most prosperous state in Europe as well as the most thickly settled is being noted at this time with some interest. One of the country's special advantages is that its international neutralization permits it to dispense with a navy, while the Belgian army is maintained on a very small and inexpensive basis.

A Modern and Male Cassandra.

LIKE the voice of one crying in the wilderness, or rather like the voice of one who sees to one who sins, is the warning cry of Robert Blatchford to the English people. "To arms! To arms!" he shouts, "the Germans are upon you!" This is the keynote of his message, though he drives it home with a mass of concrete statement and with the fierce vigor of a passionate logic and a sledge-hammer style. The result is a series of papers which have aroused public interest in England as no similar series has done in many years. Even in the present political crisis, when the Land Tax and the Reform of the House of Lords are the great issues of the strife, he has been able to cause a sensation little short of that caused by the Budget itself. One is therefore interested in finding out what sort of man it is that has been able to do this thing.



ROBERT BLATCHFORD.
The famous Socialist, whose letters on the "German Peril" have aroused England, as he appears in T. P.'s portrait gallery.

A biographical notice of him in T. P.'s Weekly, from whose Portrait Gallery the accompanying sketch of him is taken, states that his parents were strolling players. After a boyhood fruitful in varied experience, he joined the army, where he rose in the course of ten or eleven years to the rank of sergeant-major. It was at the age of about thirty-three that he took up journalism, and in this new calling his success was from the start an assured one. Before he was forty he was earning over a thousand pounds a year, and that means much for a writer in England. The hard training of his boyhood and young manhood had given him a mass of experience and a view of life very different from that of the college graduates who form so large a portion of England's journalists. And his style was strongly colored by his life and character. It had to a very unusual degree that quality of personality which makes one man's work stand out from that of all his contemporaries. It was a case of the style being the man.

Blatchford's views became more and more markedly Socialistic, and finally he threw up a very profitable post to found The Clarion in 1891. Since that time he has been the recognized leader of English Socialism. "He is now fifty-eight," says T. P., "and his vision is clearer than it used to be. He suffers no man to mould his opinions, and allows no consideration of party to restrain him from their dissemination." This testimony is particularly interesting just now, on account of the fairly well-founded suspicion that the action of Northcliffe in publishing Blatchford's letters in The Daily Mail is merely an attempt to draw public attention away from the main issues of the strife by working up a war-scare. He is thought to be "drawing a herring across the trail." And there is some reason to support this view, for Northcliffe's leanings are well known, and he has never been particularly scrupulous in his methods. But whatever may be thought of the disinterestedness of the man who was Alfred Harmsworth, a journalistic free-lance, and is now Lord Northcliffe, the owner of The Times and a pillar of titled society, there can be little question of the absolute sincerity of the brilliant Socialist who is just now working together with him. Robert Blatchford is an honest man, and if he has written those letters of passionate warning to Englishmen, it is because he believes England is in danger. And whether or not one chooses to regard his warning as well founded, there can be equally little question that the letters are written in such a way as to make one give the subject the most earnest consideration.

With regard to the personal character of the man, T. P. says that while to the public he is "the inspired demagogue with the fiery tongue, to those who know him he is the gentle friend of all the world, the modern prototype of Dr. Primrose. He thinks the time to be happy is now, and the place to be happy is here. With suffering humanity his sympathy is infinite. He finds the 'bottom dog' not guilty, and preaches a wider humanitarianism with a fervor that is as vigorous as it is sincere."

Following are some of Blatchford's most characteristic statements in the series of papers on England and Germany which are just now attracting universal attention:

"The people are conceited, self-indulgent, decadent, and greedy. They want to keep the Empire without sacrifice or service. They will shout for the Empire, but they will not pay for the Empire or fight for it. Germany knows this. The world knows it. The Cabinet Ministers know it. But no Minister dares to say it. We are in sore need of a *man*.

"The strongest evidence of Germany's designs against Britain is the German Navy. There can be no stronger evidence of any nation's intention to make war than that afforded by wholesale, feverish, and systematic preparations for war.

"Now the German preparations are naval preparations. Against whom can these preparations be directed if they are not directed against us? Manifestly they are not meant for Russia, nor for France, nor for America. The magnitude of the preparations points to a prospective struggle with a fleet more powerful than that of Russia or France. The construction of the German ships prohibits their use in distant seas, against Japan, for instance, or the United States. And whereas we have been told in a hundred books and newspapers and pamphlets and speeches that the German Navy is meant to wrest from Britain her command of the sea, it would be difficult to find a single German suggestion that the German Navy is meant to try conclusions with any Power other than Britain. Germany can reach France or Russia by land. Her fleet is already more than a match for Russia and France combined.

"Her fleet is built for the North Sea, it is exercised in the North Sea, it remains in the North Sea.

"Her ships are built against our ships, the object of the German builders being always to go one better than the British in each type.

"If we do not want war with Germany, we must be strong enough to cause Germany to want peace.

"Though Germany is a brave, resolute, and mighty enemy, she is not omnipotent, nor is she invulnerable. But she means business—blood and iron business—and all conciliation, subterfuge, and compromise provoke her to contempt and scorn.

"Germany puts her destinies into the hands of warriers; we leave ours in the hands of politicians. Germany acts; we talk. Words count for nothing in the game of blood and iron.

"Arm or surrender; fight for the Empire or lose it We can choose our alternative; no middle course is open to us."

Where Ignorance Was Bliss.

By IVAN LEONARD WRIGHT.

"Handshaking is the deadliest germ-disseminator in the country."—Despatch.

IN our after-Christmas gladness
Lurks an element of sadness,
For another kind of bug has been discovered.
In an universe affrighted
Now a simple joy is blighted,
For another microbe horror is uncovered.

We are warned against the danger
When we meet a friend or stranger
Of our shaking hands as evidence of pleasure.
But in manner cogitative,
With a glance elucidative
We may tell him—at a distance—he's a treasure.

We may block the blooming traffic
While we beam a smile seraphic
On a lady friend who stands remotely distant.
But, instead, were we to tip her
Our small, germ-infested flipper
There'd be trouble that we never dreamed existent.

Since the dawning of creation
There has never been cessation
From a sort of semi-panicky suspicion
That though life might seem perfection
There was cause for some dejection
In our predisposed, susceptible condition.

Though we've never raised objection
To the lack of strict protection
From those common ills that human flesh is heir to,
We had hugged the fond delusion
(Sad, erroneous conclusion!)
There were things that mere bacilli wouldn't dare do.

But, alas! we've had a jostle
To our confidence colossal,
For a scientist of years and great distinction
Says the handshake is taboo, and
It's up to me and you, and
We must suffer that it meet complete extinction.

If this edict mankind stands for
We must sterilize our hands or
Be infected with disorders that are nameless.
But most modern folk are skeptic,
And won't use an anti-septic
When they follow ancient customs really blameless.

In France they have an expressive phrase, "liquid money." It means that part of the family income which is used for the necessities and luxuries of life. It is quite apart from and kept apart from the more serious, substantial part of the income, which is the saved part. In America the entire income is "liquid," and the man who attempts to make part of it solid is called a "tight wad." A "tight wad" is really a man who creates a principal, a capital, in other words, and he is the living example of what every private business must be and of how a country's resources should be handled.

AN UNUSUAL SNOW PICTURE.
View down University Avenue, Toronto, from the Parliament Buildings.

George H. Munroe, Financial Buccaneer, entertains his Toronto friends with his old-time lavish generosity.—The story of how Canadian holdings interfered with Munroe's flotation of Montreal-Boston Copper Company.—Munroe has other promotions in view in Toronto. He announces that he will stay and see them through. But will he?

GEORGE H. MUNROE announces that he will remain with us here in Toronto; and TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT takes great pleasure in passing on the information for the benefit of those who have parted with their good dollars, and who have not as yet received any returns.

It is also announced that Munroe has a merger and a reorganization in hand. Just what he is going to merge and reorganize has not as yet been stated, but in any event the public will in due time be asked to chip in.

The public should bear in mind, however, that selling promotion stock is Munroe's long suit. Here he gets the maximum return for the minimum investment, while on the other hand the purchaser gets the minimum return for the maximum investment.

Munroe's answer to TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT'S exposure was characteristic. Immediately following the account of this young man's numerous journeys into the realms of high finance, Munroe issued a hurry call for four of his friends, including two attorneys. The five sat down to a repast in Toronto's best hotel. Accompanying each of the menu cards was a copy of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT; and it was at this gathering of the clan that it was resolved to play a waiting game.

The dinner was on a lavish scale, costing, it is asserted, $30 a plate. At this little spread the view was expressed that if no explanation or reply were offered, the matter would blow over, with but little detriment to future promotions that might be undertaken by Munroe.

Refreshed with this assurance, Mr. Munroe gave a dinner party that evening which was even on a more pretentious scale, it being somewhat of a social function at which several ladies were present.

During the past few days much admiration has been expressed for the resourcefulness and ability displayed by Munroe in his many ventures. These come, however, from people who had neglected to purchase stock in many of his promotions, and can therefore be regarded as purely disinterested. Others who have much of the scrip in the companies in which he was interested are doing rather more thinking than talking.

Through numerous couriers word has gone forth to Munroe's many clients that he will remain in Toronto and show SATURDAY NIGHT that he has the ability to place every venture he was connected with on a solid and paying basis.

It is to the Bartlett Mines that Mr. Munroe is popularly supposed to direct his prowess in the way of reclamation. The mines are closed up at the present time, with two watchmen guarding the deep hole in which the rich bags of ore are or are not. It is announced that $100,000 worth of stock remains in the treasury, and by the sale of this and the exercise of some *leger-de-main*, he expects to place the concern on a dividend paying basis in less than one year. It is said, however, that several of the principal shareholders have other ideas in regard to the property, and that they will outline a reorganization plan of their own. It is also stated by one interested that he would be very much surprised if Munroe could get hold of any of the stock with which to continue his manipulations.

Where are the Dailies?

Toronto, Ont., January 18, 1910.

Editor Saturday Night:

Sir,—Your late fearless and eye-opening articles on the condition of the mining market in general, and especially the expose of the methods of gulling the public in your last issue, deserve commendation from all Canadians. Because whether we have been bitten by that particular stock or any of the others whose flambuoyant prospectuses appealed to the Anglo-Saxon's inherent willingness to "take a risk," yet your exposure was so thorough that I feel sure the majority of us will require more than sights of samples of gold or silver (that came from the promoters only know where or under what conditions) before investing further. But, sir, what are the city daily papers doing in this matter? Ignorance of the facts they cannot plead now, yet though we scanned eagerly the following issues of those papers devoted to the public interest, we found no word of agreement or disagreement with your strong arraignment. Especially should we expect something from the fearless, dauntless champion of the rights of the people and public ownership; but perchance its editor is so busy writing slashing articles on the gall and wickedness of the street railway, while the proprietor has to watch both the wicked Grits and Tories at Ottawa to see they do not shirk their responsibilities in building "Dreadnoughts" to pay attention to such a small matter as the fleecing of Canadians by such methods. However, we hope your appeal to the Ontario authorities will not be in vain, but produce the much needed cleaning up of the Augean stables.

Yours, etc.,

R. R. HOPKINS, M.D.

How Montreal-Boston Copper was Floated —Reminiscences of an Old Timer.

A number of mining men took shelter from the storm in the rotunda of the King Edward Hotel the other night. The talk soon turned upon different figures in the mining world, and the name of the firm of Munroe & Munroe, naturally, came up. One wise, old veteran settled back in his seat, hoisted his feet in the air and fell into a reminiscent mood.

"I first saw George Munroe in a haberdashery establishment which was being run by him and his brother on St. Catherine street in Montreal," related he. "I was in the city for the purpose of attending a dinner, and as I had forgotten to supply myself with a tie I dropped in to the first store I saw and made my purchase. George sold me the tie. It was a good tie, and he kept a good store. What is more, he gave me some instructions upon the art of tieing ties which have been of advantage to me since. I could show you the little bit of drygoods up in my room yet if you feel curious. I think the Munroes gave value to their customers when they were in the drygoods business."

He puffed contemplatively at his cigar a few moments and then continued:

"I next saw Munroe when he and his brother had an office in a downtown building in Montreal. They had gone into the mining business. I don't whether they had a seat on the mining exchange or not. I think it must have been towards the collapse of the British Columbia mining boom, because some one said to me that the Munroes would soon begin to wish they were back in their drygoods store making three good meals per diem. I thought so, too.

"Now comes in the story of the Montreal and Boston Copper Company. According to my recollections, that company was the outgrowth of a previous company, the stock of which was receiving the attention of the Munroes. I now refer to the Boundary Creek Mining Co., or the Montreal-Boundary Creek Co., or something like that. They had their mine at Greenwood, B.C., and their samples looked pretty good to me. I believe that it was White, who used to represent the mines now composing the Granby Mining Co., and who had an office in the same building as the Munroes, who remarked to me one day that he wished Granby had a lot of ore like that. That just shows you how much a man can tell of the mining business—Granby, with its low-grade ore is one of the biggest things in the whole country and the other, with its high grade, would be hard to find.

"There were some pretty good people in that Boundary Creek Company. By the way, I think Mitchell, who used to live at or near Montreal, was president—no, it was Senator Ogilvie. But Mitchell was connected with it or with the Montreal and Boston Copper Co., which grew out of it—so was J. N. Greenshields, K.C., and a chap who was in his office, and who is now making some little name for himself in London. Jimmy Dunn was his name, and they say he is now a millionaire. There was a railway man, too—Tom Corkill or some such name. I think it was one of those small railways which used to operate in the eastern portion of the province of Quebec.

"However, things went badly with the Montreal Boundary Creek Co., so the Montreal and Boston Copper Co. was formed to take it over and reorganize it. Since that time, mind you, the Montreal and Boston Co. has in turn gone up spout and another company has taken it over. The mining business is certainly uncertain. That reminds me, too, that no smaller people than Mackenzie & Mann were said to be concerned in the last deal—I mean in the company which reorganized the Montreal and Boston Copper Co. The new company is called the Dominion Copper Co., I believe, and for all I know it may still be in existence. Because, you know, there really was some good ore in that ground at Greenwood. Didn't Mackenzie & Mann put up a smelter later on? Anyway, it was said at the time that they wanted to develop the mine and put it on a shipping basis in order to create tonnage for the railway, much as Jim Hill and the Granby Co. Do you remember that? For a long time it was denied that Jim Hill had obtained control of the Granby Mining Co. But he had. S. H. C. Miner probably was quite sincere when he denied the rumor—you know Miner backed that Granby proposition from the start, through thick and thin, and nearly went broke over it, so they said. But he brought it out right; and then Jim Hill got control and—well, Miner got out.

"Do you remember the Western Loan and Trust Co. of Montreal? It used to own the building the Montreal Stock Exchange occupied before it built its new building. Probably you wouldn't know anything about that. You ought to remember the noise made at the time of the bust-up of the company, though, for there was a lot of Toronto and Ontario capital invested in it, and the good Ontario folks generally holler when they drop money. Well, I wouldn't like to say how much the Montreal Boundary Creek Company had to do with breaking the Western Trust—probably not a great deal—but it is interesting to recall that when they came to examine the assets of the company, they found it included bunches and bunches of that unlucky Boundary mining stock. Like as not, the company had loaned on it or taken it as collateral.

"But that's not a bit more interesting than to hear what became of the trust stock. It was bought by the syndicate which had been formed, or which was then formed, to carry out the Montreal Boston Copper deal. Of course, I can't remember all the details, but I think you can take it from me that syndicate got the stock for 7½c. per share. Probably it wasn't worth any more, for the fortunes of the Boundary Creek Company must have been at a pretty low ebb, at that time. The syndicate then turned the stock into the Montreal and Boston Co. The Boundary stock was in dollar shares, and Montreal and Boston was in five dollar shares. Exchanged on that basis would mean that Montreal and Boston shares would cost five times 7½—that's 37½c., if my mental arithmetic is any good. Well, these shares were a part of those the Munroes broke their shovel over while trying to deal them out to the sharp Yankees around $3 per.

"There are probably many reasons why the Munroe syndicate failed to pull off their deal properly. Among these is a very interesting one, if I was informed rightly at the time. I could make a pretty long story out of it, but I will shorten it up, and say that the syndicate slipped a cog and failed to corral all the stock. It seems that a whole raft of either the Boundary Creek or the Montreal and Boston stock—I think the former, though it makes little difference—had been sold here and there; but it was the Quebec stock that caused the trouble I refer to. There was an impression in the syndicate that this stock had been hived safely; so that when all was ready the campaign was begun in New York. No sooner had the boomsters started bidding the stock up through wash sales through the New York Exchange and getting the sucker-public interested, than they began to get stock they never calculated on at all. It came from Quebec, principally, and it must have kept George Munroe on the anxious bench wondering what to do with it. I was told that thousands of shares of Quebec stock were bought by the syndicate as a result of the little oversight.

"They tell me that it was once actually nip and tuck between George and Vanderbilt as to which would get the blue ribbon at the horse show. That's not so dusty for a country youth, you know. But the drygoods store for mine, where the customer examines the goods and holds them in his little hand before he gives up his money."

A Source of Business Danger.

Editor Saturday Night:

Sir,—Your exceedingly well written article on George Munroe has shown that you are competent to handle questions of finance and commercial integrity.

Permit me to draw your attention to a source of business danger to the public, viz., small joint stock companies which not infrequently exist purely and simply to get a little credit which is absorbed by the promoters.

Men of unsavory business repute, whose names would damn any business, trade for a time under a high sounding business title, and even careful business men are sometimes galled by these proceedings. I think public interest would warrant your taking the matter up.

I might furnish you with some data that would serve to demonstrate the fact that the Government would do well to make some alteration in the manner in which charters are given even to commercial enterprises.

Yours,

BUSINESS MAN.

Toronto, January 17, 1910.

Almost Caught in the Net.

Toronto, January 18th, 1910.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—Allow me to congratulate you on the stand you have taken to expose and denounce the unscrupulous and degrading conduct of one George H. Munroe as a promoter of joint stock companies and wild cat schemes, which you so bravely and fearlessly denounced in your last issue of Saturday Night. If the press generally would take a stand similar to what you have taken to enlighten and warn the public against such low-life, wretched business, it would be a mighty power to help remove such men to a place of safe-keeping and thereby save the public from great financial loss and ruin. I feel here like using strong language when I remember how near I was taking this man's bait to purchase the once would-be famous Bartlett Mines stock which he and his associates were trying to unload upon the public. I was on my way to his elaborately furnished offices to purchase a block of this stock at 60 cents per share. I am informed now that it is practically worthless. I was saved from this loss by just happening to meet a friend who gave me this man's previous history in part as you gave it in your esteemed and valued paper, Saturday Night. Wishing you Godspeed in your noble work of denouncing and exposing all such dishonorable men and methods of doing business.

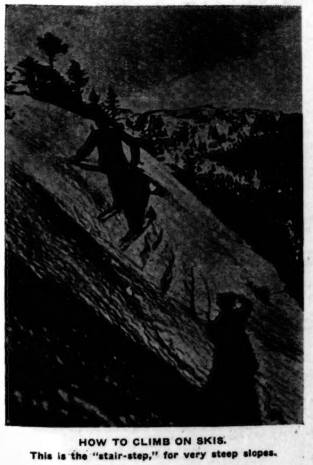
Yours, etc.,

"LOVER OF JUSTICE."

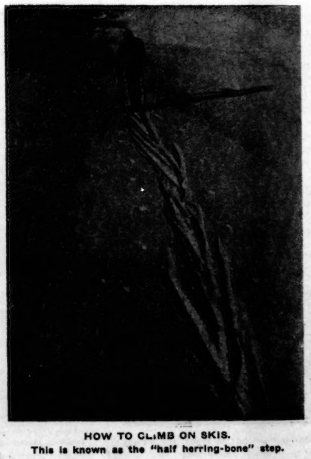
A Policeman's Disappointment.

THE police of Toronto are such large kindly and simple souls for the most part that to read of one of them suffering disappointment must cause the emotion of pity to rise in the heart of any person of average sensibility. Pity then this sturdy representative of the force who found that the old adage, "Anticipation is better than realization" only too true. He had a lonely beat in the residential districts and every night a certain editor used to pass the time of night with him as he proceeded homeward. Sometimes the officer would walk along with him to the door if his beat for the time being lay in that direction.

One night it was bitter cold and the civilian said, "Come into the house with me for a moment and I will give you something to keep you warm." With some show of diffidence but inwardly rejoicing the officer consented to enter. Let the disappointed man tell the sequel in his own words: "And what do you think he gave me? A cup of hot coffee. You cud have knocked me down with a feather!"

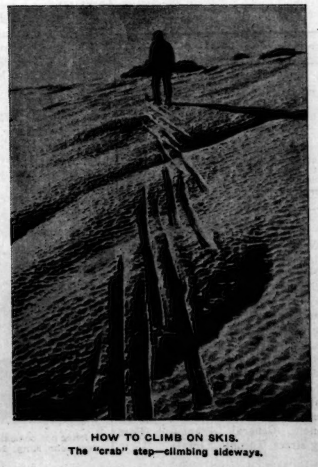


HOW TO CLIMB ON SKIS.
This is the "stair-step," for very steep slopes.



HOW TO CLIMB ON SKIS.
This is known as the "half herring-bone" step.

HOW TO CLIMB ON SKIS.
"The herring-bone" step.



HOW TO CLIMB ON SKIS.
The "crab" step—climbing sideways.

You buy a tie because you like its looks---buy a Mitchell "Slide-Easy" Tie because there's none handsomer under the sun AND BECAUSE IT TIES EASY UNDER HIGH-FOLD COLLARS.

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All New Pictures.

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The California Boy.

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WEEK OF JAN. 24
Rose Sydell
AND HER
London Belles

WEEK OF JAN. 31
ANDY LEWIS and MARDI GRAS BEAUTIES

GRAND CONCERT
In Aid of the Aged and Infirm Poor.
--- SPLENDID TALENT ---
IRENE HITCHCOX BARTLETT
The Celebrated Bird-Note Elocutionist
Mrs. LENORA JAMES KENNEDY
Soprano
Mr. R. S. PIGOTT
Baritone
Miss MARION PORTER
Pianist
Under Auspices of Local Council of Women
JAN. 25th at 8 p.m.
CENTRAL Y.M.C.A.
Reserved Seats, 50c.
General Admission, 25c.
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By Dickens Fellowship Players
GUILD HALL
Friday and Saturday
January 28 and 29
Reserved Seats, 50c. Plan open at Nordheimer's on Monday, 24th, to Subscribers, and on 25th to the public.

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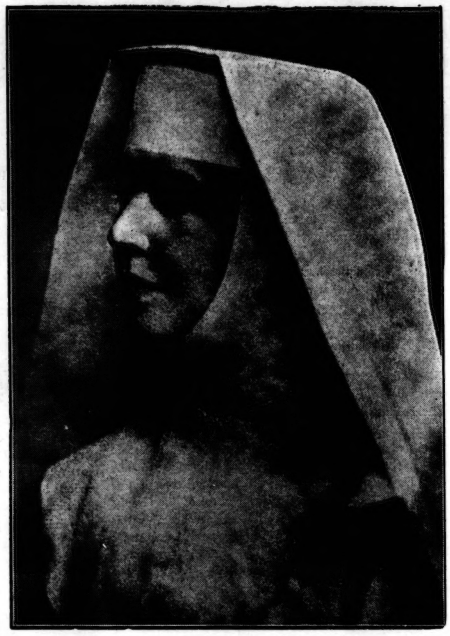
THE DRAMA



VIOLA ALLEN,
As Sister Giovanna in "The White Sister," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

SIR JOHN COTSWOLD was a very bad sort of man to live with—irritable to the verge of madness, violent in his words and his actions, passionate in his prejudices, cruel in his relentless tyranny, gifted besides with a keen eye that saw every defect, and a still keener tongue that put what he saw in the most bitter and incisive language. But played as Dodson plays him in "The House next Door" at the Princess this week, he is a very good sort of man to watch. In fact, he is quite one of the best men to watch that have been seen on a Toronto stage in a very long time. That extremely clever character who is J. E. Dodson managed, not only to make him wonderfully human in spite of all his vagaries and eccentricities, but even to invest him with a certain quaint charm, which made another character's description of him as "a gentleman of the old school" not quite so ridiculous as it might at first seem. Even in his tantrums he kept a measure of dignity; and in his appeal to his children not to marry into a family he hated "until he had gone," there was a restrained pathos which brought a mist to the eyes of even the hardened theatre-goer. Altogether it is a wonderful piece of work, and there are many who will long remember the pathetic figure of the little wizened old man in his clothes of ancient cut and fashion, as he stood alone in the home of his fathers and knew that his children and their mother had all gone over to the house of the man he regarded as his enemy. All his rage had passed then. He was very old, and very weary, and a little sorry. There was only one thing left to do, and, to use his favorite expression, it was "bitter, bitter." But it must be done. He picked up the ancient silk hat and the sturdy cane, and he faced about manfully.

"If anyone asks for me, Vining," he said to the butler who came in with a lighted lamp, "tell them I have gone next door."

The play itself is not a particularly remarkable piece of work. It is one of those light, flimsy comedies, built on a certain number of impossible situations entirely surrounded by chatter. The characterization is of the kind that leaves everything to the actor. If he is a Dodson he creates a Sir John Cotswold. If he is merely a Mr. Malcolm Dunn, for instance,—well, he doesn't create anything except a desire to yawn on the part of the audience.

The play is well staged, and, on the whole, well acted. There are, however, some weak spots, one of which is represented by the gentleman just named, who plays the part of Cecil Cotswold, the operatic star, and makes him as wooden as ever a grand-opera tenor was on the stage, whatever he is in real life. Mr. Frank Losee, however, is an excellent actor, whose thoroughly satisfactory work in the character of the wealthy Jew gives Dodson every possible support, and helps to make up for the defects of other members of the cast. Altogether the production is an excellent entertainment, and certainly Dodson's work in the title role is of the kind that no real lover of the theatre and of fine acting should be willing to miss.

* * *

MR. ACTON DAVIES, the dramatic critic of the New York Sun, is always clever and always amusing—even when one doesn't agree with him. Here is what he has to say of two productions which were seen in this city earlier in the season:—

GEORGE EVANS,
With Cohan and Harris' Minstrels, at the Princess next week.

"If ever there was an author who ought to cry "Save me from my dramatizers!" that man is Mr. Rex Beach. His novels are so full of "all out doors," and have such a sweep and swagger and swing to them, that no dramatizer yet has managed to get their peculiar charm successfully across the footlights. "The Spoilers" died a violent and ignominious death at the New York two years ago, and now Mr. Eugene Presbrey, at the New Amsterdam, comes forward with a dramatization of "The Barrier," which is far, far from being "what the doctor ordered." "The Barrier," in a word, is just a shrieking, ranting, almost yelping melodrama punctuated with pistol shots, reeking in blood, stagy to the last degree and without an ounce of conviction to it except in one short scene in its last act.

"Although Mr. Theodore Roberts is its star, it is Mr. W. S. Hart who gives the performance of the piece. His sketch of the villian Dan Stark was a really fine and consistent piece of acting. Alphonz Ethier was almost equally good as the French Canadian. These were the two portrayals which did justice to Mr. Beach's story. There were others, however. For instance, Miss Florence Rockwell played the supposedly Indian girl like a native of New England schoolma'am. Her shrieks of delight when she discovered that she was really white were most amusing. When Mr. Roberts began to roar and she started to shriek there was quite a small dose of pandemonium in the New Amsterdam. But both as dramatizer and as producer, Mr. Eugene Presbrey has always done this very obvious thing—the sort of thing which in a play of this sort always misses fire.

"The old bag of Western border drama tricks is exhibited again without a single new phase or a different color effect. Mr. Roberts has an effective scene in the last act which he plays well, but as a whole his John Gale lacks characterization. It is, for the most part, Augustus Thomas's "Arizona" Ranchman Canby speaking different lines. Somehow, Mr. Roberts never seems able to break away from this role which was his greatest success. It seems to have got into the very bone and sinew of his art, just as Beau Brummel invested the late Richard Mansfield.

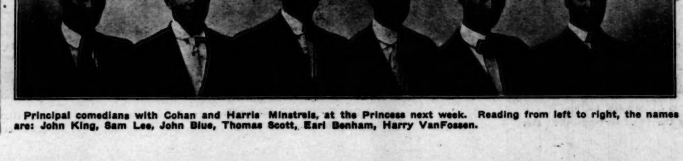
"It is to be hoped that Mr. Beach's fine story of the Alaskan fisheries, "The Silver Horde," will escape Mr. Presbrey's hands. Judging by what he has done with "The Barrier," he would only succeed in turning it into canned salmon.

"After seeing a play like "The Barrier," condensed woe or even canned melodrama, provided it's short and sweet, has its great advantages. Therefore we have not a doubt that "Van Allen's Wife," which Miss Fannie Ward is producing in tabloid form at the Colonial this week, is much more delectable in its present shape than it was when presented in three or four acts. One thing is certain as it is now, it loses no time in getting to the heart of things in a hurry and it keeps little Miss Ward in a seething condition all the way through. But from the way she attacks the role it is evident that Miss Ward likes to seethe. Her years of experience in melodrama at the old Drury Lane have taught her that when you are in trouble in melodrama there is nothing like laying it on thick.

"She hits out straight from the shoulder, and there is no doubt that the Colonial audiences take to her methods more than kindly. Horror, remorse, dread, panic, contrition, fear and that clammy feeling all over the place were among the emotions, the moods and the tenses which Miss Ward is called upon to portray in twenty minutes. She plays them all in a dead-white makeup which isn't particularly becoming, but which, after all, is just about the complexion which any lady would wear under such taxing and distressing circumstances. At yesterday afternoon's performance Miss Ward won several recalls. John Dean and Miss Margaret Fuller are two of the principal members of her supporting company. We know of a whole lot of plays that would have been improved immensely by the heroic, boiled-down treatment which has been administered to "Van Allen's Wife."

* * *

THE London Athenæum says of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new melodrama of the ring, "The House of Temperley": "It is good melodrama, and it is full, as pieces of its class should be, of bustle, excitement, and incident. It calls up an extremely vivid fashion the days when pugilism was a sport patronized by high and low. The democratic nature of the sport is well brought out in the scenes which show men of all ranks mixing on almost equal terms, and as ready, many of them, to put on the gloves as to watch others fighting for their amusement. The ring scenes are, needless to say, the great features of the play—indeed, they are the play; and it is on the realism of such pictures of the Regency era as the supper party and boxing match in Tom Cribb's saloon, and the grand encounter fought in the meadow on a Sussex farm that the appeal of



Principal comedians with Cohan and Harris Minstrels, at the Princess next week. Reading from left to right, the names are: John King, Sam Lee, John Blue, Thomas Scott, Earl Benham, Harry VanFossen.

NATURAL LAXATIVE
Hunyadi János
MINERAL WATER
Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral Water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

ROYAL **ALEXANDRA** ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF PERFECTLY VENTILATED
For the Week Beginning MONDAY, JAN. 24
Matinees Thursday and Saturday
VIOLA ALLEN in F. MARION CRAWFORD'S GREAT PLAY **The White Sister**
Messrs. Liebler & Co. Managers
and an exceptional cast, including
JAMES O'NEILL WM. FARNUM
MINNA GALE

PRINCESS BEGINNING MONDAY **JAN. 24** MATINEE WEDNESDAY
GEO. M. COHAN'S OWN MINSTRELS
All new this year, the world's biggest, best and most important Minstrel organization. The entire entertainment conceived, written and produced by GEO. M. COHAN.
COHAN & HARRIS Ideal and **MINSTRELS** Presenting
GEO. EVANS AND THE FAMOUS HONEY BOYS
In the most extravagantly presented Minstrel Entertainment the world's stage has ever witnessed. Company of 100. Special orchestra of 20. Singing and dancing male ensemble of 50. Superb scenic embellishments. Marvellous lighting effects.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY **JAN. 27, 28, 29** MATINEE SATURDAY
MR. FREDERIC THOMPSON
Presents America's Daintiest Star
MISS MABEL TALIAFERRO
—IN—
SPRINGTIME (When all the World was Young)
A Play of Louisiana in 1815
By Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson.
Incidental Music by Harry Rowe Shelley

SEVENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Capital, $3,000,000. Reserve Fund, $5,500,000.

HEAD OFFICE, HALIFAX — GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE, TORONTO

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
JOHN Y. PAYZANT, President. CHARLES ARCHIBALD, Vice-President.
R. L. BORDEN, G. S. CAMPBELL, J. WALTER ALLISON, HECTOR MCINNES, H. C. MCLEOD

PROFIT AND LOSS.

1908. Dec. 31.	By Balance	$55,741 78	
1909. Jan. 18.	" Provision for loss Sovereign Bank reversed	50,000 00	
Dec. 31.	" Net profits for current year; losses by bad debts estimated and provided for	604,123 37	$709,865 15
1909. Jan. 18.	To Loss on composition with Sovereign Bank	$ 5,000 00	
Dec. 31.	" Dividends Nos. 157, 158, 159, 160 at 12%	360,000 00	
	" Special bonus to Clerks & Junior Managers	30,000 00	
	" Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund	5,000 00	
	" Written off Bank Premises Account	115,000 00	
	" Transferred to Reserve Fund	100,000 00	
	" Balance carried forward	44,865 15	$709,865 15

GENERAL STATEMENT AS AT DECEMBER 31st, 1909.

LIABILITIES.

Deposits not bearing Interest	$7,081,171 97	
Deposits bearing Interest	27,800,777 29	
Interest accrued on Deposits	126,383 67	35,008,332 93
Deposits by other Banks in Canada	247,229 05	
Deposits by other Banks in United Kingdom	23,343 91	
Deposits by other Banks in Foreign Countries	672,156 31	942,729 87
Notes in Circulation	2,842,476 88	
Drafts drawn between Branches outstanding	701,484 13	3,543,961 01
		39,495,023 81
Capital paid up	3,000,000 00	
Reserve Fund	5,500,000 00	
Reserve for loss in liquidating the Ontario Bank	50,000 00	
Special bonus to Clerks and Junior Managers	30,000 00	
Profit and loss, balance carried to 1910	44,865 15	
Rebate of Interest @ 6% on Time Loans	149,057 13	
Dividend Warrants outstanding	420 00	
Dividend No. 160, payable 3rd Jan., 1910	90,000 00	8,864,342 28
		$48,359,366 09

ASSETS.

Specie	$2,169,766 49	
Dominion Notes—Legal Tenders	2,830,794 20	
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	2,128,272 29	
Due from other Banks in Foreign Countries	1,533,548 11	
Sterling Exchange	1,107,672 39	
	9,770,053 48	
Investments, (Provincial, Municipal and other Bonds)	6,650,161 69	
Call Loans, secured by Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	6,888,460 77	
Call Loans, secured by Grain & other Staple Commodities	2,812,560 60	26,121,236 54
Deposits with Dominion Government for security of Note Circulation	155,773 89	
Loans to Provinces and Municipalities	238,129 65	
Current Loans, secured by Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	1,382,528 55	
Current Loans, secured by Grain and other Staples	1,237,829 81	
Overdrafts, secured	277,603 91	
Overdrafts, authorized but not specially secured	128,097 93	
Notes and Bills discounted and current	17,808,529 21	
Notes and Bills overdue	230 50	
Bank Premises	984,219 67	
Stationery Department	22,286 40	22,238,129 55
		$48,359,366 09

NOTE: A contingent liability of $200,000, in conjunction with several other banks in connection with the liquidation of the Ontario Bank is not fully expressed in the above statement.

H. C. McLEOD General Manager

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We hereby certify that we have personally checked the cash on hand at Halifax, Toronto and Montreal. We have also verified the securities held as investments, personally examining those held by the Canadian branches of the Bank, and procuring certificates by responsible business men, not in the employ of the Bank certifying to the existence of the remainder of these securities.

We have further to report that we have obtained all the information required by us and that, having examined the foregoing Balance Sheet, and having compared the same with the books of the Head Office, and the certified returns from the branches, we are of the opinion that it is a full and fair Balance Sheet, exhibiting a true and correct view of the Bank's affairs as at 31st December, 1909.

TORONTO, January 10th, 1910.

D. H. HUIE, C.A., Edinburgh.
J. MAXTONE GRAHAM, C.A., Edinburgh.

TO AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT invites every Amateur and Professional Photographer in Canada to submit, for purchase and publication, photographs of Canadian men and women and events of the day.

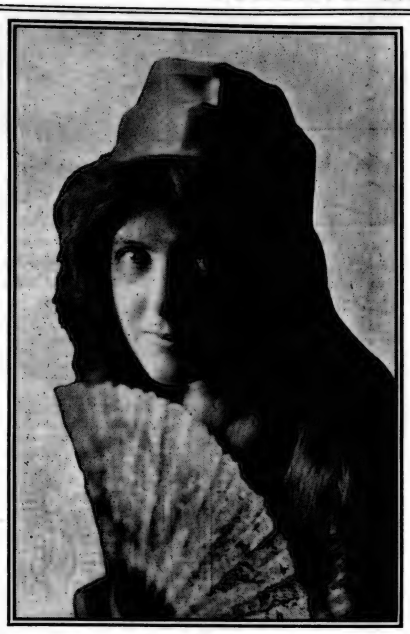
Subjects must be of *general* rather than *local* interest, and highest curren t rates will be paid for such as are accepted for publication. All photos should be printed on a glossy paper, and may be mailed either unmounted or mounted—unmounted preferred. Full descriptive text should be written on back of photos.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT publishes each week more high-class illustrations than any paper in Canada, and pays the best rates for such as are up to the required standard.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is on sale, and has regular subscribers, in every city and town in Canada, and those submitting illustrations of people or events should therefore keep it clearly in mind that all subjects must be of National, rather than of purely local, interest.

Communications and Photos Should Be Addressed

ART EDITOR
TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
TORONTO



MABEL TALIAFERRO,
As Madeleine, in "Springtime," at the Princess during the latter half of next week.

'The House of Temperley' depends. The playwright does not shrink from exhibiting the brutal side of the sport, just as he does not deny that there were rogues as well as honest enthusiasts among its followers; but he also suggests that in the noisy, hard-drinking, wild sportsmen of the third George's reign the cult at its best encouraged manliness and a friendly and companionable spirit."

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra—"The White Sister."
Princess—Cohan and Harris Minstrels and "Springtime."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Gayety—"London Belles."

"THE White Sister," the new play which Miss Viola Allen brings to the Royal Alexandra Theatre for next week's engagement, will be the third drama with the scenes laid in Italy in which the actress has appeared in six years, the two previous ones being "In the Palace of the King" and "The Eternal City," written by F. Marion Crawford and Hall Caine, respectively. In each of these Miss Allen found more than the ordinary measure of success; and it is said that "The White Sister" is equally full of possibilities for the actress.

"The story of the play," said Mr. Crawford shortly before his death, to an American acquaintance he met at Sorrento, "deals with a subject which was brought to my attention but four years ago." In this respect it was much like "The Cardinal" played by E. S. Willard, and written by Mr. Louis N. Parker. Both these plays had their origin in a bit of real life; and both were told by a village priest. In "The White Sister" the situation deals with a girl who, while engaged to be married, feels it her duty when her lover is ordered to the front as an officer of the Italian army, to let him go without protest. When she discovers from the list of the killed that he is one of them, she enters a convent. Unfortunately for her, the report of the young officer's death was erroneous, and he returns to find her behind convent walls. And that is where the problem comes in.

Liebler and Company are the managers and producers of "The White Sister," and they have provided a very artistic production. Special music has been written for the performance by William Furst, the well known composer. This greatly heightens the dramatic effect of the chorus, which is carried by the company in the convent-chapel scene. Miss Allen is surrounded by a brilliant cast of players, including James O'Neill, William Farnum, Minna Gale, Richie Ling, Dwight Dana, Joseph Whiting, Joseph Carducci, Fanny Addison Pitt, and Belle Chippendale Warner.

A particular interest attaches to Miss Allen's appearance in Toronto, inasmuch as she spent part of her school days in this city, as a pupil at the Bishop Strachan School for girls. Miss Allen, after finishing her course in this school, although quite young, adopted the stage as her life work. Her first professional engagement was in the part of Esmeralda at the Madison Square theatre, New York, and was a memorable one. Her success was due in a great measure to the dramatic training given her by her father, Mr. C. Leslie Allen, the well known actor. After this first engagement there could be no doubt as to Miss Allen's fitness for the stage, which has since been abundantly proven by the remarkable career of this actress. Lena Ashwell, daughter of a captain of the British navy, attended the Strachan School at the same time Miss Allen did, and she has since become a noted actress in Great Britain.

* * *

The Cohan and Harris Minstrels are now on their second annual tour, and again present as their star George Evans, who has associated with him many names of prominence in the minstrel world. They come to the Princess the first half of next week. The organization flying the Cohan and Harris banner this season is entirely new, from "The Crimson Trellis," which is the name of the first part, to "The Fireman's Picnic," the new minstrel comedy by George M. Cohan, which concludes the entertainment. The first part will introduce as the principal end men, John King, Harry Van Fossen, Sam Lee and Earl Benham. Will Oakland, John Rogers, and Vaughn Comfort are the solo vocalists. There is a symphony orchestra of twenty-five musicians under the direction of Edw. Brill, and it is said to be the finest orchestra touring with any traveling company. The principal features of the vaudeville section of the programme, in addition to the inimitable monologue by George Evans, includes Alexander and Scott, an American act which for the past three seasons has won much vogue in England and on the continent; John King, Earl Benham and fifty others in a big dancing number entitled "Scenes from Blackville"; a new marching creation conceived and produced by James Gorman, entitled "Manila," while George Evans will as usual entertain in his own peculiar style, promising a new budget of jokes and a new repertoire of songs. "The Fireman's Picnic," which was written expressly for this entertainment by Geo. M. Cohan, is described as one of the funniest "coon" sketches staged in many years. It consumes about thirty-five minutes of the programme, and every minute is said to be good for a laugh. Several new and tuneful melodies have been written for it by Mr. Cohan, one or two of which have already obtained much popularity, notably "The Brinkley Girl" number, a companion melody to "The Gibson Coon."

* * *

Mabel Taliaferro in "Springtime" comes to the Princess on Thursday evening next. "Springtime" was written especially for Miss Taliaferro by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson and staged in a most lavish and artistic manner by Frederic Thompson. The dainty star will have the support of a brilliant company of actors, the same organization associated with the long run of "Springtime" at the Liberty Theatre, New York.

The scene is Old Louisiana, the period 1815, on the eve of the battle of New Orleans. Mabel Taliaferro is Madeleine de Valette, and her French-American father is inspired with a wholesome hatred of everything American. Madeleine is to marry a distant cousin, a man much too old for her, but on the eve of the wedding she meets Gilbert Steele, the son of a neighboring planter, and the two youngsters straightway fall in love. She follows him on the way to join his company, and returns to find herself ostracized and treated as one dead. Gilbert is reported killed in the battle, and the poor little thing loses her mind. Her father renounces her; only the Irish priest and the servants are loyal to her and believe in her innocence. Gilbert's death is reported by a deserter, but he turns up again, well and hearty, but finding Madeleine demented, he kneels in the chapel to pray for a miracle to restore her. Father and lover meet. Only for the priest there would be bloodshed, but the scene of strife is turned to a scene of joy when Madeleine recovers her mind on seeing Gilbert and the father, too, is won over by the demonstration of their affection. And so everything ends happily.

The play is in four acts. The period and locale lend admirably to picturesque scenic environment. The costumes were designed by Howard Pyle, the well-known artist, and the incidental music was composed by Harry Rowe Shelley. Mabel Taliaferro in "Springtime" is an attraction that should make a generous appeal to the large class of theatregoers who appreciate sentiment and "heart interest."

* * *

England's famous impersonator, Hetty King, will head the bill at Shea's Theatre next week. Miss King was in this country two years ago and her success was very great, but owing to engagements on the other side she remained here but a few weeks. Other feature acts included in next week's big bill are Imro Fox, original comic conjurer, with his latest problem "Asrah," and Frank Morrell, known as "That Tenor," one of the greatest singers in vaudeville.

* * *

"The Girl from Sherry's" is the somewhat alluring—also lurid—title of the attraction at the Gayety next week. The name alone ought to draw a full house for every performance. And this musical masterpiece is to be put on by Rose Sydell and her "London Belles"—something that ought to clinch the matter for the patrons of this theatre.

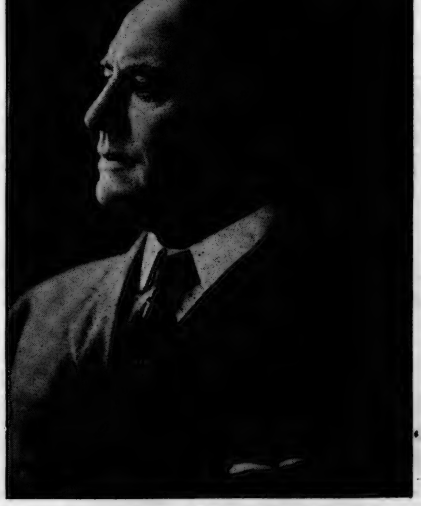
* * *

Announcement is made that James K. Hackett will appear at the Princess during the week of January 31st in "Samson." This play, which is by Henri Bernstein, the author of "The Thief," was seen here about a year ago with William Gillette in the title-role. It is a striking modern drama, and admirers of Mr. Hackett will look forward with pleasure to his coming in this role.

* * *

Lovers of Dickens will be glad to know that the Dickens Fellowship Players have arranged for performances of their first success, Bardell v. Pickwick, at the Guild Hall on Friday and Saturday, 28th and 29th. Mr. Harry M. Bennett will again appear as Mr. Pickwick, Mrs. E. H. Stafford as Mrs. Bardell, Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith as Serjt. Snubbin, Mr. E. S. Williamson as Serjt. Buzfuz, and Miss Blanche Walter as Mrs. Cluppins. Mr. T. G. Watson, who made a hit as Dick Swiveller in "Little Nell" last season, will play the part of Sam Weller. The reserved seat plan opens on Monday at Nordheimer's to subscribers and on Tuesday to the public.

FIRST-NIGHTER



JAMES O'NEIL,
In "The White Sister," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

THE FARMERS BANK OF CANADA

REPORT OF DIRECTORS

The Directors have pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders the Third Annual Report, showing the result of the Bank's business to the 31st of December, 1909, together with Balance Sheet of the Bank on that date, viz.:

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1909.

To Dividend No. 3, for six months ending June 30th, 1909, 2%.....	$11,102 00	By Balance brought forward from last year..	$28,794 36
To Dividend No. 4, for six months ending Dec. 31st, 1909 (payable Jan. 3rd, 1910), 2%..	11,308 00	By Premiums on Stock..	2,172 00
To Balance carried forward to next year....	49,664 22	By Net Profits for year after deducting cost of management, etc...	41,107 86
	$72,074 22		$72,074 22

During the year a Branch of this Bank was opened at Haileybury, and the Spring Brook Branch was closed.

Your Directors elected Mr. J. F. Ford, of Omagh, to fill a vacancy on the Board.

All the Branches of the Bank, including Head Office, have been duly inspected.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JAMES MUNRO,
President.

GENERAL STATEMENT FOR YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1909.

LIABILITIES.

Notes in Circulation		$ 326,720 00	
Deposits not bearing Interest	$ 240,703 36		
Deposits bearing Interest	1,406,542 31		
Interest accrued on Deposit Receipts	875 42		
Deposit of Provincial Government..	45,254 80		
		1,693,375 89	
Capital Stock Paid up		567,357 00	
Unclaimed Dividends		242 00	
Dividend No. 4, payable 3rd January, 1910		11,308 00	
Balance of Profit & Loss Account, carried forward		49,664 22	
			$2,648,667 11

ASSETS.

Specie on hand	$ 9,862 64		
Dominion Notes on hand..	64,857 50		
		$ 74,720 14	
Notes and Cheques of Other Banks..		98,232 93	
Balances due from Other Banks		45,821 14	
Balances due from Agents in Great Britain		3,974 56	
Balances due from Foreign Agents.		20,262 72	
Deposit with Trust and Guarantee Co.		124,009 15	
Government, Municipal, Railway and other Stocks and Bonds		403,264 38	
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds		623,157 49	
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Note Circulation..		17,000 00	
Total Available Assets			$1,410,442 51
Current Loans		1,035,996 39	
Overdue Bills (estimated loss provided for)		14,633 54	
			1,050,629 93
Bank Premises (including Safes, etc.)			156,349 35
Other Assets not included above			31,245 32
			$2,648,667 11

W. R. TRAVERS,
General Manager.

The following Directors were elected for the ensuing year:—Col. James Munro, W. R. Travers, Burdge Gunby, W. G. Sinclair, Allan Eaton, A. Groves, J. F. Ford.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board, Col. James Munro was re-elected President and W. R. Travers Vice-President.

THROUGH TO NEW YORK.

Fastest service between Toronto and New York is made by the Canadian Pacific-New York Central route. Through Pullman sleeping cars leave Toronto 5.20 p.m. and 7.10 p.m., arriving in New York at 7.50 a.m. and 9.03 a.m. respectively. A feature of this service, apart from the speed, is that passengers are landed in the heart of New York City at the well known Grand Central Depot. Tickets, berth reservations, etc., Canadian Pacific Ticket Office, southeast corner King and Yonge streets.

REINDEER GLOVES shown by **ELY** Men's Furnisher, King Edward Hotel.

These gloves are not at all generally sold. The call for gloves "at a price" has largely excluded this glove from the Canadian market, but for the man who indulges himself in the best furnishings, these will be found a real pleasure and satisfaction.. The leather has a soft velvety finish, and is warm and durable. The most suitable shades are London smoke and a full tone of brown. The price is $4.00 per pair.

In addition to these expensive gloves we show all the well-known makes from $1.00 upwards, but good gloves are our specialty and real reindeer is the best.

ELY

King Edward Hotel
Toronto

PROSPECTORS

will find comfort and safety in our

SLEEPING BAGS

JAEGER

BLANKETS,
KNITTED COATS,
SHOE PACKS,
CAPS, etc.

Phone your orders M. 2611

We will freight free to Sudbury and Matheson.

WREYFORD & CO.
85 King St. West
TORONTO

GOOD VALUES IN
NECKWEAR

The man who never needs a new Necktie is about as hard to find as the proverbial needle in the hay stack. The average Necktie undergoes a strenuous life and soon needs replacing.

Here's your chance next week.

As an aftermath of stock-taking, a large assortment of classy and distinctive Neckwear in Swiss brocades, silk and satin four-in-hand shapes in a variety of stylish patterns and stripes will clear at a big reduction.

Reg. $1.50 Ties for $1.00
Reg. $1.00 Ties for 75c.
Reg. 75c. Ties for 50c.

These Ties are particularly adapted to the popular close-front collar, and are a real bargain at the price. We suggest you call early for choice.

R. J. HUNTER & CO.
33 King St. W. Toronto

SWORD
MAKE
...NECKWEAR...
Look for this label on the tie you buy
BEST BY TEST

DOCTORS

find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.

HANSON'S DRUG STORE
444 Spadina Avenue
TORONTO - - ONT.

Men's Wear

ALTHOUGH fashion plays no inconsiderable part in the selection of correct attire for winter sports of one kind and another, the word is to be understood in its sense of good form or good style, rather than in that of convention or social custom. If one wants to have that difficult to describe air of smartness and exclusiveness that distinguishes the man who, with a knowledge of what is intrinsically stylish, gives careful attention to the cuts and materials of his clothes, one must of course endeavor to avoid the vulgar or commonplace, for there is a decided difference in character between the waistcoats, sweaters, cardigan jackets, stockings, etc., to be found at even the best haberdashery and sporting goods shops, but first of all the consideration should be for comfort and practical serviceability, and the warmth of a cap for tobogganing or the strength and lightness of a boot for skating should never be sacrificed to mere style or good looks.

Aside from what may be called the regulation toboggan or snowshoe suit, there are but two styles for all-round sports—the sack and the Norfolk coat, with knickerbockers or long trousers. Now almost any sack suit, if it be sufficiently warm for comfort, and is supplemented with a sweater or worsted or fur waistcoat, is correct enough for the comparatively little skating or coasting the average man of most of our large cities may do in the public parks, or during the week-end visits in the country, but for the man who lives in country places, who spends a good deal of time at resorts where skating, snowshoeing, ice-boating or tobogganing make up much of the outdoor life of winter, distinct attire is an indispensable part of the wardrobe—essential to comfort as well as to smartness. If one prefer the ordinary sack coat style it should be of

A light wool waistcoat with silk sleeves.

a rough, heavy material—the brown and red mixtures are especially good—and should be made with large patch or buttoned flap pockets, lap or strapped seams and with tab on collar and tabs or wind cuffs on sleeves, to give it a bit of distinctive character, and to add to its possibilities of warmth and comfort. One does not want to be dependent on an overcoat that is bulky and hinders free movement as a protection from cold and wind, so that one's coat collar should be made to be worn turned up if required, and it should be possible to tighten one's sleeves against any chance of snow or wind getting up them by the use of the tab and button or by the wind cuff.

FOR MOTOR WEAR.
A type of fur coat designed especially for motorists.

On the other hand the Norfolk coat—not too fanciful in finish, but the old standard English design, with plaits and belt—is an excellent style, and the best materials are the heavy imported tweeds and homespuns of more or less pronounced patterns. Brown and red mixtures, dark brown, and grays with brighter color in the weave, are usually good mixtures, but whatever the patterns, the cloths should have that strong, rough effect of the English, Scotch and Irish sporting fabrics, difficult to describe, but easy to recognize in looking over the materials of the good importing tailors, particularly those who make a specialty of sporting clothes.

While not usually worn in city rinks, there is no doubt that for all winter sports in the country knickerbockers are much to be preferred to long trousers, and it is smartest to have them of the same material as either the sack or Norfolk coat they are to be worn with—that is to say, of the distinctive Scotch or English sporting cloths. They should be very full, with the bags or rolls of material falling over the knees, and I should advise gray boxcloth for the extensions rather than the material of which they are made, although with the fullness over the knees little of the extensions is visible, especially if the stockings are pulled well up.

* * *

ALTHOUGH there was a good deal of talk earlier in the season about the "finish" of the knitted scarf and many retailers hesitated to put in a stock of them, the past few weeks have shown clearly how popular the knitted scarf is and the demand is reported to be growing stronger all the time. Not only have the pure silk knit and crocheted scarfs, made by hand knitting and also by machines operated by hand, been in excellent demand with the better-class trade, but the cheaper spun silk knitted ties, retailing at fifty cents on the dollar, have also received such call that the manufacturers have not machines enough to supply the demand. Some time ago the demand for fibre knits fell off and it was said that only the introduction of new styles of weaves and designs could revive them. New styles and designs have been introduced constantly since then and now the latest introduction is on the market in the shape of a knitted scarf of fancy crochet effect in a solid color ground with a figure in contrasting color. This scarf is made on a hand-operated machine, which gives it the appearance of being hand-crocheted. Another innovation consists of a knitted scarf with ends three inches wide of equal length, made to be worn as an Ascot or once-over. Black and white and colored "heathers" are in good demand.

* * *

A WRITER in Vogue, speaking of the New Year's celebration in New York, and especially of some of the handsome new cafes there, says of one of the most magnificent of the new ones, where there are stringent rules as to evening dress:—

"The rule that two of the floors are to be reserved for those in evening dress only seems to me a good one. Some years ago we were provincial enough to protest against being compelled to dress for dinner when we appeared in public—I say we, but I mean, of course, the large

A NEW HAT STYLE.
The new model of "telescope" hat which promises to be the popular head-gear this spring.

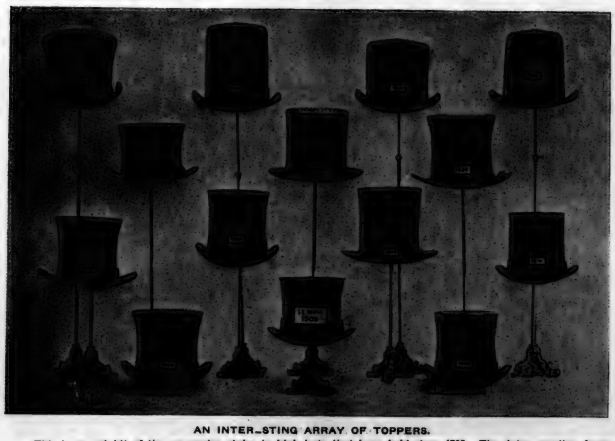
representative class—and even now the rule is transgressed. At any first-class restaurant or hotel in any Capital abroad one never sees men dining in the principal rooms in informal dress, but here the dinner coat is not unusual, and I fear that John Drew's assumption of a newer model, which buttons, will retard the abolition of this garment for such occasions. Americans are known all over abroad, because they appear in dinner coats, and yet long ago the fiat went forth that they should only be worn in the privacy of one's home or club, or perhaps in town or country during the summer. At first the

FOR MOTOR WEAR.
A foot-muff of fur to slip the foot into.

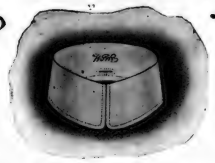
management of the new cafe wished to make evening clothes obligatory throughout the building, but it was finally decided to reserve one floor for those who have neither time nor inclination to dress.

"There has also been a silent revolution concerning evening dress at the theatres, and while it is still in its infancy, one now sees many more people properly attired than formerly. Certainly formal dress should be made imperative at the New Theatre, for women and men in street costume—especially when promenading in the foyer during intermissions—do not fit in with those who wear evening attire, and detract from the ensemble."

TUXEDO.



AN INTER-STING ARRAY OF TOPPERS.
This is an exhibit of the successive styles in high hats that have held since 1795. The dates, reading from left to right, are: Top row, 1820, 1810, 1800, 1795; second row, 1850, 1840, 1830; third row, 1880, 1860, 1840, 1870; fourth row, 1890, 1909, 1900.



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His Majesty The King of Spain.

ANECDOTAL

A DEVONSHIRE man sent his club, just before Christmas, a fine large swan in a hamper. The hamper was addressed to the secretary, who notified the club members of the treat that was in store, and a special swan dinner was arranged. The swan came on, at this dinner, looking magnificent—erect and stately on a great silver-gilt salver. But tough! It was so tough you couldn't carve the gravy.

A few days later the sender of the swan dropped in at the club.

"Got my swan all right, I hope?" he said to the secretary.

"Yes, and a nice trick you played us."

"Trick? What do you mean?"

"Why, we boiled that swan for sixteen hours, and when it came on the table it was tougher than a block of granite."

"Good gracious! Did you have my swan cooked?"

"Yes, of course."

The other was in despair.

"Why, that bird was historic," he groaned. "I sent him up to be stuffed and preserved. He had been in my family for 200 years. He had eaten out of the hand of King Charles I."

* * *

MARK TWAIN tells of a "nasty dig" he once gave in his Virginia City newspaper career to a man named Ferguson:

"Ferguson, at Christmas time, invited me to see the presents he had given his wife. They were magnificent gifts. The man expected, of course, a write-up. Well, he wasn't disappointed. The next day, in a prominent place on the first page of the Enterprise, I inserted this paragraph:

"'John H. Ferguson's Christmas gifts to his wife are being much admired. They include a diamond stomacher and many other beautiful specimens of cut glass.'"

* * *

A TRAVELING man who stutters spent all afternoon in trying to sell a grouchy business man a bill of goods, and was not very successful. As the salesman was locking up his grip the grouch was impolite enough to observe in the presence of his clerks:

"You must find that impediment in your speech very inconvenient at times."

"Oh, n-no," replied the salesman. "Every one has his p-peculiarity. S-stammering is mine. What's y-yours?"

"I'm not aware that I have any," replied the merchant.

"D-do you stir y-your coffee with your r-right hand?" asked the salesman.

"Why, yes, of course," replied the merchant, a bit puzzled.

"W-well," went on the salesman, "t-that's your p-peculiarity. Most people use a s-spoon."

* * *

LORD LANSDOWNE once congratulated Lord Crewe on an eloquent speech in the House of Lords.

"I have followed it," he said, "with earnest attention, not only on account of the importance of the subject, but also on account of the noble lord's judicial attitude. I admired his earnestness and his eloquence, but what impressed me most was his impartiality."

A pause.

"Yes, until the last minute, I did not know on which side of the fence his lordship was coming down."

* * *

ONE of the shortest speeches recorded in forensic annals is that of Taunton, afterward a judge. Charles Philips, an Irish orator, had made a flowery speech in an assault case. Taunton, who was for the defendant, said in reply:

"My friend's eloquent complaint amounts, in plain English, to this: that his client has received a good, sound horsewhipping; and my defense is as short—*that he richly deserved it.*"

* * *

WHEN Sir Wilfrid Laurier was in Toronto recently he was most heartily entertained. Toronto, indeed, is always ready to cheer lustily for Laurier, but equally ready to vote against him. And this recalls a story which is recommended to Sir Wilfrid for use when next he is banquetted in this city.

While spending the winter in Georgia, before his inauguration as President, Mr. Taft went to the city of Athens to deliver an address to the students of the University of Georgia. He met a member of the faculty—a staunch Democrat—who said:

"Judge, I voted the Democratic ticket, but wanted to see you win."

Judge Taft replied:

"You remind me of the story of Brer Jasper and Brer Johnson, who were both deacons in the Shilo Baptist church, although avowed enemies.

"Brer Jasper died and the other deacons told Brer Johnson he must say something good about the deceased on Sunday night. At first he declined, but finally consented.

"Sunday night, when the time for the eulogy arrived, he arose slowly and said: 'Brederen and Sisteren, I promised ter say sump'n good 'bout Deacon Jasper to-night, an' I will say we all hopes he's gone whar we knows he ain't.'"

McHaggis: "Losh, look at the meenister knockin' up the turf! No wonder he's always hummin' that tune."
McParritch: "What tune 's that?"
McHaggis: "'We Plough the Fields and Scatter.'"—The Sketch.

* * *

THE editor of a metropolitan journal was lunching the other day with friends when some one began talking shop.

"Do you suppose," asked this individual, solemnly, "that the time will come when poetry will cease to be written?"

"It's here now," promptly replied the editor.

* * *

A BIG-HEARTED Irish politician in a Western city had just left a theatre one night when he was approached by a beggar, who said:

"Heaven bless your bright, benevolent face! A little charity, sir, for a poor cripple."

The politician gave the man some coins, saying:

"And how are you crippled, old man?"

"Financially, sir," answered the beggar, as he made off.

* * *

HENRY E. DIXEY, at a dinner at the Lambs', said of an actor who had failed in a new part:

"His idea of the part was so confused and wrong that it reminded me of Ferguson. Ferguson, you know, awoke one morning after a studio supper—you know what studio suppers are—and groaned and muttered:

"'Dear me, what a headache!'

"He screwed up his lips in disgust. The taste in his mouth was horrible. He thought he'd have a look at his tongue, and, reaching out for the hand glass, he took up by mistake a silver-backed hair brush. He stared at the bristles for a long while, then he shook his head and said:

"'Fergy, my boy, you certainly do need a shave.'"

* * *

AS everybody knows, H. G. Wells has his own ideas of Utopia, and he related an amusing story of a gentleman next to whom he once sat at a public dinner.

The conversation had turned upon one of his own books, and Mr. Wells had said something to the effect that "were there no self-seekers, the world would be a very Utopia."

This neighbor promptly observed, "I maintain that all water used for drinking and culinary purposes should be boiled at least an hour."

"You are a physician, I presume?" suggested the novelist.

"No, sir," was the unexpected reply; "I am in the coal line."

* * *

IN Dr. Moule animals of all sorts have a staunch friend. In connection with this, the Bishop tells a good story of an occasion when he examined a Sunday School class. He chanced to ask one of his small pupils why it was wrong to cut off dogs' tails.

The child replied that it was cruel because of the text in the Bible.

"What text, my dear?" asked the puzzled Bishop.

For a moment the little girl was silent, and then she replied: "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

* * *

A COLORED woman in an American city presented herself the other day in an Equal Suffrage state at the place of registration to qualify for the casting of her vote at the next municipal election.

"With what political party do you affiliate?" inquired the clerk of the unaccustomed applicant, using the prescribed formula.

The dusky "lady" blushed, all coyness and confusion. "Is I'bleeged to answer that there question?"

"Certainly; the law requires it."

"Then," retreating in dismay, "I don't believe I'll vote, 'case I'd hate to have to mention the party's name. He's one of the nicest gent'mums in town."

* * *

IT was a prohibition country. As soon as the train pulled up a seedy little man with a covered basket on his arm hurried to the open windows of the smoker, and exhibited a quart bottle filled with rich, dark liquid.

"Want to buy some nice cold tea?" he asked, with just the suspicion of a wink.

Two thirsty looking cattlemen brightened visibly, and each paid a dollar for a bottle.

"Wait until you get outer the station before you take a drink," the little man cautioned them. "I don't wanter get in trouble."

He found three other customers before the train pulled out, in each case repeating his warning.

"You seem to be doing a pretty good business," remarked a man who had watched it all. "But I don't see why you'd run any more risk of getting in trouble if they took a drink before the train started."

"Ye don't hey? Well, what them bottles had in 'em, pardner, was real cold tea."

* * *

A MAN hurried into a quick-lunch restaurant recently and called to the waiter: "Give me a ham sandwich."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, reaching for the sandwich; "will you eat it or take it with you?"

"Both," was the unexpected but obvious reply.

"Lor, Bill, we've got into a fust-clawss carriage."
"Yer don't say so! And me wiv odd socks on!"—Punch.

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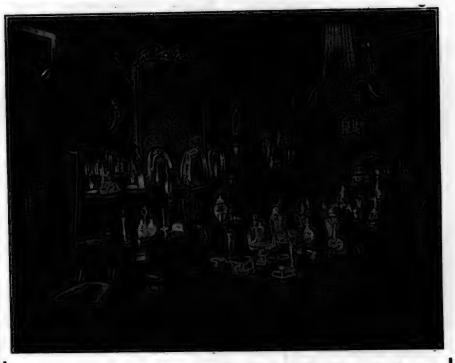

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MUSIC

THE concerts given by the National Chorus under Dr. Albert Ham's baton were the chief musical events of the past week. The work of this society improves season by season. At one time, the National seemed to contain a good deal of dead timber in its membership, but as the prestige of the chorus increased, Dr. Ham has been able to exercise a selective process which is gradually producing a choir of much distinction. As yet, the male section has not attained to an altogether satisfactory sonority, but in every section there is a very evident advance beyond the standard of last season.

The auxiliary choir of thirty boys was heard to advantage in several numbers, especially the Cherubin Song of Bortniansky, where the beauty of the tone was much admired.

The adult choir gave an impressive rendering of Hiller's cantata, "A Song of Victory," in which Mrs. Faskin McDonald, a soprano with a brilliant voice, shared the honors with the chorus. The prologue to Boito's "Mefistofele" was one of the chief successes of the society, and the very stirring rendering was enhanced by the fine orchestral accompaniment. Here, again, the boys were in evidence with telling effect.

The finale to Act I. of Wagner's "Parsifal" was somewhat disappointing. The work was never intended for concert performance; and, without the scenic effects and other accessories of the theatrical performance the interest seemed to drag somewhat. Perhaps if there were more climactic spirit in the music this objection would be overcome. The rendering which the choir gave it was technically excellent, but the music, while beautiful, seemed to go on and on without arriving anywhere—if one might so express it. Mr. Frederick Weld sang the part of Gurnemanz with much distinction. Mr. Rhynd Jamieson, one of our local baritones, sang very creditably the small part which fell to his lot.

Mme. Matja von Niessen-Stone, a mezzo with a very beautiful, if somewhat uneven voice, met with a warm reception upon both evenings.

Of the work of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Welsman, I was in a difficult position to judge, being unfortunately seated some twenty feet from the drums and other instruments of percussion. The following numbers, however, found favor with the audience: Elgar's suite, "Wand of Youth" and its encore, Dr. Ham's "Military March"; Overture to "William Tell," Rossini; Ballade, Coleridge-Taylor; Rakoczy March Berlioz. It may be said that the fine accompaniments which the orchestra furnished were in every sense adequate and satisfying.

* * *

The Vegara concert, given on Thursday evening of last week in Association Hall was one of the most entertaining events which I have attended for many moons. The glowing advance notices and the prices charged for admission led one to expect a concert of real excellence; whereas, in truth, the affair turned out to be a pupils' recital of a very singular sort. A chorus of some sixty voices sang selections from Handel's "Samson" in a manner provocative of much merriment in the audience. And when the soloists appeared, more particularly in the second part of the programme, their performances, with one or two exceptions, were notable for such weird tone production, curious intonation, and extraordinary stage deportment that the audience was seized with uncontrollable mirth, and several persons had to retire from the auditorium in a condition bordering upon tears.

Signor Vegara, in the course of a short speech, made most eloquent excuses for the limited number of rehearsals which the chorus had held, and the little instruction which the soloists had received—one young lady rendering a solo after taking but five lessons—all of which was remarkably interesting in view of the prices charged for admission, namely, 50 cents, 75 cents, and $1.00.

In the third part of the programme there appeared the bright, particular star of the evening, the primo tenore assoluto, Signor Agostino Caruso. The Signor proved to be a modest-appearing young man who must not be confounded with Enrico Caruso on the one hand, nor with Robinson Crusoe on the other; for he has not yet attained to the peerless vocal excellence of the former, and has so far escaped the fate of the latter—that of being confined to a lonely isle in the midst of the bounding, billowy main. Signor Agostino has the makings of a very fine tenor voice, which he uses, however, with sundry exaggerated mannerisms that no doubt he will some day outgrow.

The concert was of a very generous length, there being some 28 numbers on the programme, all of which were hugely enjoyed.

* * *

The Toronto String Quartette concert on Saturday evening added another laurel to the wreath of this sterling group of players. Miss Elizabeth Clark of the Metropolitan Opera Company was a charming assisting artist, and her contralto voice was greatly admired. Mr. F. Arthur Oliver worthily accompanied.

* * *

The Hammerstein Opera Company opened its week's engagement at the Alexandra in successful style on Monday evening with a performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor." Miss Miranda as Lucia sang with much ease and flexibility the florid music which fell to her lot. Her tone was slightly nasal, but not enough to spoil the enjoyment of the listener. Of the men Signors Russo, Pignataro, Scott and Leroux deserve special mention. The chorus was very fair, although the alto section was inclined to produce an unrefined tone in the forte passages.

* * *

A copy of The Brantford Expositor of Jan. 10 has reached me. It contains a long article attacking that international body, the American Guild of Organists of the United States and Canada, and strenuously points to a Canadian Guild which appears to have been formed. The writer of the article evidently yearns to enter into a newspaper controversy upon the subject, but the only desire that I have is to wish Godspeed and all success to the newly formed organization and to all others like it that may be formed in the musical interests of Canada. The American Guild has nothing to fear from competitive associations, as it numbers amongst its membership the most representative church musicians of Canada and the United States, and its success is thus assured.

* * *

On Saturday evening I had a foretaste of the feast which the Mendelssohn Choir is preparing. A combined rehearsal of the 225 adults and 200 children was held in Massey Hall, and, as for the effect—well, I can confidently predict that the greatest musical sensation which Canada has ever had will be made when the "Children's Crusade" is performed.

* * *

On Saturday afternoon last a piano and vocal recital of intermediate grade pieces was held in the Conservatory Music Hall. The following young ladies took part: Misses Bertha Keyes, Maud Cavanagh, Leila Young, Constance Oakley, Kathleen Padget, Ethel Collett, Virginia Coyne, Muriel Meharg, Mabel Watson, Lillian A. Jamieson, Jennie Cringan, Clarice McKay, Mame Kenning, Edna Mortimer, Gladys Young. The teachers represented by these pupils were Miss Lillian Willcocks, Miss Ethel Rolls, Miss Jean E. Williams, Miss Edith Myers, Mr. Norman T. Ives, Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Miss Eugenie Quehen, Mr. Howard Massey Frederick, Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mr. A. T. Cringan, Miss Lena Hayes, Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison.

Oscar Strauss, composer of Viennese operetta.

* * *

The public will do well to remember the concert to be given in Association Hall on Jan. 25 in aid of the aged and infirm poor. The Local Council of Women is to be congratulated upon taking up this work and should have the hearty support of the Toronto public in this worthy cause. Among those who will take part is Mr. Robert Stuart Pigott. It is always a pleasure to see Mr. Pigott's name on a programme as a singer or reader. As a singer of English ballads he has few rivals, his voice being so sympathetic and his diction so distinct that both the musical and elocutionary elements of these rarely sung songs are given full value. Others who will participate are Irene Hitchcock Bartlett, the celebrated "bird-note" elocutionist; Leonora James Kennedy, one of the very best among local sopranos; Miss Marion Porter, a clever pianist. This talent should fill the hall to overflowing. The plan is at Gerhard Heintzman's, 41 Queen street west.

* * *

After years of trials and disappointments due to his steadfast refusal to allow the demands of managerial expediency or the urgings of short-sighted friends to swerve him from the path of artistic integrity, Emil Paur has come into his own, for the men who furnish the means to carry on the great work of the Pittsburgh Orchestra have met all of his demands for the betterment of the personale of the orchestra, and the Musician's Protective Association has permitted the artists engaged abroad by him, to enter the United States and take their places. Both facts are the highest compliments that could be paid a man in his position. It is no small achievement to convince men who have annually faced deficits, that more money must be spent; and it is equally notable to have shown the powerful organization formed to protect resident musicians that it is for the best interest of all to admit first-class men no matter where they come from. Both achievements are tributes to the dominating trait of his character, sincerity. Being no selfish time-server but a devoted follower of the highest ideals in art, he has won the confidence of all concerned. Frank at all times, but only for the good of art; but when the presumption of some half-trained musician or the truckling methods of some business manager arouses his righteous indignation, his frankness is like Jove's thunderbolts. To those who ask for counsel and help no one could be more gentle and painstaking than he.

That his choice of men for the important places in this year's orchestra has been happy, the enthusiasm of the Pitsburgh critics bears witness, for with his well-known generosity he has given each of the newcomers an opportunity of being heard, and the general results have more than fulfilled his promises.

Since the death of Seidl, Paur has held the foremost position on this continent as an interpreter of Wagner, and he has never a superior as an interpreter of Brahms, but few people realized how versatile he is until they heard his playing of the Haydn Symphonies and the Ballet Music from Schubert's Rosamunde, and were amazed and delighted by his finesse and politeness. At the first concert of the Schubert Choir, Feb. 21st, Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music will be played, in which his emotional rhythmic sense will have full play. Tuesday night, 22nd, will bring Brahms' colossal Symphony in C minor, played as only Paur can play it.

Ever since his association with Mr. Paur, Mr. Fletcher has made wonderful strides, and his choir has gained in confidence with each season's success, but this year it is said that the improvement will surprise its most devoted friends.

In addition to the orchestra, Madame Jomelli, the famous prima donna, has been engaged for both concerts.

* * *

Messrs. MacHenry, Smith, Seitz and Liddle, of the Dominion Chambers Music Studios, will hold a reception on the 22nd in honor of the Home Musical Club. An interesting programme will be presented by these gentlemen.

* * *

Owing to the great number of people who are interested in the proposed visit of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra to Hamilton, on Feb. 2nd, when they will be heard in conjunction with the Elgar Choir, the committee have made arrangements whereby the fare on that date will be reduced to $1.20. The principal number on the programme is Verdi's "Requiem," and many are taking advantage of the opportunity of hearing the choir and orchestra in this work. Train leaves Union Station at 1.15 p.m. with a special leaving Hamilton about 11 p.m.

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

A musical club for young ladies has been organized by Mrs. E. J. Powell for the improvement and advancement of young ladies who are studying. The name, "The Wagnerian Club," was suggested by Miss Vera Hamilton and Mrs. Kennedy adopted it. The club meets every second Monday at the residence of the President, Mrs. Powell, 357 Palmerston Boulevard, at four o'clock sharp. The opening of the club will be held on Monday, January 24, 1910, at four o'clock. The members of the staff are President, Mrs. Edwin J. Powell; Hon. Pres., Mrs. Thos. Crawford; Secretary, Miss C. Grace Quigley; Treasurer, Mrs. Frank Judd Kennedy.

* * *

The visit of Liza Lehmann to Toronto next week is an occasion of great musical interest, not only on account of her own great talent, but by reason of her most quaint and novel programme, which ranges from her lyrics "In a Parisian Garden," to the new song cycle, "Nonsense Songs from Alice in Wonderland." Her programme at Massey Hall on Wednesday evening next will be interpreted by a quartette of notable vocalists, and Master Albert Hole, the finest boy soprano in Great Britain.

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That is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."
—Merchant of Venice

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THE GREAT ENGLISH COMPOSER
Liza Lehmann
in a programme of her own compositions, interpreted by a quartette of eminent vocalists, Miss Palgrave Turner, contralto, Miss Inez Barbour, soprano, Mr. Berrick Von Norden, tenor, Mr. Frederick Hastings, baritone, and the wonderful English boy soprano, Albert Hole.
Massey Hall, Wed. Jan. 26
Reserved seats, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Balcony front, $1.50. Rush, 25c.

"Who was the greatest financier ever known?" "Noah; because he floated his stock when the whole world was in liquidation."—Tit-Bits.

Louise—And tell Tom not to worry about me. Mary—I did. He said he wouldn't. Louise—The horrid brute. —Life.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Three Premiers of Nova Scotia," by Edward Manning Saunders. Published by Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

WHEN Dr. Saunders first began to collect the material for this book he had in mind writing a biography of the Hon. J. W. Johnstone only, but he soon found that the life of this eminent Nova Scotia patriot and statesman was so closely interwoven with those of the Hon. Joseph Howe and Sir Charles Tupper that he felt it would be wiser to include all three in his work; but Judge Johnstone is given the place of honor. No doubt unconsciously, Dr. Saunders reveals himself as a partisan. It is clear that he considers Johnstone to have been undoubtedly superior to all his contemporaries, and much more admirable. Sometimes his enthusiasm runs away with him, and the reader feels that the book would have been more convincing had the author maintained a purely judicial attitude. But it is also clear that Dr. Saunders has done his work with the resolute intention to be fair to Howe, to whom he gives full credit for his work as a statesman and his zeal as a patriot.

Johnstone is described as being a courtly and distinguished figure. "He was about six feet tall, straight, lithe, and quick in his movements. He had a high, finely-moulded forehead, crowned by a thatch of kinky, raven-black hair, closely cut in youth, but allowed to grow long in advanced years, falling like a snow cloud under the brim of his glossy silk hat, giving him a venerable, patriarchal appearance. His nose was Grecian, his eyes jet black and glowing, his mouth large; his face was mobile and expressive." The Johnstones were Georgia people, whose estates were confiscated, and who at the close of the Revolutionary war went to Jamaica. There the future Nova Scotia premier was born in 1792. He was educated in Edinburgh, went to Annapolis when he was sixteen, and began to study law. Howe was born in Halifax and was twelve years younger than Johnstone. The latter became the Conservative leader, and Howe at an early age became his chief opponent. The Nova Scotian, Howe's paper, was, as Dr. Saunders says, "the people's paper, and Mr. Howe was the people's leader."

Dr. Saunders gives it as his opinion that throughout the struggle for responsible government in Nova Scotia, Johnstone displayed a much clearer understanding of the question than Howe, and that he was really much the greater as a constructive statesman. Certainly Howe's course concerning Confederation is somewhat puzzling to his admirers, and there is no doubt that his career was not rounded out satisfactorily. After urging a union of the colonies of British North America, he opposed Confederation, feeling that Nova Scotia would lose rather than gain by uniting with the bigger provinces to the west. But he had imagination, which Johnstone lacked, and fifty years ago he drew a picture of Imperial Federation which is the marvel of men of to-day. It seems plain that Johnstone was one of the real fathers of Confederation, and that he has gone without the fame he unquestionably earned.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE,
The American poet who wrote the reply to William Watson's "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue."

But it is easy to explain why his name appears on the popular scroll of fame in much smaller letters than that of Howe—something which Dr. Saunders cannot understand at all, although he gives the explanation himself repeatedly in his book. For example take this quotation: "Mr. Johnstone was classed socially by the mass of the people with the exclusive section of the community. Mr. Howe was of the people, and took pains to keep the people informed that his feelings and sentiments were the same as when, behind his apron, with ink-stained fingers he built up 'sticks' of type." To quote again: "The principles of government advocated by Mr. Howe and Mr. Johnstone were essentially the same. Mr. Howe, impatient and hating the regime of the few, who overawed and resisted the many, said in effect: 'Give us an Executive responsible to the elective branch of the Legislature. We will trust the people. Let the people and not the Family Compact rule the country.' Mr. Johnstone's reply was as follows: 'The principle of responsibility is sound. Let it be introduced as soon as possible, but if there are to be four parties to the nacting of law . . . . then there must be a delicate and wise adjustment of power among these bodies, in order to have harmony and efficiency.'"

Even granting that Johnstone had a greater mind and was as great a patriot, could anything be clearer than the reason why he was overshadowed by Howe? "Joe" Howe was the people's man. At the outset of his public career, when he was prosecuted for publishing attacks on the irresponsible magistrates who governed the city of Halifax, no lawyer would defend him, "perhaps," as Dr. Saunders says, "on account of Mr. Howe's social position." No wonder the jury acquitted him, and that the people carried him home on their shoulders! No wonder that during his whole career he was the people's idol, and that his name is "writ large" in our list of great men!

"Three Premiers of Nova Scotia" is on the whole a very valuable and exhaustive work. It runs to over 600 pages, but the earnest student of Canadian history will find it anything but dull. Notwithstanding the fact that it is slightly tinged with partisanship, it throws much new light on an extraordinary man of whom too little is known. For Dr. Saunders is right when he says that Johnstone should long since have had a biographer. The sketch of Howe, forming as it does a basis of comparative judgment, is most interesting. And the career of Tupper, who forged to the front just as Howe was losing his physical powers, is outlined very completely.

* * *

BARONESS VON HUTTEN,
Author of "The Lordship of Love." The baroness is not only a writer, but an actress. This picture, taken in London, shows her in costume as Aunt Imogen in "Pinkie and the Fairies."

"The Lordship of Love," by Baroness Von Hutten. Published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto.

This is the story of a young girl of Rome, who, although an orphan and without friends in childhood, becomes a prima donna. Going to London, she has a remarkable love experience. She is irresistibly attracted by a man who is frankly unfaithful to his wife, and when the latter finds she is dying she calls the heroine to her and asks her to at once enter into an engagement of marriage with her husband, feeling that she will be his good angel. I venture the guess that the girl with the music roll will be the most pleased and appreciative reader of this story.

* * *

LITERARY GOSSIP.

WITHIN the last few years there has been a distinct improvement in the quality of Canadian literature. There has been no falling off in the production of volumes of crude, amateurish verse and prose. But recently, both in the east and in the west, there have arisen authors, quite considerable in number, possessing genuine talent for writing. And it is interesting to note that a large proportion of these rising authors are women. Indeed, if we leave out of consideration the Canadians who have left the country to find a better market for their literary wares, one might argue with considerable reason that the feminine writers are more than holding their own in competition with the men.

Marian Keith, whose name in private life is Miss Esther Miller, has written a number of novels which rank well up with the work of Ralph Connor, and which are much more even in quality than the stories of Robert E. Knowles. Of course your captious critic will sniff at mention of Mr. Knowles and also perhaps of Ralph Connor, and will say: "Well, if the promising women writers you speak of cannot do better than to earn comparison with these two pastor-authors I can't see any reason for waxing enthusiastic about their work." Of course Ralph Connor in his late novels and Mr. Knowles in his early ones are frequently off the key, but beyond doubt they have both struck chords that genuinely affect the heart. And Marian Keith is deserving of special consideration because her work has in a very large degree the best qualities of the works of these mascuine rivals in a similar field, with scarcely any of their faults. Marian Keith is very seldom off the key. She knows thoroughly the Ontario rural life of which she writes. She was born near Orillia, taught school in that town for a number of years, visited much among the Scotch farmers of the neighborhood, and has written stories of these folk so simply true to life that they are altogether delightful and satisfying to everyone capable of judging their fidelity of interpretation. In the east Miss L. M. Montgomery, of Prince Edward Island, has won the praise of about the whole literary world with "Anne of Green Gables," and although her later story, "Anne of Avonlea," is not, as was remarked on this page recently, a work of any distinction, this author has shown herself to be possessed of very remarkable skill, sympathy, and understanding. In the west another school teacher has distinguished herself, although we had about come to the conclusion that a pedagogue, and especially a feminine pedagogue, was about the last person to be expected to achieve success in authorship. This is Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, a native of Ontario, now living in the little town of Manitou, Manitoba, whose homely tale, "Sowing Seeds in Danny," won instant recognition both in and beyond this country. Agnes C. Laut and Agnes Deans Cameron—another ex-school teacher—have won such fame as journalist-authors as any man in the country doing such work might envy. These two, however, are not stay-at-homes, and do not properly belong in this list.

But one need not proceed with the count to demonstrate that our women writers are doing credit to their sex. They have not in their ranks a Robert W. Service, it is true. But in the matter of story-telling, will not Marian Keith, Miss Montgomery, and Mrs. McClung measure up well with any three men writers resident in the country? (Mr. W. A. Fraser no doubt would scoff at being compared with any other Canadian author; but he must not be overlooked.) Moreover it might be added that most of the very poor books, both of prose and verse, issued in Canada recently have been written by men. Let us then salute with heartiness the women of our land who have done so well—both those who have raised the standard of our literature by good writing and those who have refrained from lowering it by bad writing. At the same time it would be better if all our really accomplished men writers could be induced to stay at home, although this would place the ladies rather in the background. And I will go further—great as the risk may be—and say that it would be better still if we could develop a few writers of the first rank, even though such an eventuality should obscure our women writers much more completely.

* * *

Sometimes one comes across an old and little-known book which is much more interesting than many new ones. Often too a musty old volume throws odd side-lights on current affairs. Such a book is "Travels in England," by Charles P. Moritz, which a friend of mine picked up in a second-hand bookstore in Yonge street this week and handed to me for perusal, as many of the notes contained therein are of peculiar interest just now. It was in 1782 that Moritz, a young Prussian clergyman, visited England and wrote his impressions of the country and its people. England surprised and delighted him with its beauty and its neatness, and of the English people he speaks in terms of highest praise. But his description of a parliamentary election, which he was fortunate enough to witness in London, is of particular interest.

He tells of hearing Sir Cecil Wray, "whom Fox had before opposed to Lord Hood," thank his constituents for re-electing him. To the visitor it seemed remarkable that Sir Cecil should bow very low and address the "rabble" by the title of "gentlemen." He was astonished by the intelligence and eager interest displayed by the crowd, and he was impressed by the manner in which "when the whole was over, the rampant spirit of liberty and the wild impatience of a genuine English mob were exhibited in perfection." He goes on to say: "Whilst in Prussia poets only speak of love of country as one of the dearest of all human affections, but here there is no man who does not feel, and describe with rapture, how much he loves his country. . . . The love of their country, and its unparalleled feats in war, are in general the subject of the people's ballads and popular songs." As to the enthusiasm of the street crowds at election time, Moritz continues: "All the enthusiasm of my earliest years, kindled by the patriotism of the illustrious heroes of Rome, were now revived in my mind; and though all I had just seen and heard be, in fact, but the semblance of liberty, and that, too, tribunitial liberty, yet at the moment I thought it charming, and it warmed my heart. When you see how, in this happy country, the lowest and meanest member of society thus unequivocally testifies the interest he takes in everything of a public nature; when you see how even women and children bear a part in the great concerns of their country; in short, how high and low, rich and poor, all concur in declaring their feelings and their convictions that a carter, a common tar, or a scavenger, is still a man—nay, an Englishman—and as such has his rights and privileges defined and known as exactly as his King, or as his King's minister,—take my word for it, you will feel yourself very differently affected from what you are when staring at our soldiers in their exercises at Berlin."

Mr. Moritz speaks of going to Parliament and hearing the members cry out in approbation of their friends, "Hear him! Hear him!" Which probably explains the origin of our "Hear, hear!" In contrasting the two Houses he says: "There appears to be much more politeness and more courteous behavior in the Upper House. But he who wishes to observe mankind, and to contemplate the leading traits of the different characters most strongly marked, will do well to attend frequently the Lower, rather than the other, House."

These comments are the most interesting in the book to the reader of to-day. But in its entirety this quaint old volume, written one hundred and thirty-eight years ago—seven years before the French Revolution, by the way—emphasizes more than anything else the slowness with which the English people change in any of their vital characteristics.

Hal

"MARIAN KEITH."

NELLIE L. McCLUNG.

Two Canadian writers of unusual grace and promise. "Marian Keith" has written "Duncan Polite," "The Silver Maple," and other charming Canadian stories. Mrs. McClung is author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny."

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Jason Orchard's Decision

(*Continued from page 6.*)

cents, he added: "You're sure it was wrecked? You're telling me the truth? The graves were open?"

Thorn blurted out a dry, uncomfortable "Yes." He was not in the least appreciating this penalty for prying into the secrets of other people's lives.

Jason Orchard lay back in his chair and forgot Thorn, forgot that he sat in his own great house in Fifth Avenue, forgot that beside his hand were millions in bonds only waiting his signature to become priceless, forgot everything, except one bleak February morning some sixty years before. Half a blizzard was raging over a little Kansas township that belied its name of Fairflower. A small, poorly clad boy was standing, sole mourner, beside an open grave. The tears that fell on the coffin were the flowers of his own bitter grief for the mother that was dead.

With a sharp effort, Jason Orchard pulled himself together and started from his chair. For years he had scarcely thought of that tragedy of his youth. He realized that somebody was stealing quietly out of the study.

"Hold on there!" The voice had regained its note of harsh command. Thorn stopped at the door like a thief caught in the act. Then, for once in his life, Jason Orchard was guilty of subterfuge, for he rubbed vigorously at his eyes, as if it were sleep that blurred them.

"I'm an old fool!" He said this more to himself than to Thorn. Speaking directly to Thorn, he added: "I dozed off. You've kept me here a long time with your twaddle. You've no right!"

"I'm mighty sorry, sir. Good night." There was a not of sincere apology in Thorn's voice. Once again Jason Orchard stopped him.

"Look here! What are you going to say in the paper about that report?"

"I don't quite know," said Thorn. "Deny it, I suppose."

"Don't be a young fool!" Jason Orchard made the retort almost viciously.

"You mean, sir—you mean—you mean that you're——" All Thorn's budding newspaper instinct rose to the surface. "You mean you *are* going to do it? Going to give five hundred thousand dollars to Fairflower?" The almost breathless surprise and anticipation recalled Jason Orchard to his workaday world.

"Well, I'm only thinking of doing so. Indeed, I'm thinking of giving Fairflower something nice to help it out—to help fix up the cemetery and things in general—understand? Yes, the cemetery."

Jason Orchard lingered on the word, as if it fascinated him.

"But it's more likely to be—yes—well, you see, I've been fairly successful of late. You can say—oh!—say it's more likely to be two millions. Good night, young man. Come and see me again."

Like a drunken man, Thorn went out of the house. Just before the door closed, he heard the same passionless voice that had told him to "Come in" now calling after him—

"Of course, young man, nothing's *really* settled yet."

Exactly what Thorn told the chief-sub when he got back to the Daily Gazette office he can never quite remember. What followed, however, is a matter of record. The chief-sub called the night editor and the editor into hurried consultation. In consequence, they called up the proprietor on the telephone, and as a result Thorn was told to sit down and write an interview with Jason Orchard, in which the meanest man in America announced his intention to give two million dollars to the relief of devastated Fairflower. The editor came out personally to Thorn and said that he had always been sure that there was a brilliant career ahead of him. He confessed to being rather puzzled over the contradictory statements which Thorn had verbally attributed to Mr. Orchard, but advised Thorn to disregard these. Provisos such as "nothing yet really settled" were evidently due to Mr. Orchard's modesty in his new *role*. The chief-sub shook Thorn's hand so hard that he could scarcely write, and assured him that all through the week he had been saving up this story for his especial benefit. Then the editor retired to his room. Through tubes, telephones, and other queer devices he ordered the entire first page to be set apart for the announcement of Jason Orchard's gift to Fairflower. He discoursed, always through tubes, upon type with large and wonderful "face," and abused, with marvellous facility of language, the foreman because he had no "war-head" type fit for use. The chief leader-writer was informed of the facts.

"Write," said the editor, "a eulogistic article explaining that old Orchard has at last shown himself in his true colours; how mistaken and vicious other papers have been in abusing him; what an object lesson he is to other millionaires for having avoided the pitfalls of indiscriminate and varied charity, and how fit a thing it is that the Gazette should be singled out to announce such unprecedented philanthropy."

Meanwhile Thorn struggled with his story. There was really very little he could write—wild horses would not have torn from him mention of Jason Orchard's mother or of the cemetery; yet somehow he managed to work out a column or two, which mostly dealt with Jason Orchard's house, his deep interest in his birthplace, and the casual, modest way in which he admitted his extraordinary philanthropy.

Before midnight all the men in the Daily Gazette office were scanning the proofs of what was declared to be the best "beat" of the year. And Cyrus Thorn went home, a very tired but happy and congratulated youngster, with a largely increased salary.

When Jason Orchard, always an early riser, came down at half past six the following morning, he surprised his household by ordering a Daily Gazette. Stretching all across the first page, he read—

"Jason Orchard Gives Away Two Millions."

In descending pyramids of black type it was set forth—

"The Greatest of all American Financiers becomes the Greatest of Philanthropists"—"Princely Gift to Devastated Kansas Town that Gave him Birth"—"Plutocrat Appears in New Light"—and so on.

With a grim smile, Jason Orchard departed for the city, and on his way he read in the Gazette how greatly the world had misunderstood him during all these seventy years; how, instead of sordidly amassing wealth to gratify miserly instincts, he had been reserving his millions for great and proper occasions, such as the disaster at his birthplace.

"What a fool the boy was to jump at conclusions!" Jason Orchard laughed aloud, to the intense astonishment of his fellow-passengers. The idea of his *giving* two millions to anybody or anything! He had been sentimental, a bit weak and out-of-sorts the evening before, but he had not said anything that could justify this absurd thing in the Gazette. Why, his last words to the young reporter had been to emphasise that nothing was settled.

He gazed humorously at the huge portrait of himself which took up the middle portion of the first page. Beside it was the history of his own hard life. Somehow or another, he could not feel it in his heart to be annoyed. It was such a huge joke!

He read the editorial over again. After all, it *was* rather pleasant to find out that instead of being the meanest man in America, one was the least understood of great philanthropists.

"Perhaps," thought Jason Orchard, "I've been mistaken in myself. In any case, I suppose I rather misled the boy. When I deny this yarn, he will lose his job—I must look after him." A clerk in the office had been discharged the week before, and Jason Orchard mentally appointed Cyrus Thorn to take his place—though taking a newspaper man into the business would surely destroy all discipline. "Still," thought Mr. Orchard, "generosity must be exercised," with this reservation—"at rare intervals."

He was reading the analysis of his own philanthropy for the third time, when it suddenly occurred to him that in all the eulogy, in all the biographical sketches, and the accounts of the distress at Fairflower, there was no mention of the cemetery or of his dead mother. "Curious," thought Jason Orchard, "that young fellow didn't say something. Nice, though. Glad he didn't. Think I'll take a run over to Fairflower. Never been there since I was a boy. Get a pass from Wilkins—then the trip won't cost much."

The train stopped, and Jason Orchard walked to his office. His son came in.

"Father," said Orchard junior, "there are about twenty newspaper man waiting for your denial of that fool story in the Gazette. I've told them you've not gone crazy, and that it's a lie from top to bottom, but they insist on having a denial from you. Shall I write you one?"

"H'm." The old man cogitated. "No," he said finally. "I'll talk to them myself. Send them in here in about five minutes. I'll just read my letters first."

Orchard junior went out. Then the great bear leader of the Market broke the habit of many years, for, instead of opening his business letters before attending to any other thing, he fumbled around at a little secret drawer in his desk. Only a few papers were there. They were dust-covered, and even the owner had almost forgotten their existence. They were all respectable-looking documents, all except one. This was a dirty sheet of paper, evidently a receipted bill of sorts. Across the heading, this faded, pencilled inscription was written—

"My first savings.—J. O."

Jason Orchard fingered it as reverently as any bond for a million dollars. For a few moments he stared at it, and then his glance fell on the Gazette stretched in front of him. He touched an electric bell.

"Tell the newspaper men to come in." A score of representatives from all the New York papers trooped in.

"I suppose, Mr. Orchard," said the spokesman, "that we may deny this report in the Gazette."

The old man, whose word was law to the stock markets of the country, nervously fingered the dirty bit of paper in front of him. Surprised at his silence, the spokesman of the reporters continued—

"I understand the Gazette's story was written by a beginner, who didn't understand your sardonic humour. Still, we must ask you to let us quote you as denying it. Your son's already told us it's not true, but that's scarcely good enough for us—under the circumstances."

Jason Orchard drummed nervously with his fingers on the old receipt.

"So you think it's absurd, don't you?" he said at last. "Great joke, isn't it?"

He laughed a dry, cackling laugh. Men on the wrong side of the market, pleading with Jason Orchard for money to save their fair names, had heard their financial deathknell in just such a laugh as this. The reporters prepared themselves for some scathing and characteristic remarks upon the hypocrisy and uselessness of charity. Suddenly Jason Orchard shoved his chair back and stood upright. His seventy years had not taken an inch from his six feet of stature; the spareness of age lent rather than robbed him of height.

"I want to tell you this." He faced his audience. In slow, precise manner he went on—

"All the Gazette says is true. An ill-concealed exclamation of astonishment came from the group of newspaper men. "I am going to give two million dollars to Fairflower."

It was done, irrevocably done!

His hearers were far too amazed at the announcement to observe how convulsively Jason Orchard's fingers clutched and re-clutched on a faded bit of paper. One, collecting his wits more quickly than the rest, commenced—

"But, Mr. Orchard, will you tell us——"

"I will tell you nothing more. You can say the meanest man in America has gone crazy, or anything you like. It doesn't matter to me. Good day, gentlemen."

The old man's tone brooked no questioning. The newspaper men filed out. When the last one had gone, Jason Orchard took out his cheque-book and wrote—

"Pay to the order of the Mayor of Fairflower, two million dollars."

On this cheque he pinned a faded bit of paper, crumpled in the last pangs of a man parting with the money he worshipped. He carefully erased the words "My first savings." Then he again read the receipt. It was dated fifty years ago. On it was written—

"To tombstone, on lot sixteen, Fairflower Cemetery; Mrs. Orchard's grave, fifteen dollars. Paid in full."

Across this Jason Orchard wrote curtly, but so that the Mayor of Fairflower must understand—

"This grave to be kept in good repair."

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MR. KREEZUS, the multimillionaire, was entertaining a friend at his elegant country home. "I was born and brought up in this neighborhood," he said, "and when I was a boy I used to think what a fine thing it would be to have a house on this hill. It's the highest point of ground, you will notice, within a circuit of several miles, and the view from here is extensive."

"It is magnificent!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Yes, and when the time came that I could afford it I gratified my boyish ambition by buying the land round here and putting up this house."

"I have been in a great many places, and I have never seen a finer landscape."

"That's what I used to think, but I don't like it now as well as I did when I was a boy."

"What makes the difference?"

"It isn't complete."

"Not complete? Why, you own the landscape, don't you?"

"That's the trouble. I own all of it but that eighty acre patch over there beyond the creek, about six miles away. The old curmudgeon that owns it won't sell it to me at any figure."

And Mr. Kreezus sighed dismally.

Jones (at the ball, to Mrs. Catterson)—How beautifully your daughter sits out her dances.—Life.

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PROGRESS IN THE BUILDING OF A PLAYER-PIANO FINDS AN ATTRACTIVE ILLUSTRATION IN THE NEW

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Distinctive features known to no other player-piano are found in this instrument, the outcome of years of patient study, backed by a lifetime of experience in the construction of high-class pianos.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

WOMEN'S SECTION

VOL. 23, No. 15. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 22, 1910. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3. Whole No. 1155.

THE OTHER PAGE

WITH girls in the East wanting husbands and men in the West wanting wives—what steps should be taken to bring them together? That is the gist of the letter I have received from a man out West who protests against the general belief that it is a mistake for a girl to promise to marry a man whom she had never seen. "There are lots of us out here," he writes, "who have good prospects and comfortable homes, but have no time to go East looking for wives. We are lonely and need companionship. Can't something be done to bring us in touch with the girls who really want homes of their own and who are willing to give up something in the way of luxury?"

The appeal seems genuine, and if it is not, the fact remains that there is many a man in our own Northwest who is deprived of the opportunity of meeting girls from whom he would care to select a wife. Matrimonial bureaus are more or less in disrepute, and matrimonial advertisements are usually things to be shunned as one would the plague. Now and again a newspaper of repute which has a circulation in country districts will manage a correspondence column by means of which addresses and letters may be exchanged, and these in some instances have been known to lead to happy marriages.

Undoubtedly, however, there is an element of danger in such a courtship which makes the future look less bright than when an engagement to marry is reached in the conventional way through more or less long personal acquaintance. A woman who marries for a home runs a big risk, and the man who marries in order to have a housekeeper usually finds out that bachelorhood was the better condition. No two people can feel secure as to their future unless they know each other's good and bad points, and are prepared to make allowances for them. It is usually only in magazine tales that this modernized "Young Lochinvar" business spells anything but ultimate disaster. My belief is that while it may be unpleasant to be lonesome, it is ever so much worse to be yoked to an uncongenial companion. The most carefully planned marriages so often turn out failures, that it seems useless to expect anything better of the haphazard kind.

That such marriages are to be considered very carefully before being finally entered upon was evidently the opinion of a girl who had pledged herself to marry a man in one of the Western States. She had corresponded with him and had allowed him to send her gifts of money. When he appeared on the scene, ready and willing to marry her, she went back on her bargain, and accepted a jail sentence in lieu of a honeymoon. And she said she went willingly. Her objections to her suitor were many, and included the fact that his eyesight was failing, that he carried his money in a woollen stocking instead of a pocket book, that his "looks were agin him," and that, in short, he failed to come up to her ideal. This last in the majority of such cases is the cause of all the trouble, for men and women cherish ideals no matter how practical they imagine themselves, and these have an unhappy faculty of pushing to the fore just when one thinks they are dead and done with.

⁂

DURING the last strenuous days of campaigning in England the suffragettes were not idle, nor were their enemies. A London periodical sought expressions of opinion from a lot of people as to what they would do "to suppress the suffragettes," and one of the most amusing answers—in view of her literary career—was that received from Mrs. Elinor Glyn who is responsible for that notorious and splendidly advertised work of fiction, "Three Weeks." Mrs. Glyn rather gives herself and her own methods away when she tells what she would do to snuff out the ladies who clamour for the vote. She says, "I have no sympathy with the Suffragettes or any 'woman's right' ideas, and I think the easiest way to suppress them would be for all the editors to agree not to publish a single report of their doings. While their disgraceful ways are reported, and they are able to make themselves notorious, they will get worse and worse, but silence and ridicule might suppress them." Only suppose such methods had been applied in Mrs. Glyn's own case and her unintentionally funny book had been relegated to utter silence! Where would her advertising and royalties have come in? Mrs. Glyn certainly knows the value of publicity for it paid well in her own case. That she is logical, however, remains to be proved especially when she claims that "silence and ridicule" might suppress the suffragettes. How can the two go together? Perhaps the author of that idiotic romance, in which the lady and the tiger-skin figure, may be able to tell. Who else could?

⁂

EVIDENTLY this is not altogether "a man's world," in spite of the pessimists. At least there is one Chicago woman who doesn't think so. She is Mrs. Scott Durand, who last year made a profit of $12,000 from a herd of sixty cows, and then gave the profits for the maintenance of a free kindergarten in Chicago. Asked the reason of her success, Mrs. Durand said it was because she "is a woman." Becoming interested in the question of a good milk supply for little children, Mrs. Durand went further and decided she would show milkmen how to run a dairy and make money and at the same time keep the dairy barn as clean and wholesome as her own kitchen. And it looks as if she had proved her point.

⁂

IT does seem as if it were time that idle women got something of some sort to fill their lives. So many fritter theirs away. One thing after another has occupied the vast leisure of the woman who has nothing to do, and each fad seems more silly than the last. One of the newest and silliest of occupations offered is that of selecting a dog to match one's gown—and exchanging it when a dip into one's wardrobe makes a canine of another color necessary. It has even gone so far that there has been a suggestion in Paris of hiring dogs to match the dress if one cannot afford a kennel from which a suitable companion may be selected as an accompaniment for an afternoon call, a drive in a motor, or a walk in the Bois. Fortunately for the people who have time to indulge in these fancies, brown and black are fashionable, and Pomeranians of varied tints are therefore "wearable" with frocks of these colors. Poodles also are accommodating in the matter of tint, and go well with various costumes. Consequently, "poms" and poodles are among the fashionable dogs of the moment. But this varying of one's dog to suit the fashion is not entirely new, for I remember at a garden party in the north of England years ago, one of the guests asked another what sort of a dog she owned that summer, the reply being, "Why, of course, I have only the same dog, my fox terrier;" the retort being, "Oh, why don't you get rid of it? You know fox terriers are no longer in the fashion. You should exchange it for a chow or a spaniel."

One might, with just as much reason, change one's husband because his hair didn't match one's favorite frock, or one's children because they failed to harmonize in color with the lining of one's motor. Really, is it any wonder some men, judging all women by a few, think the sex lacks the power to reason?

⁂

THERE is no getting away from this question of votes for women, for like a bad penny it turns up on all occasions and when least expected. There can be no doubt that it is rapidly superseding all other women's interests throughout the world, and look upon it as one may, it is undoubtedly something that has to be reckoned with wherever women are concerned.

The vote for women, and incidentally the good it could do those engaged in industrial and similar struggles, formed one of the most interesting points in the address given by Miss Keys before the Women's Canadian Club this week. In the course of her remarks, the speaker touched upon the great strike now going on in New York in which the women shirtwaist makers are engaged in a struggle for the betterment of their lot. In describing the conditions governing this great strike which has done so much to unite the women of all classes in New York, Miss Keys said that it had proved that the women needed a vote in order to have influence and so be able to protect themselves and receive consideration, and also that the strike had proved that the law in New York was not being administered for the community but for the employing class. Here in Canada, as well as in the United States, it has been admitted that industrial conditions in England were such that women needed to be protected by becoming voters, but it has generally been conceded that on this side of the water matters had not yet reached such a stage. Miss Keys' report of what has taken place in New York in connection with this struggle of women for their own betterment seems to prove that this belief was a mistaken one, and that the working woman everywhere needs such protection as the ballot will give her.

⁂

THE crusade against the hatpin point goes merrily on but in spite of all the stories told of scratched faces and imperilled eyesight, the steel skewer is still the most noticeable thing about a woman's hat just now. France and Germany have taken legal steps to modify the nuisance and a somewhat lukewarm agitation with the same object in view has been started in other countries. Toronto is among the cities that has wakened up to the menace of the hat pin but by the time any steps have been taken to prohibit the use of the over-long variety women will have come to the conclusion that they don't like fifteen inch hat pins anyway and are tired of using them. The best way to cure women of wearing those many-inched steel pins in their headgear is to convince them that they are a relic of the past season and that anyone wearing them is obviously out of date. If it is impossible to appeal to some women's common sense, show them they are unfashionable and the desired result will be achieved, for the less brains a woman possesses the more sure she is that "it's better to be dead than out of the fashion."

⁂

SURELY it is about time an end was put to the exploiting, on the part of music hall managers, of women who have in some way or other achieved notoriety. The woman who goes through a trial for murder—like Mme. Steinheil—and is given back her freedom is immediately offered an engagement at a music hall. Should she be dragged through a divorce case and bulk with sufficient prominence in the eye of the public she at once receives a chance to "enter vaudeville." The principle upon which these managers seem to work is that the public has a morbid desire to see anyone who has won notoriety and that they will satisfy that curiosity to an extent sufficient to give the managers a handsome profit and still make it possible to pay the exploited one a generous salary. It doesn't in the least matter whether a woman is a heroine or a reproach to her sex, provided she has done something really startling. Let her obtain sufficient free advertising to bring her name before the public and she is sure of an engagement to do a "turn" sandwiched in somewhere between an acrobatic act and a singing specialty.

The latest young woman to receive an offer "to go on the stage" is Roberta de Janon whose name and picture were in most of the big American dailies recently because she had elected to elope with a waiter. One of the big vaudeville managers, and one whose long chain of theatres includes a music hall in Toronto, is said to have offered Miss de Janon $2,500 a week to play his circuit, her turn consisting of appearing on the stage with her fox terrier, "Tootsie," and giving a monologue. Surely this catering to the morbid has gone on long enough. Even those who have no high ideals concerning the art of acting must admit that it places many hard working men and women in an unenviable position to add to their profession those whose only claim to recognition on the stage is the fact that they have been identified with some unsavory bit of scandal.

⁂

THERE is nothing like being thorough. To do what we are employed upon with all our might and to do it "to a finish" is the sense of a copy book precept that was urged upon all of us in our youth. That it was founded upon reason has been discovered by one Joseph Marock, of Chicopee, Mass., who, doubtless, in future will make sure that he has accomplished his job before he leaves it—that is if his wife's story of his last failure to do so is to be relied upon. The other day Marock married one of the belles of Chicopee and they started out on their honeymoon, the groom taking charge of the bride's money. Arrived at a country station, a friend of the groom's presented himself and the three started to trudge through the snow to call on an apparently mythical friend. After a bit the men set upon the woman beating her severely and she, feigning unconsciousness, submitted to being dragged through a field and thrown into a well where her loving husband left her. Instead of dying she hung on to some sort of support on the inside of the well for thirteen hours and when rescued was almost dead. She was able to tell her story, however, and that is what makes one think that Mr. Joseph Marock, wherever he may be, must regret the fact that thoroughness is not one of his leading characteristics. One can pardon his wife, however, if she takes a wholly different view of the matter.

⁂

WOMEN who are keen on the suffrage question are apt to think that the methods they employ are those best calculated to win support for the cause in which they are interested, yet one of the cleverest ideas put in use in furthering the success of the movement was that evolved recently by a Michigan man. Being an ardent advocate of equal franchise, he managed to secure for the petition he was circulating in favor of woman suffrage the signatures of a fourth of the inhabitants of the town in which he lives. His method certainly reflects credit upon his ability, and might be adopted with advantage in some other sections of the country. He carried about with him two petitions, one in favor of, and one against, the granting of the ballot to women. When a man hesitated about signing the former, the seeker of signatures pulled his other petition out of his pocket and asked him if he preferred signing that. As a result, men signed in favor of the vote going to women in almost every instance where the issue was put to them squarely. The anti-suffrage petition received eight signatures, while the signatures to the other included those of nearly everyone asked to sign it.

After that, who can doubt the tact of man?

⁂

THE "war of the sexes" is surely spreading, and China, where women's minds are supposed to be as bound as their feet, is the newest country to awaken to a knowledge of the revolt of women. A disturbing element in the person of Chang Welying has ruffled the serenity of the women in Chekiang. She is preaching a gospel of resistance to the present custom of marrying a Chinese woman to a husband in whose selection she has had no voice. Chang Welying, who is young enough to be enthusiastic, for she is only twenty-one, got her notions of domestic happiness during her stay in Japan, where she received her education. Since her return to her home in China, she has caused so much stir by her novel ideas that the local authorities tried to prevent her spreading them, but finding it impossible to silence her, the Government at Pekin was appealed to, but could do nothing to stop her lectures in view of the determined opposition of the women of Chekiang. This victory for free speech, and the interest it has occasioned in China, shows plainly that the Chinese, like the women of many other Eastern countries, are developing a disposition to lead their own lives, and have a voice in arranging their own future.

⁂

A NICE new language has been invented and in future the woman who wants to be up-to-date will converse in "Ido" when she goes out to tea. The new language is a combination of all sorts of words culled from half a dozen different languages, or at least those are about the terms in which it was described by someone who had personally interviewed the inventor, Pro. Jasperson, of the University of Copenhagen, who is this year a visiting professor at Columbia. It is prophesied that "Ido" will supplant both Volapuk and Esperanto, and the chances are it won't be any more useful than either of these much discussed and carefully manufactured languages. Anyway, it promises to be fashionable, and in some circles at least lessons in "Ido" may in the near future fill in the hours that have been devoted to Bridge, and that without any loss to the women so employed.

Madame

MRS. J. M. GIBSON,
Wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario.

TORONTO SOCIETY

SOME of the ladies of the Lambton Golf and Country Club sent Mrs. Harris a very handsome silver tray suitably inscribed, on the eve of her marriage. Mrs. Harris has been an ideal President and her loss will be deeply felt.

The National Choir concerts were crowned with success on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and the audiences were appreciative and large. Madame Matja von Niessen Stone, beside singing excellently, was beautiful to look upon, tall and graceful, with perfect stage manner and great dignity. Her bows to every quarter of the applauding audience were the essence of gracious acknowledgement. She wore a handsome black gown lightly touched with jet, her bonnie shoulders and neck, and classic head with its bands of soft brown hair in the new mode, rising from the rich embroideries outlining the bodice. in superb lines. The orchestral part of the concert made the officers and conductor equally proud and the audience thoroughly charmed. The chorus sang and looked its best, many of its members being well known in social circles, and having hosts of personal friends in the audience. Madame Neissen-Stone was presented with a bouquet of Canadian Queen roses during the early part of the programme on Tuesday.

LADY VIOLET WINGFIELD.

Lady Violet, who is extremely pretty in a rather unusual style, is a sister of Earl Poulett. Her marriage to Mr. Cecil Wingfield, of the Fourth Battalion, King's Royal Rifle Corps, took place in 1904.

Mrs. J. W. B. Walsh, 88 Lowther avenue, gave a very large tea on Tuesday afternoon, and was assisted in the drawing room by her two married sisters from Hamilton, Mrs. Hobson and Mrs. Olmstead, who are always welcomed on like festive occasions by their old friends here. Mrs. Walsh wore a gown of vieux rose satin and the fair assistants were in fawn and blue respectively. In the dining room a pretty table centered with crisp pink roses was very daintily furnished with all sorts of delicacies and the guests were waited on by Miss Flora Macdonald, Miss Marjorie and Miss Dorothy Braithwaite, Miss Agnes Dunlop, Miss Hobson, Miss Macfarlane and others. There were so many guests filling the rooms, the sun parlor and the hall, that space and memory fail to enumerate them. A few were: Mrs. Mackelcan, Mrs. A. McLean McDonnell, Mrs. and Miss Chadwick of Lammar, Mrs. Douglas Macdouall, Mrs. Ridout. Miss Hedley, Mrs. Bethune, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Miss Johnston, Mrs. G. P. and the Misses Reid, Mrs. and the Misses Cross, Mrs. Wyld of Dunedin, Mrs. and Miss Duggan, Miss Raeburn, Mrs. Allie Warden.

Among the many smart people at the concert on Tuesday evening were His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Miss Gibson who had Miss Mortimer Clark, Major Macdonald attending as Aide, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot Matthews. Mrs. Hartley Dewart and Mrs. Raynold Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Symonds, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, Miss Edith Kay, Miss Caldwell. Miss Braithwaite, Mr. Stanley Kerr, Professor Mackenzie and Principal Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Walton, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Miss Estelle Kerr, Miss Gladys Francis, Miss Wardrop, Mr. and Mrs. Headley Bond, Mrs. Small, Miss Cooke, the Misses McCutcheon, Mrs. Torrington, Miss Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson and Mr. Williamson of Liverpool, Miss Edgar, Mrs. and Miss Meta Cross, Dr. Walter Wright, Miss Phillips, Mr. Galt Kingsmill, Mrs. Bristol, Mr. Armour, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs R. S. Williams, jr.

Mrs. Wilbur C. Matthews, who was called to the South by the serious illness of her sister, sends news that the invalid is better. They have left Baton Rouge, La., and gone to a health resort for her further convalescence.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gwendolyn Owen, youngest daughter of the late Rev. H. B. Owen, F.R.S.L., formerly rector of Markham, and Mrs. Owen, now of Sussex avenue, and Mr. Edward Q. Cooke, Montana, son of Mr. William Cooke, of Howard street.

MR. GEORGE SALTING'S NIECE.

Lady Binning, whose uncle, the late Mr. Salting, recently left such a valuable collection of works of art to the British nation, is said to have received a large legacy under his will. Lady Binning's husband is the son and heir of the Earl of Haddington.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, 155 Roxboro' E., are giving a dance for not-outs, friends of their daughter, Marjorie, on next Wednesday evening.

The Officers' Indoor Baseball League will put on two good matches this evening at the Armories.

Mrs. W. A. Ellis, Avenue road, has gone South for three months. Last Friday (14th) she gave a farewell At Home to her friends, which was a pleasant and well arranged function. Mrs. Ellis received in the drawing room, (which was made more attractive by decoration of narcissi and daffodils), and wore a mauve satin gown with lace panel and jewelled trimmings. The tea room was done in red, and Mrs. Ghent, Mrs. Dow, Miss Helen Mowat and Miss Evangeline Ellis waited on the guests or presided at the tea-table, which was decorated with a basket of red carnations and tulips, with ferns and lighted with unshaded candles. The Elgar trio played some very delightful music during the reception. Some of the guests were: Mrs. C. H. Ritchie. Mrs. Carveth, Dr. Stowe Gullen, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Gregory, Miss Patterson, Mrs. Dyas, Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. Russel Snow, Mrs. and Miss Boush, Mrs. Stark, Mrs. and Miss Sheridan, Mrs. Fortier, Mrs. Kilgour, Dr. Margaret Gorlon, Mrs. W. Wallace.

On Monday afternoon a large company assembled at Mrs. Sheridan's home, 106 Avenue road, to meet Miss Keys, a sister of Professor Keys, who spent a short while in Toronto, and delivered two fine addresses during her visit. Miss Keys received with Mrs. and Miss Sheridan, the latter as president of the Varsity Woman's Alumnae Association having invited the guests to meet Miss Keys. In the dining room a very dainty tea-table was served by waiters and waitresses and the guests enjoyed the dainties provided. A few of those at the tea were: Dr. and Mrs. Gregory, Dr. G. W. Ross, Miss Durand, Professor and Mrs. Keys, Dr. V. Henderson, Miss MacMurchy and many others. Miss Sheridan went to New York on Monday after the tea, for a few days.

Mrs. W. Hamilton has been in New York at the graduation of Miss Edna Hamilton, St. Luke's Hospital. Mrs. Hamilton will visit Utica and Rochester before returning to Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Massey, who were to have entertained at a tea at Auburndale on Tuesday, were obliged, owing to illness in the family, to postpone the tea until Tuesday, Feb. 1, from five to half past six o'clock.

The stork brought a fine little son to Mr. and Mrs. James Macdonald recently, a little daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Calderwood on the 13th. and a little daughter to Captain and Mrs. Charles Boone last Saturday.

Mrs. Clinton, of New York, came last week on a visit to Mrs. John Cawthra, in Beverley st. Various charming gatherings have been brightened by the presence of the New York lady, whose daughter was so popular here last month.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Frederick Webb, of Inglewold, announce the engagement of their only daughter, Miss Rosaline Campbell Webb, and Dr. George Wilbur Graham, B.A., of Toronto.

In connection with the Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic competition to be held here the second week in April, I might mention that there are two prizes offered for original plays. The city, which owns three such clever young men as were associated in the composition of "The Westeners" last year should have good talent in play writing also, and if so, why not start it in pursuit of His Excellency's prizes?

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. J. M. Delamere invited a dozen of her relatives to a family tea, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Denison. The guests, naturally, met very informally and had a cosy and enjoyable tea, Colonel Delamere assisting his wife and her sister, Miss Denison, in dispensing tea and coffee and sundry dainty accompaniments. Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Denison are to be in town for some time, and are having every evidence that their friends are glad to see them. Their little daughter, Yvonne, is growing finely, and is a most attractive mite.

Mrs. E. B. Hardy, formerly Miss Kerr, of Petrolia, daughter of one of the most prominent and wealthy men in his county, held her post-nuptial reception in her new home, S. W. corner of Bloor street and Euclid avenue, on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Hardy, during her visits to Toronto before her marriage made a great many friends, who turned out as one woman to welcome her on her first reception day. Her charming little drawing room is up stairs, (the Doctor's quarters being in the usual drawing room), and there the handsome happy looking young matron, assisted by her elder sister, Miss Kerr, and a relative, Mrs. A. E. Webb, of Madison avenue, received scores of ladies. Mrs. Hardy wore a lovely gown, entirely of Brussels lace, rich and beautiful in its simplicity, and made with a tucked semi-transparent guimpe. Miss Hardy and Mrs. Webb were also in white gowns. The dainty little salon was much admired, almost as much as its mistress. Downstairs in the tea room, Mrs. Porter presided over the tea cups, and several attractive young ladies were in waiting. The decorations were pink roses and twinkling candles, and the room was filled from four o'clock, and again in the evening with many callers.

On Wednesday Mrs. Harry Brock gave a tiny tea to a few intimate friends at her home in Beverley street. It was quite informal and all enjoyed it very much.

Mrs. Bernard's tea on Wednesday was the largest function of that nature on the *tapis* and was most successful. The hostess received in the smartest of gowns. dark blue in color. with a dashing wide hat of pale blue. Mrs. Frank Arnoldi and Mrs. Chris. Baines presided at the tea-table which was done in pink roses on a trellis of smilax reaching nearly the full length of the table. Behind this fairy barricade the two handsome women presiding were busy with tea and coffee cups, each matron wore a large corsage bouquet of lily of the valley—the gift of their hostess. Rarely is such a smart assembly of smart women in beautiful gowns and hats seen at a tea as graced Mrs. Barnard's entertainment. A few of those present were: Mrs. D. W. Alexander, in rose velvet and a beautiful pale blue hat; Mrs. Sinclair, in tan velvet and pink hat and plumes; Mrs. James Grace, in black velvet, white chiffon and lace, and a hat to match—Mrs. Suydam, very handsome in black satin and large prune hat, delighted to be out again after her long seclusion, as everyone was charmed to see her; Mrs. Clarkson, (*nee* Baines), as pretty as a picture in a dull blue costume and hat; Mrs. Lambe, of Fallingbrook, full of enthusiasm over grand opera, and fresh from the *"Mignon"* matinee; Mrs. Cattanch, in a handsome toque and furs and rich black gown; Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, prettily gowned and wearing a wide modish hat; Mrs. Clinch, in velvet with fine furs; Mrs. Stikeman, in a tailored tweed suit and trim hat; Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Anderson, who came in late with one or two others from various teas on the west side; Mrs. Thompson, Miss Gladys Edwards and little Miss Winnifred Adams, a very pretty not-out, who helped Miss Coldham, of Toledo, niece of the hostess to wait upon the guests. Miss Marguerite Baines also assisted in the tea room. Miss Ford, who reported her aunt, Miss Rutherford, laid up with a cold, in response to enquiries of friends who missed her jolly laugh; Mrs. Lyle, Mrs. C. Hunter, the Misses MacKellar, Mrs. Jack MacKellar, Mrs. George Higinbotham, Mrs. King, Mrs. G. P. Reid, Mrs. Geary, Mrs. Greene.

Mrs. Woods, of Pittsburg, and her little girl, have been for some weeks on a visit to Mrs. McConkey, who is giving a tea for Mrs. Woods next Thursday in the Nile and Rose rooms at half past four.

Mrs. Gibson received last week at Government House on Thursday afternoon and a number of "party calls" were made, as well as many by visitors in town, all receiving the pleasant welcome which Mrs. Gibson's Toronto friends recall from old times when His Honor was one of the Ontario Cabinet, and his lady was hostess in the Speaker's Chamber, of certain sessional festivities. Last night there was a delightful dance at Government House, when the young folks who have made this season so gay, and some of their elders enjoyed themselves hugely. Mrs. and the Misses Gibson attended Mrs. Walshe's tea on Tuesday. Hostess and guests are Hambletonians and old friends.

Mrs. Jennings and Mrs. John Jennings gave a reception yesterday in the Gala *suite* at McConkey's, from 4.3 0to 6.30 at which a very large company met for a pleasant hour.

Other teas yesterday were Miss Millman's, in Lonsdale avenue, and Mrs. Barber's, 159 Admiral road.

Lovers of Grand Opera have had many nights taken up this week, and I hear many nice things of the company at the Alexandra.

Some of the engagements I mentioned last week are being announced. Miss Phyllis Piper's and Mr. Jack Sweatman's has been an open secret for some time. Mr. Sweatman is the second son of the late Primate, and Miss Piper, the daughter of Mr. A. M. Piper each has a great many friends, and hearty congratulations are in order.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. T. M. Harris gave a delightful dinner for her son, Lawrence, and his bride-elect, to which their young friends were bidden. It was the last of many good times Mrs. Harris has arranged for young people, though we all hope that as Mrs. Reysolds she will not lose the habit of gathering her juniors into her home for charming hospitalities.

Mrs. W. R. Riddell and her sister, Mrs. Smith, of Montreal, have gone to Virginia Hot Springs.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. G. P. Magann and several others went to Ottawa for the Fielding-McFee wedding, which was a very smart event, attended by the Vice-Regal party, Cabinet and Senators and their ladies. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King was one of the bridal party—acting as bride's usher.

Mrs. Montgomery Lowndes gave a bright and successful tea on Tuesday at her residence in Crescent road, and looked very well in a charming costume of white embroidered in silver. Mrs. Bostwick received with her daughter and wore a dress of grey *crepe de soie*. Red rose and lily of the valley decorated the tea-table, and pink roses and margeurites the reception rooms, with graceful wreathings of Christmas green. A great many ladies braved the gloomy day to enjoy an hour in such contrasting surroundings.

Mrs. George H. Bertram has gone to Cuba. Mr. and Mrs. Crosthwaite have returned from St. Catherines. Mr. and Miss Alberta Greening are going abroad immediately. Mr. Clifford Brown has returned from Pittsburg, and is at the King Edward.

Since this time last week, death has been busy among the elder people. That courtly, true and high-minded gentleman, His Honor Judge Hodgins, was, last Saturday, summoned from earth with a suddenness which was a cruel shock to his wife and family. The Justice had been telephoning some directions to Osgoode Hall, when he fainted and never recovered consciousness. It seems but the other day that with music, lights and flowers we were celebrating the golden anniversary of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Hodgins, so that the decease of the devoted golden bridegroom strikes a particularly strong chord of sympathy with the loving and gentle golden bride. The long and happy union of these two dear people, their beautiful home life and mutual devotion is a complete fulfilment of their marriage vow taken over half a century ago. In public life and in literary circles the late lamented Judge had his honored place, and many words of sorrow have been spoken over his death. A true Irish gentleman and a rare friend, one of the good old stock, he leaves a vacant place which for those who mourn him will never be filled.

LADY EVELYN COLLINS.

Very popular in a large circle, Lady Evelyn is a sister of the Duke of Roxburghe, her marriage to Major William Fellowes Collins taking place in 1907.

Two young and unprotected bachelors, Mr. Howard Harris and Mr. Billy Greening, whose relatives are cruelly deserting them, are objects of much kindly interest just now, and I foresee a particularly happy time for them.

Mrs. Arthur Ross has been, for the past fortnight, the guest of Miss Bessie Macdonald, who finds her a most delightful person to have on a visit, as all Mrs. Ross's friends always do. Mrs. Macdonald has been absolutely secluded since her mother's lamented death, but is feeling much better and stronger lately. Her many friends miss her greatly.

I heard a very funny little story of a certain small boy overhearing his parents discussing a proposed visit to the theatre. "Well, I won't dress!" declared papa obstinately. "All right, I won't, either," amiably agreed mamma. The small boy gazed at them in scandalized horror, then mildly and hesitatingly enquired: "Daddy! where will you put your watch?"

Mrs. Thoenberger is giving a bridge on Monday. Mrs. Gooderham, of Deancroft, gave a young folks dinner on Tuesday night. Mrs. Melvin-Jones gave a charming dinner on Monday night for several bridal couples, including Major and Mrs. Home, Mr. and Mrs. George Cassels and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hammond. Mr. and Mrs. Willcocks Baldwin are back from their wedding trip.

Mrs. John W. McColl, formerly Miss Elizabeth Kelly, of New York), will receive for the first time since her marriage, on Thursday next, the 27th, at her home, 38 St. Clair avenue west.

A smart audience heard the fine programme of the Toronto String Quartette last Saturday night, and enjoyed Miss Elizabeth Clarke's fine singing. Miss Clarke wore a handsome white gown and has a splendid stage presence. The quartette are four minds with but a single thought and four bows that move as one! The quality of their work delights devotees of chamber music, and Toronto may be distinctly proud of them.

Over a thousand visited the Canadian Art Club's Exhibition last Saturday.

Invitations are out to the High Park Golf and Country Club dance in the King Edward next Thursday night at 8.30. A game of progressive bridge will be arranged for those who do not dance and music and supper will be first-class. Mr. R. A. Donald, 15 King st. west is the secretary-treasurer.

Mrs. Nicholson-Cutter will lecture on "The Silent voices of the Temples" in the Woman's Art Galleries, Jarvis street, next Monday evening. The lecture deals with Egypt.

Mrs. R. T. Macdonald will receive for the first time at 45 Elm ave., Rosedale, on Monday afternoon, January 24, from four until six o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. McPhail, of Ontario street, announce the marriage of their youngest daughter, Beatrice, (Trixie), to Mr. Hugh Seton Strathy, of Toronto, eldest son of the late Dr. Philip Strathy.

The Home Musical Club and its invited guests will be entertained at the Dominion Chambers Music Studios, Saturday evening, January 22. The hosts of the evening will be Mr. Frank Converse Smith, Mr. W. Preston MacHenry, Mr. Ernest J. Seitz and Mr. George Frederick Liddle.

MONTREAL SOCIETY

MONTREAL, JAN. 20, 1910.

A VERY pretty country-house wedding took place at "Keewaydin," Pointe Claire, the residence of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Stirling, when Miss Olive Primrose Bayne, Mrs. Stirling's daughter, was married to Mr. T. Maxwell Fyshe, son of Mr. Thomas Fyshe, former manager of the Bank of Commerce, Montreal. The guests, limited to relatives and intimate friends, went out to Pointe Claire by the noon train, and the ceremony was performed at half past one o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Symonds, Vicar of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal. The bride was given away by her mother, and her only attendant was her little cousin, Olivia Primrose, of Toronto, who made a winsome little bridesmaid in a white lingerie frock, with pale blue satin snood in her hair, and carrying a basket of forget-me-nots. The bride wore a graceful princess gown of ivory-tinted Liberty satin, with long train, the bodice having a yoke of tucked chiffon outlined with real lace. She wore bridal veil and orange blossoms, and carried white roses. Mrs. Stirling was gowned in white silk trimmed with Pompadour bands and pointe Venise lace. Mr. John Grey, of Toronto, was best man. After luncheon, Mrs. Fyshe changed her wedding gown for a travelling suit of Nattier blue cloth, with which she wore a velvet turban to match, and black fox furs which were the bridegroom's gift,—a costume in which being fair, she looked extremely well. The bride and groom returned to Montreal by motor car, and left on an extended trip to the West. Among the guests at the wedding was the bridegroom's grandmother, Mrs. A. H. Leonowens, than whom no woman in Montreal has had a more interesting experience. Mrs. Leonowens was English governess at the Court of Siam when the present King of Siam was Crown Prince.

French-Canadian society was well represented at the marriage of Miss Juliette LeBlanc, daughter of the Hon. P. E. LeBlanc, to Mr. Carlos Costa, of Buenos Ayres, which was solemnized in the little chapel of Notre Dame de Lourdes by Abbe Dupuis. The chapel was decorated with flowers and brightly illuminated. The organist of the Church of the Gesu played the wedding music. The Hon. J. A. Ouimet was witness for the bridegroom; and Mr. LeBlanc gave his daughter away. The bride wore a beautiful white Liberty satin gown, richly embroidered by hand, and her long lace veil was of pointe d'Angleterre. She carried white orchids and lilies of the valley, flowers that are more in favor with Montreal brides of the present than the time-honored roses and lilies. During the service Miss Jeanine Dansereau sang the "Meditation Religieuse," and several other solos were sung. Among those present were Mrs. Rodolphe Forget, the Hon. J. L. Decarie, Provincial Secretary and Mrs. Decarie, Miss Ouimet, Miss Dandurand, Mr. and Mrs. P. Ouimet, Mrs. G. C. Hiam, Miss Gilberte Robidoux, Mr. Arthur Dansereau, Mrs. Dubuc (Winnipeg), Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lacoste. A reception was held at their residence on St. Denis Street by Mr. and Mrs. LeBlanc, the hostess wearing a black velvet gown and black plumed toque, and carrying a bouquet of violets. Among the bride's many wedding presents was a rope of pearls from the bridegroom. Mr. and Mrs. Costa have been spending the first days of the honeymoon in Quebec, where, I hear, she is spoken of as one of the most beautiful of the winter brides staying at the Chateau. After visiting Boston, Washington, and other Southern points, they will return to Montreal and be at the Windsor for some time.

Major G. W. Stephens, chairman of the Harbor Commission, and Mrs. Stephens, have sailed for Europe and will spend several weeks visiting Mrs. Stephens's relatives in Italy. Mr. Stephens will also visit some of the important harbor works in European seaports, but the trip is principally one of pleasure and recreation.

Several Montrealers have "gone across" to finish out the winter abroad, although not all go for change of climate, as the home temperature has been by no means severe this winter, except for a day or two now and then. Mrs. G. M. Bosworth and Miss Ruth Bosworth, wife and daughter of the fourth vice-president of the C.P.R., sailed a few days ago to join Mr. Bosworth who is on business in England. Mrs. Bosworth's mother, Mrs. W. D. Birchall, accompanied her. The Misses Grier have left for a long stay in London, where they have a married sister living. Mrs. J. Alex. Gordon and Miss Hilda Gordon sailed last week, and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. L. Porteous and Miss Evelyn Porteous, who have remained at their country residence on the Island of Orleans near Quebec until just recently, were also among the passengers by the "Empress of Britain" last Friday. Miss Mimi Baumgarten has sailed for a visit to relatives and young friends in Germany, where she was at school for two or three years. Mrs. Baumgarten gave a farewell dinner-dance for her a night or two before she left.

Mrs. E. F. Hebden entertains on Friday evening, January 21, for Mr. Hebden's niece, Miss Gillespie, of "Highwood," Victoria, B.C., who is spending some weeks in Montreal. Another visitor from the West is Mrs. W. Antliff, of Winnipeg, who has been the guest of honor at more than one tea and "At-home."

Two of the brides who received during the week were former Montreal girls who have returned to live here since their marriage. Mrs. Thomas Gavine Wells, who received on Tuesday at her apartments in "The Linton," was formerly Miss Blanche Doutre, a daughter of the late Joseph Doutre, an eminent Montreal Q.C., and resided here until the family moved to the Capital a few years ago. As Mrs. Wells, she had many callers to renew old friendships. Mrs. Doutre has been staying with her daughter for a few days. On Tuesday afternoon and evening, Mrs. Paul Lacoste received at Lady Lacoste's residence, St. Hubert street. Mrs. Lacoste, who was Miss Anita Duchastel de Montrouge, lived in Montreal for several years while her father was Consul-General for France, and was one of the popular girls in French-Canadian society. There were also quite a number of English-speaking callers to greet Mrs. Lacoste, who wore a smart Parisian gown, in one of the new draped styles. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Lacoste received together, when the visitors included the bridegroom's men friends.

Two engagements of interest were announced this week, on the same day—that of Miss Clara Hays, fourth daughter of Mr. C. M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Railway, to Mr. Hope Castle Scott; and of Miss Caro Kingman, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Abner Kingman, to Mr. Ross Sims. Miss Hays, who made her debut a couple of seasons ago, is petite, pretty, and bright, and, like her sisters, welcomed everywhere. Miss Kingman is also a charming girl, and has had the advantage of somewhat extensive foreign travel, having accompanied her father on a visit to Palestine and the East. Mr. Hope Scott (who is a stockbroker) and Mr. Sims are both popular young Montreal men.

The Bishop of Ontario and Mrs. Lennox Mills were in Montreal at the beginning of the week for a short visit to Mrs. Mills' sister, Mrs. Norton, and her mother, Mrs. Bagg, prior to sailing for a three months' trip abroad, during which they will visit the Holy Land.

Mr. K. N. Macfee, of London, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. H. K. S. Hemming, for a day or two after his arrival from England. Mr. and Mrs. Hemming and daughter, Clara, went up to the Capital for the wedding of Mr. Macfee and Miss Fielding on Wednesday. Mr. Macfee is a brother of Mr. Alex. McFee, one of the best known men on the Montreal Corn Exchange, but has adopted a different way of spelling the name.

Mrs. F. E. Meredith is giving a dance at the Windsor Hotel, Friday night, for her daughter, Miss Armorel Thomas. It will be a debutantes' dance but with some older girls and married people, and is sure to be a successful affair.

Fox Hunting as a Sport.

Editor Saturday Night:

Sir,—Will you allow a subscriber space to differ from the opinion expressed in a paragraph of your issue of the 15th inst.? Referring to a eulogistic reference in London World to the present Duke of Beaufort, you offer the comment that his "sole claims to recognition are that he owns one of the biggest game preserves and is perhaps the most expert Master of Hounds in all England," and add "His Grace's only other merit as outlined by his friendly biographer is that he is the father of three children." Animadverting upon the above, you express the view that it is no wonder Socialism is on the increase, when the possessor of an historic estate "can find nothing better to do than chasing the fox to cover in company with a bunch of other titled idlers like himself."

May I, without being drawn into a discussion of Land Reform and kindred topics, and in the best of temper, express the opinion that such observations can hardly be based upon accurate knowledge and are in any case unjust. There are so many spheres of human activity, it is not to be expected that we should all attach equal importance to any one. Many people would consider the attributes and manner of life of the nobleman in question to be those of a good and more than ordinarily useful citizen. He is said not to be a "racing man" or a sportsman of exaggerated type, but one whose qualities are rather those of the English country squire. His preference appears to be for country life and his time and energies to be devoted to its many phases. It is said that as Lord Worcester, before his succession, he hunted his father's hounds and then, as now, spent most of his time on the Beaufort estates. To live on one's ancestral acres among neighbors and tenants, to become "the most expert Master of Hounds in all England," and to have three children seems rather a commendable sort of life. Possibly few of your readers understand the qualities necessary to administer and to hunt a great pack of fox hounds, as those things are done in Great Britain. The opinion has been expressed that a man who can successfully manage and hunt a representative English pack can succeed at anything, in the field or elsewhere. What these qualities, apart from knowledge of horses, of hounds and of country, of stable and kennel management and of lines of breeding, are, will appear from a consideration of the sport itself to which you make such slighting allusion in the paragraph under review. There are in England (exclusive of Scotland and Ireland) more than one hundred and seventy packs of fox hounds which meet from two to six days a week throughout the winter. From this it appears by how large a number of the general population the sport is enjoyed. To speak of the Duke of Beaufort's hounds as followed by a "bunch of titled idlers" is to make a statement which is entirely erroneous. The hundreds of people of the countryside who hunt with this important pack and the thousands who follow other packs throughout Great Britain would not be flattered by the description. The fact is that these great packs are in their way national institutions, supported sometimes by subscription and sometimes maintained at his own expense by the Master. It is estimated that the annual cost amounts to about £600 a year for each day in the week that the pack hunts. The Duke of Beaufort's hounds meet six days a week, so that the cost of maintenance would approximate £3,600, or about $18,000 per year. In many cases, therefore, the Master incurs great cost for the benefit of others. The attendance in the saddle at the meets is frequently three or four hundred and embraces both sexes, all ages from seven to seventy, and nearly all classes in the county. The "squire on his Irish mare" meets on terms of good fellowship the local tradesman; and the nobleman his farmer tenants. The parson, the draper, the doctor, the grocer, the butcher, the soldier, the man of affairs, and the Privy Councillor, ride happily together on terms of "purely horsemanship equality," and the best man is he who, with head up and hands down and a "good one" under him, can ride straight and judge his country. The high roads are often crowded with motors and vehicles of all sorts, driven by those who wish to get an occasional glimpse of the "field," as it sweeps across the hedge-rows, adding a vivid note of color and animation to the lovely English landscape. All this is what makes English country life so pleasant. The co-operation and common interest of all classes in a fine, healthy and exhilarating sport, creates a relationship which is none the less strong because it is indefinable. The fact of so many people, friends and neighbors, landlords and tenants, taking their pleasure together and in the same way, gives a quality of joyousness which distinguishes English country life from the dulness, monotony and drudgery which is too much associated with country life in Canada. Lord Willoughby de Broke said recently: "Hunting is a staple industry where I come from," and his remark applies pretty generally to the whole of England. In Ireland also there are over twenty packs and about a dozen in Scotland. It has been computed that the amount of money spent annually by the inhabitants of Great Britain upon fox hunting totals the large sum of $43,700,000. This money is distributed by the rich or tolerably well-to-do among thousands of the best workers in the Kingdom. There would be an important addition to the ranks of the unemployed if the sport were ever to decline in Great Britain. Fox hunting, which is really an exercise or expression of the national genius for horsemanship, is a classic British sport and it would be hard to persuade the average Englishman that a man with leisure could be better employed. Most Englishmen and many Canadians would regard your comments, which occasioned this letter, as based upon a complete misunderstanding of the matter.

H. C. O.

Toronto, January 17, 1910.

AS THEY SEE EA H OTHER.
The sportsman as seen by the æsthete and the æsthete as seen by the sportsman.—The Bystander.

NOW, of All Times, One's House Should be RIGHT

WINTER is the *Indoor* Time, the Fireside Season, the Season of Social Activity—the time when the *Inside* of one's house is seen and criticized by outsiders. When its comforts and discomforts are realized to the full by the inmates of the household and their friends.

Winter is the time to have things *right* in your Home. The question every householder will answer best for himself or herself—*"Are they?"*

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And you may do it now.

You may come to the store, select the Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Upholsteries and other furnishings you need to-day, have them delivered at once, and pay for them as suits your convenience during the next half year!

That's what joining our Housefurnishing Club does for you—and all without one cent of extra charge, first or last, direct or indirect.

It would pay you to call at the Club Office on the ground floor, James Street, and talk it over anyway. It costs you nothing, and our club office will gladly answer your every question and give you the fullest and frankest of information.

Call now, while there is still plenty of time to take advantage of the club privilege. The offer holds good only until the end of January.

Free During January.

Carpets made, laid and lined.
Linoleums and Oilcloths fitted and laid.
Window Shades made and hung.
Curtains of all kinds made and hung.
Furniture re-covered.
No charge except for material used.

Orders must be given at once, as all work must be completed on or before January 31st.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

Reforming Police Court Inebriates.

The Editor of Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—The Society for the Reformation of Inebriates aims at two things:—

1st. For some years, in a quiet way, it has been trying to reclaim the unfortunates charged in the Police Court with drunkenness. Daily at the City Hall the society has in attendance a physician and two other officers who go among these prisoners, and try to reach those ready to be aided by the society.

The drink habit is accompanied by a diseased nervous system and what many of these people need is medical treatment. The physician in attendance gives this to those found willing to accept it, and in some cases the society bears the expense of keeping in hospital, for a time, inebriates who must receive such treatment if they are to have any chance in life. The results from such methods have been most encouraging.

2nd. The second great aim of the society is to reform completely the present mode of dealing with inebriates committed to jail. Toronto needs badly, what a good many cities both in Great Britain and the United States now have—a farm outside the city—to which inebriates charged with drunkenness can be sent to be kept at wholesome labor, if possible out of doors, for a time long enough—a good many months in some cases, no doubt—to permit their whole system to get into healthy condition. To send such persons repeatedly for short terms to jail is to give them no real chance. They should be treated as diseased persons, and kept long enough to become healthy in mind and body.

It is obvious that the society has an extensive work on hand. It has further aims, among others the securing of a hospital where inebriety may be treated under favorable conditions; existing hospitals make but slight provision for such a class of patients. But the two aims outlined above are the chief ones before the society for the moment.

To carry on its work, it requires funds, and your readers are urged to aid efforts that, if pressed forward, will bring new hope and self-respect to many lives. Any sums will be welcomed. If only one dollar can be sent, it will be gladly received. It is hoped that some donors, able to do so, will aid this hard-pressed work generously.

Contributions may be sent to the Treasurer, Hon. S. C. Biggs, Confederation Life Building; the Secretary, Dr. A. M. Rosebrugh, Relief Office, City Hall, or to my address, 487 Jarvis street.

Yours truly,
GEORGE M. WRONG, President.

Toronto, January 10, 1910.

Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith have gone South. Mrs. Hal. Osler and Mrs. George Francis are in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Mercer Adams gave a most enjoyable dance last Thursday evening in honor of their son, Mr. John, and not-out daughter, Miss Mary, who received with their mother, wearing a pretty gown of hand painted chiffon, carrying an armful of Killarney roses. Her sister, Miss Marguerite, in pink charmeuse frock; Mrs. Adams, in handsome black; Mr. Adams, Mr. W. D. McIntosh, Mrs. Fenwick, Miss Stark of Vancouver, B.C., and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McKnight ably assisted in looking after the guests. The splendid rooms were bright with palms, ferns and flowers. A buffet supper was served throughout the evening.

Mrs. R. G. Baigent (*nee* Nellie O'Connor), will hold her first reception since her marriage, at her new home, 189 Grace street, on Thursday afternoon, January 27, from three to six p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Barker, of Vancouver, announce the engagement of their daughter, Nell Westerdale, to William Watt Harvey, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Harvey, of Vancouver, and formerly of Toronto.

Mrs. Grey-Bernaud, a very attractive Englishwoman, and clever vocalist, has joined the staff of the Conservatory, where she has a studio for vocal music pupils. Mrs. Grey-Burnaud will be a great acquisition to musical Toronto.

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It is put up in a sealed can—keeps its flavor—and besides, it has the guarantee of the firm that packed it.

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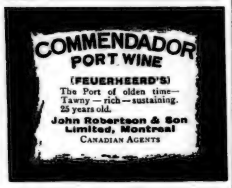
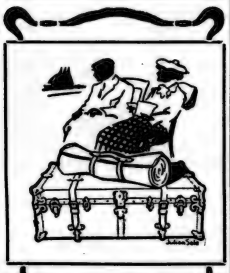
TORONTO





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The Newest in Blouses.

IN spite of the continued vogue of the princess dress and modifications of that style, there is always a certain demand for blouses, and of late they seem to have taken a new lease of life. Just now some extremely dainty models are being turned out, varying from the plain and useful shirtwaist for morning wear, to the most attractive of chiffon and satin designs. While many of the new blouses fasten in the back there seems a marked tendency towards having the fastenings in the front where they can be skilfully concealed, and yet make the garment much more easily donned owing to the fact that they can be fastened without the assistance necessary when buttoned at the back.

One of the leading modifications in the new blouses is the cut and trimming of the sleeve, there being a distinct leaning towards more ornamentation. The majority of the sleeves are close fitting and come well down over the hand, and in many instances a band of embroidery, lace, or trimming encircles the sleeve at the elbow. Some models show both under and over sleeves, the former

TWO SMART BLOUSES.

The upper blouse illustrated is intended for Bridge wear and can be used as a design for a separate waist or as part of a costume. In this instance it is carried out in dotted chiffon in a shade of dark blue and is intended to be worn with a skirt of cloth in the same shade. The revers and elbow cuffs are of soft satin in the blue tone embroidered in shades of blue and gold. The chemisette is of tucked white mousseline de soie, and the soft satin sash passes round the waist, crossing in front, and is caught to the revers, where it ends in an embroidered motif and tassels of blue silk and gold.

The second blouse illustrated is of deep cream cloth to match the skirt with which is worn. The upper sleeves are in one with the cloth portion of the blouse, which is prettily trimmed with silver buttons and red silk buttonholes, silver and red silk forming the embroidered motifs which decorate the front. Similar embroidery outlines the cloth sleeves, under which appear heavy cream lace undersleeves which match the chemisette.

usually being of a material such as lace, chiffon or net, and different to the fabric which makes the blouse itself. Indeed no matter what the fashion of the blouse it seems to depend largely upon the sleeve for its touch of individuality.

One lovely model of a rose pink tone of chiffon is mounted on silk a shade or two deeper. The material is adjusted over the lining in narrow tucks which extend in front from the shoulder to the bust line where they open out in a slightly puffed effect being gathered at the waist line into a deep folded belt of rose pink satin. The blouse is made in a V in the front, the opening being filled with cream lace mounted on the chiffon and silk. Outlining the V-shaped opening is a band of the satin which forms the belt and like it dotted at intervals with small pink rosebuds embroidered by hand. The arm holes are encircled by narrow bands of embroidered satin, and a narrow shoulder band of the same is inserted on top. The sleeves which are of chiffon extend only to the elbow and are slit up for some distance and edged with the embroidered satin. Beneath the chiffon sleeves are others of lace which will reach well down over the hands and are almost like mitts.

An extremely handsome blouse designed to be worn with a princess skirt is chiefly made of an ecru net, the material forming a deep pointed yoke in front, as well as the whole of the back of the garment. This yoke, which extends well below the bust line, is edged with a narrow fold of handsome galloon in shades of ecru and gold and brown. Meeting the point of the yoke is an inverted V of the lace which is cut straight across the lower part and is intended to hang over the top of the skirt. From the sides of this inverted V run bands of the trimming forming shoulder straps which extend to the waist line at the back. In front where the points of the yoke and the inverted V meet, and skilfully placed so as to fill in the openings between them, is a piece of tobacco brown velvet which fabric also appears on the brown cloth skirt with which the blouse is to be worn. The sleeves are of lace extending almost to the wrist and open half way to the elbow. Beneath them appears a smaller sleeve of lace embroidered to match the trimming of the blouse and closing with a tight cuff of the trimming.

The bolero effect is to be found on many of the new blouses and the change is certainly welcome after the long straight lines to which we have all grown accustomed. This bolero idea is usually only simulated but is is used with very good effect especially when two materials are combined in the fashioning of a blouse. The vagaries of the sleeves are many and one of the prettiest effects is obtained by what practically amounts to three pair of sleeves, and as seen in a velvet blouse recently, the upper sleeves were of velvet, straight and close fitting, and very short. Below them were sleeves of black lace mounted on black silk which reached to the elbow, while still below them again were wrist sleeves of white tulle which were finished in a point that came well down over the hand.

Sometimes these under sleeves are made of lace, sometimes of chiffon or tulle, but the effect, whatever the material is, nearly always effective and certainly adds to the beauty of the hand. Undoubtedly more attention is to be paid to the sleeve in the coming fashion than has been the case for some time past.

The Short Skirt.

CHARACTERISTIC features of the mid-winter models are the increasing tightness of the skirt and also its shorter length. This is to be noticed in all sorts of walking dresses, especially in the velvet suits which are still very popular. If pleats are used they lie quite flat and hang in straight effect below the knees. Even in the suits where the Russian model is followed, the skirts clear the ground well, and some smartly dressed women are adopting the imported fashion of wearing patent leather boots with light or white tops with these short skirts. The effect, while novel, is not always in the best taste.

A smart little gown seen recently in a new play in Paris, carries out this idea of the shortened skirt. In this instance the gown was of silver grey cloth, the

A DRAPED FROCK.

This quaintly draped little gown is of Parisian design and is carried out in a charming shade of silver grey crepe. The character of the dress depends entirely upon the skilful manner in which the drapery is arranged in quaint overskirt effect. The bodice is prettily arranged in folds and finished with a vest of delicately tinted grey lace outlined with silver trimming, the same trimming appearing on the upper sleeves where they fall over the under sleeves of grey lace, which end well over the hand in a point. The large hat of a deeper shade of grey velvet is trimmed with folds of the velvet and plumage in a lighter tone of grey.

skirt fitting closely above the knees and having several small pleats inlet at the sides, the hem being finished with a narrow band of black lambskin. The Russian coat had fairly long skirts which extended well towards the hem of the dress. These were slit up to the waist on either side and held together with cords of heavy black silk, the fur edging the coat all the way round. The blouse part pouched slightly in front where it was belted in with a very narrow band of the fur fastened with a silver buckle. From the sides and in a straight line with the openings of the skirts of the coat narrow bands of the fur extended to the shoulders. The line of fur at the left of the blouse coat was ornamented with black silk frogs which served as fastenings. With this costume was worn a Russian turban of lambskin. VOGUE.

It is certainly a season of fur, and all sorts are used at present being worked in harmoniously in most unexpected fashion. The fur cloaks have never been so beautiful as this year, and especially for evening wear may be said to have reached the summit of luxury. Fur is becoming to all ages, and that probably accounts for its tremendous vogue this winter, when economy is utterly lost sight of in the desire to wear the richest and handsomest of furs.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1910.

THE cloud of gloom that gathered over City Hall circles last fall when the Tammany ticket went down to defeat, has only deepened under the passing of the old administration. Between the "reforms" already put into operation and those still under contemplation, the glamor of civic official life is doomed. Under the old administration, city servants at least had their motor cars and plenty of leisure to take the air in them. Under the energetic—to say nothing of democratic habits of new department heads, who find the subway and walking good enough for them—this little necessity of former official existence is like to be called in serious question. The Fusionists, moreover, are showing a disquieting curiosity in regard to the city pay rolls, and are actually demanding explicit information on the extent and quality of service rendered by every civic employee. No wonder the administration is experiencing difficulty in filling jobs that have heretofore been looked upon as rewards. Work is the order of the day with frowning time clocks as monitors, and joy rides fading into the distance. One melts to think of the ball season with faithful fans chained to their desks or gazing pensively across city hall park to scan the nearest score board. Even the traditional Saturday half holiday is threatened by the bourgeois habits of the new Mayor, to whom tradition means nothing. Those irritatingly naive confessions that were the feature of the campaign, are nothing to the naivette this kill-joy Mayor displays in office. Tammany, whose one hope he was, and whose claims on his bounty had some basis in political equity, has been systematically diregarded. In the selection of department heads, claims based on party service have been totally ignored, and fitness for office alone taken into account. Such a radical invasion of the proprietary rights of politicians proves him a novice in all the rules of the game. Evidently Mayor Gaynor is doing his best to recover the prestige he lost in the campaign, and prove his boast of devotion to the public weal. His success would be more complete if one could feel that his acts were the spontaneous, unpremeditated expression of a large philosophy, instead of the product of a certain testiness of character. He claims disciplineship with Socrates, but talks like Xanthippe. The only evidence of his stoical training thus far disclosed, is the daily walk across Brooklyn Bridge in all weathers. As a pedestrian he has made a hit.

* * *

THE boasted freedom of republican institutions has had another rude set back. For some weeks a picturesque trio of visitors has been varying the monotony of our conventional street attire with examples of Greek costume. The trio consists of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Duncan and their little son, Menalkas Duncan, and their costume, of an outer robe and sandals. Noticing that little Menalkas' chubby legs were exposed to the biting winds of one of the recent cold snaps, the heart of the Gerry Society was stirred to action. The group were haled to the nearest police court, and the father formally charged with "endangering the health of the minor." This was his answer:

"Your Honor, we are properly clothed. There is nothing immodest in our dress. It is this man who is not rationally clothed. Our clothing can all be washed frequently. The undergarments we wear are made of silk, the outer robe is of wool. We weave all of our clothes ourselves. The so-called conventional tailor-made clothes of to-day are unhygienic. They cannot be washed. This man's clothes are alive with germs. We live according to nature, as the ancient Greeks did. Our bodies are inured to climatic changes. Such parts as are exposed, as our arms, feet, and ankles, are no more sensitive than your face or hands. This boy (indicating Menalkas) has never had a cold or other form of disease in his life. He would feel uncomfortable and unhappy if dressed other than he is now."

Little Menalkas also assured the magistrate that he was perfectly comfortable as he was, and on the testimony of physicians that the child was in perfect health, the case was dismissed. Now it is Comstock's turn.

* * *

OF that formidable group of plays which our theatrical Santa Claus provided for Christmas entertainment, only a few have survived the festivities. We needed the plays and our holiday mood is of the most amiable, but notwithstanding these favorable conditions, the record of disaster that has followed this season's efforts was maintained. Even an author of such wide celebrity as Conan Doyle, failed to obtain more than a respectful hearing for his play, "The Fires of Fate," notwithstanding that the play is one of the most interesting of the season, and through Mr. William Hawtrey furnished some admirable acting. It is pretty well established, however, that the New York theatre-going public neither understands nor particularly cares for these finer examples of the dramatic art, and is, moreover, particularly averse to the invasion of its play moments with anything approaching intellectual discourse. "The Fires of Fate" has consequently gone its way, but to those who lent it an attentive hearing, its memory will not so soon be extinguished.

"The Commanding Officer," by Theodore Burt Sayre, was another important casualty. An army post drama, with plot enough for half a dozen plays and heaps of stirring situations, it still failed to interest. Miss Isabel Irving was the most important member of the cast, and played with all her accustomed gayety and charm in the role of a governess.

"A Little Brother of the Rich," in its dramatic form, would hardly be recognized by his maker. The development of the central character, on which its title is based, is entirely ignored in the stage version, and a set of incidents around Muriel Evers, with a cynical exposition of "tandem polygamy," as Dr. Parkhurst would call it, substituted. It was well cast and well acted, with Hilda Spong in the role of the fascinating but conscienceless flirt.

The failure of Mr. Charles Klein's "Next of Kin," can be squarely set down to two causes, his inability to find an actress to carry the part, and careless construction and writing in the third act. Through two acts the play held with a good deal of dramatic insistence, and developed one or two interesting situations, but in the third act the author deliberately runs away and leaves the situations to adjust themselves as best they may. Mr. Klein is still the propagandist, and in his new play took opportunity to score that growing evil of the modern court, the alienist. "Cameo Kirby," an interesting story of Mississippi days by Booth Tarkington, proved just a trifle slow and old-fashioned for our feverish taste. Fortunately "The Incubus," one of the unique offerings of the season, which Laurence B. Irving and Mabel Hackney are presenting with such finished charm, is to stay another week.

Plays that will remain indefinitely to balance the score somewhat, are "The Bachelor's Baby," by Francis Wilson, with the author-comedian in the leading role; "The Lily"; "Your Humble Servant," with Mr. Otis Skinner in a delightful role; and "The City," by Clyde Fitch.

"The City," although somewhat overrated in a commendable desire to honor the posthumous work of an American playwright of unparalleled industry, is nevertheless a strong, virile play of wide popular appeal, with theatrical excitement a-plenty, and occasional moments of dramatic intensity and conviction. Although not destined to write a great play, or one that would add anything to our dramatic literature, "The City" at least suggests a new direction for future activities had those activities not been so suddenly cut off. Clyde Fitch was at least a master of stage technique, and had measured its possibilities beyond any of his contemporaries.

* * *

TO the coming week we look forward with hope and assurance. "The Mollusc," which proved the theatrical gem of last season, comes back for a short season with Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore in their old roles. Mr. Henry Miller will also be seen in William Vaughn Moody's new play, "The Faith Healer"; Mr. William Collier in "A Lucky Star"; H. B. Warner, recently risen to stellar honor in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and Henry E. Dixey in "Mr. Buttles." A musical comedy, "The Arcadians" completes the list of promised offerings.

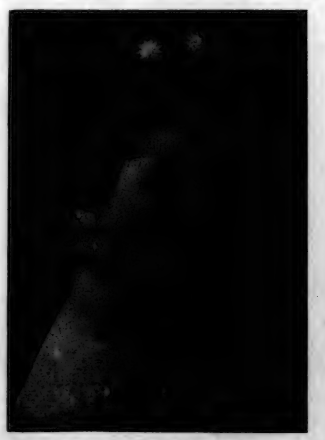
J. E. W.

Peeresses in Their Own Right.

WHILE the question of the Lords is agitating England, it is interesting to remember that in Great Britain there are many peeresses in their own right. The number includes Lady Burton; Lady Amherst of Hackney who for many years has been known as Lady William Cecil, and who is the eldest of the six daughters of the late Lord Amherst; Lady Cromartie is a niece of the Duke of Sutherland; and among other peeresses by inheritance are Lady Berkeley, who is sixteenth of her line, and has a daughter who will succeed to her honors; Lady Berners, whose heir is her eldest son, Sir Raymond Tyrwhitt-Wilson; Lady Dorchester, who has a son to succeed her, Mr. Dudley Carleton; and Lady De Ros, who holds the premier barony and whose daughters are her co-heiresses. Then Lady Macdonald of Earnscliffe received the peerage intended for her husband, Sir John Macdonald, just as Lady Hambledon was granted the viscounty which was to have been given to her husband, the late Mr. W. H. Smith, the well-known statesman. Among child peeresses are little Lady Beaumont and little Lady Clifton. This latter inherited the lesser title from her father, the late Lord Darnley, the earldom passing in the male line. In a few instances the title is merged in another and a higher one, which is held by its owner's husband. For instance, the Duchess of Norfolk is now in her own right Lady Herries; Lady Powis is Lady D'Arcy de Knayth; and Lady Yarborough, who has in her own right two peerages, is Lady Conyers and Lady Fauconberg.

Some of the peeresses now on the list have male heirs who will succeed them, and in due course, probably, take their seats by right in the House of Lords, while on the other hand several peerages now occupied by males will devolve on the other sex, and thus for a time take leave of the upper chamber. Of these are the dukedom of Fife, the earldom of Roberts, the viscounty of Wolseley, and the baronies of Vaux, Zouche, and Strathcona.

Mrs. Sarah Frances Norton, a pioneer in the cause of woman's suffrage in the United States, died recently at Troy, N.Y. Having lost her money, she was living on a small pension, and according to a written message she left behind her, was tired of life and glad to die. In her prime she was a well-known lecturer and a friend of many eminent women.



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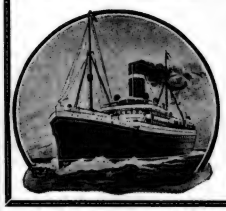

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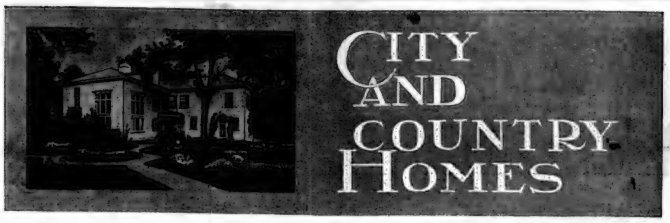


Three St. Catharines Houses.

IN the brisk little city of St. Catharines, one of the most prosperous of Ontario communities, there are many admirable residences. The three pictured in this department this week are selected not because of their size or costliness, but because they are excellent examples of the manner in which, by the exercise of architectural taste and building skill, very ordinary types of domestic construction can be made very attractive. Consider the cottage designed by Mr. C. E. Nicholson. Nothing could be much more simple, and yet it is far more beautiful and home-like than many a gorgeous mansion. Simple and consistent treatment of roof and windows have made the cottage a little gem, and yet, although it is well finished, its total cost was not more than $2,500. The hall is entered from the portico. Directly in front is the dining room, which is finished in wood panelling, stained and waxed, with sand finished coved ceiling. The drawing room is finished in white enamel with tinted walls. A pantry leads off the dining room to the kitchen, and a stair leads from the kitchen to the grade entrance and basement where there is a laundry, larder and furnace room. On the second floor are three bedrooms with closets, a bathroom and linen closet. A clothes chute and medicine cabinet are among the conveniences provided. The walls are tinted and the wood work finished in white.

AN IDEAL COTTAGE.
A pretty little home on Welland avenue, St. Catharines, Ont.

The rectory of St. Thomas' church, St. Catharines, is excellent for the reason that while it is plain and solid, it has a certain quiet dignity and distinction. The walls are of common red brick with white mortar joints, the windows are painted white with a brown sash, and the shutters and shingles of the roof are green in tone. The base course of the walls is local ashlar grey-stone breaking the line of the brick work and producing rather a rustic and novel effect. Flanking the entrance, which has a brick terrace and a brick walk leading up to it, are the two square bays of the study and the dining room, while at end, to the right and opening off the dining room, is a large combination verandah and balcony. The study, which is finished in oak and having a fireplace and built-in bookcases on all sides, opens off the entrance hall at the left. It connects by a square arch doorway with the drawing room, finished in white enamel, which also opens into the main hall at the rear. This arrangement secures privacy for the main hall and living rooms. The main hall (which has a convenient toilet room opening off it) and the staircase are finished in oak, as is also the dining room, which has a serving pantry connecting it with the kitchen placed at the rear of the verandah. The kitchen has all necessary conveniences, and off of it is the store room with the refrigerator, which is supplied with ice from the outside. A service stair leads up to second floor and also down to grade entrance and basement, where there is a large laundry, larder and boiler room. On the second floor are four bedrooms with closets, a bathroom and linen closet. A clothes chute to the basement is provided in one of the bedrooms. On the third floor are two store rooms and a maid's room. The interior walls throughout are tinted with muresco, and the floors are of oak. The building is heated with hot water and provided with combination electric light and gas fixtures. The total cost of house was $5,200.

RECTORY, ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, ST. CATHARINES, ONT.
The directness of the general architectural lines, the simple treatment of the windows, together with the red brick walls, with their white joints and rustic base course, combine to give this house a strong homelike individuality.

As a two-family dwelling, the semi-detached residence at the corner of Ontario and Lake streets, St. Catharines, is a commendable structure which shows much originality in both design and plan. In the average semi-detached residence there is invariably a striking similarity between both portions and a monotony of treatment that leaves it utterly lacking in individuality. Here, however, the size, elevation, and plan of both dwellings vary, and yet combine to produce a most successful architectural composition. This building is situated on a corner lot and faces the public park. It contains a five and a seven-room residence. The exterior scheme is local red brick, green stained shingle roof, white painted woodwork, and dark green sash. The larger house has a verandah overlooking the park. The drawing room opens to the right off the hall, and has a bay window looking on to Ontario

AN ADMIRABLE SEMI-DETACHED DWELLING.
Most semi-detached houses have no character at all, and very little about them suggestive that they are homes. This St. Catharines dwelling is somewhat different.

St. Valentine Parties

THE Valentine Party has become one of the most popular social functions of the year—and especially so this season.

All of the dainty novelties that go to make the Valentine Party a distinct success are to be found in our Stationery Department.

The hostess will find an abundance of exclusive entertainment requisites, including:—

Tally Cards, 10c. doz. to 50c. doz.
Engraved Invitations, 50c. doz. up.
Place Cards, 25c. doz. up.
Dance Programmes, 75c. doz. up.

RYRIE BROS., Limited
134-136-138 YONGE STREET - TORONTO

We would be pleased to have you call and inspect our lines. All goods made of full-weight materials to insure durability.

We have an assortment of nice Electric Table Lamps which we are selling at specially low prices—while they last.

A DAINTY "BITE"

A delicious rarebit—a dainty chicken or stew—delightful creamed oysters—if made in an electric chafing dish will be more appetizing.

THE ELECTRIC CHAFING DISH

is the latest improvement in chafing dishes. It is sanitary, clean, durable. The electric chafing dish is made in silver and nickel-plate, and is the finest, most useful utensil of the kind in the market.

THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY, LIMITED
Phone Main 3975. 12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST

Do Not Imagine that the only Requisite in Bathroom Fixtures is "Appearance"

It is true, you should consider this point—and consider it well.

But the *first* considerations should be enduring qualities and sanitary excellence.

In both these respects ALEXANDRA WARE excels.

Made of cast iron, covered with heavy porcelain enamel, it simply cannot crack—and is thus, from a hygienic standpoint as well as in regard to wearing qualities, the only ware for the modern bathroom.

Then, too, for beauty of finish and graceful design, you cannot find any bathroom fixtures to equal ALEXANDRA WARE.

The Standard Ideal Company Ltd

Sales Offices and Show Rooms
Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg

Head Office and Factories
Port Hope, Canada.

A CHELSEA artist—all London artists live in Chelsea—rose in the middle of the night on Christmas Eve, and, in pyjamas and bare feet, proceeded to the coal-black room of his two little sons. He had in his arms toys, sweets, and picture books, and his wife with a glad heart watched him depart. But a minute after he entered the boys' room he uttered a terrible cry.

"John, John, what's the matter?" cried his wife.

"Oh," he groaned, "I've caught my foot in a rat-trap. A nice place," he added, reproachfully, "for a rat-trap, I must say!"

"There, if I didn't forget!" the wife exclaimed. "Willie told me he was going to set it to catch Santa!"

Her Father—Yesterday I won the prize in the lottery, and to-day you come and ask me for my daughter's hand. Suitor—Yes, you know, one bit of good luck always brings another.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

HOME OF W. E. STEERS, AT CATERHAM, SURREY, ENGLAND.
This house demonstrates the successful results which can be obtained from plain surfaces and uniform roof lines. The only decorative work to be observed is in the skillful treatment of the windows, and it is more to its perfect symmetry and balance than to anything else, that this dwelling owes its exquisite home-like charm and character.

street. To the left of the vestibule is the library with a fireplace, and alongside is the dining room with bay window facing the park. A service stair leads to the second floor, also to the grade entrance, where there is large furnace room and larder. On the second floor are three bedrooms with closets, bathroom and linen closet. The five-roomed house is entered from a portico. Off the hall are the drawing room and dining room, and adjoining the kitchen at the rear, which has a back entrance and stair leading to the cellar. On the second floor are two bedrooms and a bathroom, with closets. White woodwork and tinted walls form the decorative scheme in the two houses, both of which are heated with hot air and lighted with electricity. The cost of both houses complete was $4,500.

VIEW OF LIVING ROOM OF W. E. STEERS, AT CATERHAM, SURREY, ENGLAND.
A most appropriately treated interior in which every appointment is in perfect harmony with the general architectural scheme. All furnishings, even to the curtains, were especially made according to the architects' design, while a unique feature is the floor, which is built of wooden blocks.

More Examples of English Architecture.

LAST week on this page were shown a number of pictures of English country homes—houses comparatively small yet so admirable in treatment as to be very suggestive to prospective builders in this country. Illustrations of two other places of a similar kind are given in this issue. In the case of the house of Caterham, built for Mr. W. E. Steers, the unconventional nature of the plan will be at once apparent. A single large living room takes the place of the customary hall, dining room and drawing room; it has outlooks on three sides and two fireplaces, each set in a large nook. This arrangement is adopted mainly with the object of making sure that if the sun shines at any time in the day and on any day of the year, it shall shine into the living room.

The photograph of "Laneside" and "Crabby Corner" shows a pair of cottages at Letchworth, built on the estate of the Garden City Company. Differing in elevation as they do, these cottages nevertheless form a distinctive, well-balanced and harmonious composition. The little white gables breaking the expanse of the roof have a pleasing and almost humorous quality, while the substantial brick chimneystacks give a touch of dignity which restores equipose and repose to the whole.

A PAIR OF ENGLISH COTTAGES.
"Laneside" and "Crabby Corner" at Letchworth, built by the Garden City Company.

A Guest-Room.

THAT a guest-room must be dainty, home-like and contain everything for the convenience of the guest, whether he or she be staying one night, or one year, was (says a writer in The House Beautiful) my guiding rule.

I chose an English trellis paper with pink roses climbing up to the line of the top of the windows where it was finished with a plain white molding. A plain white ceiling was used. The woodwork we painted white, staining the baseboard a dark mahogany to match the furniture. As a new floor was necessary, so that we might use small rugs, we put in an oak floor, mitering the boards at the corners and, as the room was almost square, this gave a very good effect. On the floor we used small hand-woven, pink and white rag rugs.

The furniture I selected consists of a bed, chiffonier, dressing-table, a low-backed dressing-table chair, desk, light stand to be placed beside the bed for small electric lamp and water pitcher, a rocking-chair and straight chair with rush seats. All these pieces are mahogany, of good colonial lines, and beautifully grained, rubbed to a dull finish. The only piece in the room which is not mahogany is a white enameled willow chair, deep and comfortable, the cushions having slip-covers of French cretonne which repeat the design of the wall-paper trellis with pink roses.

I thought it seemed a pity to cover the tops of the chiffonier and dressing-table with linen, the wood was so beautiful, so I had plate glass cut to fit the tops of each, in this way protecting without concealing the wood. Arranged this way with the toilet articles of ivory, they gave a very attractive appearance.

For curtains I used a simple colonial net next the windows and pink French sateen with a border running down one side and across the bottom of cretonne of the same rose trellis design used for chair cushions. This border was set back three inches from the edge of the curtains. Both pairs of curtains hang straight, and only to the sill of the window.

We put in electricity and used only side lights of very simple design, with electric candles, the light shaded by oval pink light-protectors of half shades.

The room had a closet of good size, that is, good sized for a closet, but I determined it must be made into a bath-room, as no guest could be comfortable without one of his very own. Every one said it could not be done, but I managed to fit everything that was necessary into the small space and it is now one of the best small bath-rooms I have ever seen. The floor is of unglazed hexagon tiles, the walls of cement marked off in the shape of tile up to the height of five feet and finished with a molding. Then the whole wall was enameled in procelain paint, making a very pleasing finish.

KAY'S | JANUARY FURNITURE SALE | KAY'S

January Buyers Save From 10 to 50 per cent. Through Our Determination to Reduce Stocks to the Lowest Point by the 31st inst.

If you need anything in Furniture—even a single piece—self-interest should strongly draw you to Kay's this month.

Reduced prices prevail on all Furniture in stock. There are no exceptions. Every piece of Furniture in the immense assortments that crowd four floors is reduced in price, and this is in the face of the announcement by nearly every maker of note in America that his prices are up.

We want just now to call special attention to the magnificent display of Colonial Dining Room Furniture arranged on our second floor. A class of furniture that strongly appeals to those who appreciate perfection in the little details of construction and finish that go to make cabinet work of the highest class.

The reduced prices we quote this month are an added attraction that has induced many to buy Furniture now that will not be used for months to come. They save money.

This list is representative of a large number of specially reduced articles to be found on every floor on which Furniture is displayed:—

MEN'S CHEFFONIER NO. 902
Quarter-cut oak, fumed, a thoroughly well designed and most useful piece of furniture, beautifully made and finished. Regularly $68.00, for $55.00

BEDROOM SUITE NO. 99.
Dresser, Cheffonier and Dressing Table. Three handsome mahogany pieces in the Louis XVI. style, with oval mirrors. Regularly $228.00, for $175.00

CHEVAL MIRROR NO. 404.
A Colonial design in mahogany, with British bevelled mirror, plate 48 in. x 20 in. Regularly $42.00, for $30.00

CHEFFONIER NO. 139.
A Louis XV. design, in choice mahogany, width 38 in., exceptionally well made and finished. Regularly $90.00, for $60.00

BEDSTEAD NO. 150.
A four-poster, in genuine mahogany, single size, one of our most admired plain designs. Regularly $47.00, for $38.00

BEDSTEAD NO. 1,418.
Width 3 ft. 3 in., a beautiful example of the Empire style, in select mahogany. Regularly $70.00, for....$50.00

BEDSTEAD NO. 1,418½.
Choice mahogany, same design as above, but in the full double width. Regularly $76.00, for $55.00

CHINA CLOSET NO. 5,882.
Solid quarter-cut oak, early English finish, leaded glass doors and ends, a particularly good design in the Craftsman style, width 46 in. Regularly $70.00, for $55.00

BOOK CASE NO. 296.
A superb piece of cabinet work in the Gothic style, built of fine quarter-cut oak, finished Early English, length 74 in., height 74 in. Regularly $140.00, for $100.00

SECRETARY NO. 296.
Built to match the above, length 42 in., very conveniently arranged. Regularly $120.00, for $95.00

DONEGAL RUGS MARKED DOWN

Donegal Rugs, hand woven by the peasant girls of Ireland, are famous the world over for their splendid wearing qualities, and for the artistic designs and rich color effects in which they are produced.

A sale of Donegals at reduced prices is a rare event indeed, and this offer of 20 at prices ranging from $12.00 to $150.00 will be eagerly taken advantage of by those who know its significance.

For the most part these Rugs are suitable for use in library, sitting-room, dining-room or den.

No. 1, 4.6 x 4.0, $15.00, for $12.00
No. 2, 12.0 x 3.0, $31.00, for $24.00
No. 3, 9.4 x 9.0, $90.00, for $70.00
No. 4, 9.0 x 9.0, $75.00, for $55.00
No. 5, 9.4 x 9.0, $58.00, for $45.00
No. 6, 10.6 x 7.0, $90.00, for $70.00
No. 7, 12.0 x 8.8, $65.00, for $55.00
No. 8, 11.0 x 9.0, $80.00, for $70.00
No. 9, 12.0 x 9.0, $87.50, for $67.50
No. 10, 12.0 x 9.0, $75.00, for $65.00
No. 11, 12.0 x 9.0, $100.00, for $75.00
No. 12, 13.0 x 9.0, $105.00, for $80.00
No. 13, 10.0 x 10.0, $85.00, for $65.00
No. 14, 10.6 x 10.6, $85.00, for $60.00
No. 15, 12.0 x 10.3, $76.00, for $60.00
No. 16, 13.6 x 10.3, $90.00, for $70.00
No. 17, 13.6 x 11.6, $198.50, for $155.00
No. 18, 13.6 x 10.6, $150.00, for $125.00
No. 19, 12.0 x 12.0, $185.00, for $150.00
No. 20, 13.6 x 10.6, $155.00, for $125.00

Great Reductions in Lace Curtains

For ten more days our whole stock of Lace Curtains and Bed Spreads is on sale at 20 per cent. off Regular Prices. This means that you can buy Curtains marked $5.00 per pair for $4.00, $10.00 for $8.00, $20.00 for $16.00, $50.00 for $40.00, and so on.

In spite of brisk selling ever since the sale commenced there is still an immense assortment to choose from in these among other famous makes:—

Irish Point, Marie Antoinette, Brussels Point, Renaissance, Point Arab, Point Venise, Tambour, English

Our Lace Curtains have been very carefully chosen for real artistic merit in design and excellence of make. They are splendid value even at our regular prices, which range from $1.35 to $175.00 per pair.

JOHN KAY COMPANY Limited
36 and 38 King St. West, Toronto

It's one thing to forget, and quite another to be forgotten.

* * *

Goodness and badness are much the same thing under different circumstances.

* * *

It's easy to resist a temptation that is offered to some one else.

* * *

Some people think they are living on hope when they are really subsisting on charity.

* * *

Happiness is usually represented by just a little more than we already possess.

* * *

Modern hospitality consists of giving as little as possible in return for much.

* * *

The man of the moment cannot be depended upon to have a glittering future.

* * *

Literature, nowadays, is something which the well-to-do unemployed try to manufacture between intervals of dining-out.

* * *

By living diligently in the present one soon accumulates a past.

* * *

Selfishness isn't a boomerang which returns to strike us down, instead, it merely clears the path to success.

C. C. M.

Review of a Magazine Fifty Years Old

THE Cornhill, a periodical which has stood for much that is best in the more or less ephemeral literature of the magazine, this year celebrates its fiftieth anniversary, the first copy having been issued in London in January, 1860.

The list of contributors to the two volumes forming that first year could not be duplicated in importance in these days of minor poets, muck-raking sensationalists, and well-intentioned though less gifted writers of fiction. The list includes such names as W. M. Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charlotte Bronte, Thomas Hood and Alfred Tennyson, to mention but a few. In those two volumes the first appearance in print was made of "The Four Georges," "The Round-about Papers," and "Framley Parsonage."

In matters of general interest an examination of the two first volumes shows that such topics were dealt with as "The Search for Sir John Franklin" (from the private journal of an officer of the Fox), "Invasion Panics," in which conditions are portrayed that might well fit those of the present day; "Life Among Lighthouses," "Student Life in Scotland," "Electricity and the Electric Telegraph," "Adulteration and its Remedy," "Thieves and Thieving," "England's Future Bulwarks," "The Criminal Law and the Detection of Crime," and "The Pope's City and the Pope's Protectors."

Surely the range covered is one to which any present day magazine editor might point with pride, and when the quality of the articles is considered, quite apart from the names associated with some of them, the result is such that it would be difficult to equal the output no matter what inducements were offered to the writers of the "best sellers." It seems banal to say that they "were giants in those days," but at least they were not pigmies. What a world of romance, of associations, and of charm, those names conjure up. What memories twine around them—what a picture of the past they open up to us. Much of what was best in mid-Victorian literature is suggested by that first year's issue of The Cornhill. It is rich, too, in illustrations, which do not form their least interesting portion.

The first volume opens with an instalment of Anthony Trollope's "Framley Parsonage," which runs through the first year; and following the first instalment comes an article of interest even at the present day on "The Chinese and the 'Outer Barbarians.'" Fiction follows close with "Lovel the Widower." A much illustrated article on "Studies in Animal Life" is succeeded by

FATHER PROUT'S INAUGURATIVE ODE.

(To the Author of "Vanity Fair.")

I.

Ours is a faster, quicker age;
Yet erst at Goldsmith's homely Wakefield vicarage,
While Lady Blarney from the West End glozes
Mid the Primroses,
Fudge! cries Esquire Thornhill,
Much to the wonder of young greenhorn Moses.
Such word of scorn ill
Matches the "Wisdom Fair" thy whim proposes
To hold on Cornhill.

II.

With Fudge, or Blarney, or the "Thames on Fire!"
Treat not thy buyer;
But proffer good material—
A genuine Cereal,
Value for twelve pence and not dear at twenty.
Such wit replenishes thy Horn of Plenty!

III.

Nor wit alone dispense,
But sense;
And with the sparkling Xerez
Let us have Ceres.
Of loaf thou hast no lack,
Nor set, like Shakespeare's zany, forth
With lots of sack
Of bread one pennyworth.

IV.

Sprightly, and yet sagacious,
Funny, yet farinaceous,
Dashing, and yet methodical—
So may thy periodical,
On this auspicious morn,
Exalt its horn.
Thron'd on the Hill of Corn.

V.

Of aught that smacks of sect, surplice, or synod,
Be thy grain winnow'd!
Nor deign to win our laugh
With empty chaff.
Shun aught o'er which dullard or bigot gloats;
Nor seek our siller
With meal from Titus Oates
Or flour of Joseph Miller.

. . . . . .

VIII.

Only one word besides—
As he who tanneth hides
Stocketh with proper implements his tannery,
So thou, Friend! do not fail
To store a stout corn flail,
Ready for use within thy Cornhill granary.
Of old there walked abroad,
Prompt to right wrongs, Caliph Haroun Al Rashid:
Deal thus with Fraud,
Or Job or Humbug-thrash it.

IX.

Courage, old Friend! long found
Firm at thy task, nor in fixt purpose fickle:
Up! choose thy ground,
Put forth thy shining sickle—
Shun the dense Underwood
Of Dunce or Dunderhood;
But reap North, South, East, Far West,
The world-wide Harvest.

This advice addressed to Thackeray as editor of The Cornhill Magazine is just as apt and to the point as the day on which it was written, and applies equally to the editor of to-day. The contributions of the first editor of Cornhill in the first year of its publication include "Lovel the Widower," "The Roundabout Papers," and "The Four Georges." Thackeray, however, soon found editing the magazine somewhat irksome, and he resigned the editorship in April, 1862, though he continued to contribute to it until his death on Christmas Eve, 1863. Like his series, "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," "The Four Georges" was written primarily as lectures. During Tackeray's later connection with The Cornhill, he wrote for it "The Adventures of Philip," and the story, unfortunately never finished, "Denis Duval." Only three numbers of "Denis Duval" appeared, the story being somewhat in the Esmond manner, and promising to be first-rate work.

The establishment of The Cornhill marks an epoch in the life of one of its chief contributors, Anthony Trollope whose phenomonal success began with his "Framley Parsonage" the first number of which filled the first few pages of the first issue of that magazine. Between the year 1859 and 1879 he is supposed to have made something like $350,000 by his writings.

In the first volume of The Cornhill the late Lord Tennyson is represented by the verses "Tithonus" and R. Monckton Milnes by "Unspoken Dialogue." Among other verses appearing in the early issues are "Written in the Deepdene Album" by Washington Irving, dated, June 24, 1822: and "The Outcast Mother," by E. J. Bronte, dated Haworth, July 12, 1839. Matthew Arnold contributed "Men of Genius," and Thackeray himself "Vanitas Vanitatum." Mrs. Browning's contributions included "A Forced Recruit at Solferino" as well as "A Musical Instrument"; and Owen Meredith's "Last Words" Charlotte Bronte's "Watching and Wishing" was also published as well as "The Last Sketch—Emma" (a fragment of a story).

In addition there is a wealth of essays, and general articles touching so cleverly upon the point at issue that in many instances they are as timely to-day as when they were penned. Notable among these being "London, the Stronghold of England," and a companion article "England's Future Bulwarks" in which the invasion of England is considered, by a French—instead of a German—foe however. The series on "William Hogarth, Painter, Engraver and Philosopher" is of undoubted interest, as are practically all the contributions for the first year.

Taken all in all it would be difficult to find any other magazine the first numbers of which have such a broad appeal, and at the same time contain the work of so many men and women distinguished in the world of literature.

DEPARTURE OF EXPLORING PARTIES FROM FORT KENNEDY.
An illustration accompanying "The Search for Sir John Franklin," and reproduced from The Cornhill Magazine of fifty years ago.

AVE CÆSAR.
An illustration accompanying "The Four Georges," and reproduced from The Cornhill Magazine of fifty years ago.

LORD LUFTON AND LUCY ROBARTS.
An illustration accompanying "Framley Parsonage," and reproduced from The Cornhill Magazine of fifty years ago.

Children of the Circus.

IN the life of the circus there is a curious attraction that draws to it one generation after another of the same family, the result being a sort of aristocracy in which family traditions are carefully preserved. The life in a big circus is as carefully organized as that of a military encampment, and the discipline is strict. During the long season of work by day and travel by night the performers come but little in contact with the outside world, and the women lead a life of what might almost be termed seclusion. In spite of the two performances a day and the fatigue entailed by the big parade, the circus folk manage to get a little time to themselves, and to those accustomed to it the life is not only not unhappy, but is so alluring that it is seldom voluntarily given up.

An old circus man, in discussing circus life, recently said:

"It is nothing unusual for the larger circuses to carry thirty and forty children ranging all the way from mere babies to boys and girls 15 and 16 years of age. The majority are travelling with their parents, both the father and mother doing their daily duties in the ring, and while often they are trained to follow in the steps of their elders they are seldom allowed to perform in public.

"It is a common belief among circus men that the performer whose training is not started until after the age of six will seldom make a distinctive record. I often saw groups of boys, some of whom could not have been over four or five years old, practising rudimentary somersaults and handsprings, while their parents looked on with a gratified smile. These were the families of the circus aristocracy, who treasure the records of their ancestors with the pride of a son in his father's sword and who see no more inspiring calling for their own children than that of the great white canvas.

"Not that their education is neglected in other respects; several of the families often hire an instructor—perhaps one of the performers who has the time and ability for such work—to coach their children in the standard studies. One circus, indeed, has now established a travelling school for the youngsters. If they are to be acrobats they are to be educated acrobats."

Queen Margherita of Italy has a weakness for the books of American and English novelists. She also reads English and American magazines.

Separate Polling Booths.

THE women of the several organizations anxious to enlist their less public-spirited sisters in voting at the coming Montreal elections were more surprised than pleased at a letter from Mr. E. W. Villeneuve, one of the candidates for the Board of Control, to the City Council, suggesting that special voting places be provided "for women only." Mr. Villeneuve had got the idea that most women electors did not like going to vote, for fear they should have to get into a crowd at the polling place, and hear "talk and remarks," or find the voting booth strongly resembling a smoking room. When interviewed, representative Montreal women simply ridiculed the suggestion, however meant. To say that women wanted separate voting booths would be to advance an argument against extending the franchise. They voted, not as women in particular but as citizens in general. They did not go to the polling place to meet their friends and talk, but to express their opinion by casting their vote, and come away again. It was easy for women, if they felt any timidity, to arrange their affairs so that they could vote at a time when few men would be at the polls. For the matter of that, it was no more "scaresome" to come in casual contact with strange men at the polls than in a street car or a crowded theatre lobby. Furthermore, if "the polls" were such ill places that they were unfit for women, it did seem as if the desirable solution would be to improve the polls. However, many women had voted at the referendum last fall, and no one had been heard to complain of any unpleasantness. On the contrary there was evidence from some, who had accompanied several voters on their first plunge into the unknown, that they met with courtesy and found the polling places quiet and not at all objectionable. The Montreal city council laid the letter "on the table," and the women hope its next move will be into the waste paper basket.

An Appropriate Text.

THE rector of a certain church had become so fat that he was unable to squeeze through the narrow door of the pulpit. As the door could not be enlarged, another entrance was provided at the back, with a special stairway, up which the rector laboriously climbed, to the great amusement of all who were in a position to see the performance. Unfortunately, the rector was a poor preacher, and personally unpopular. He had a curate, a long, lean man, who was an excellent preacher, and very well liked by the congregation. In course of time the rector grew jealous of the curate. Among other things, he found fault with his sermons, ordering the young man to submit them for revision, before attempting to preach them.

The curate obeyed orders, but the situation did not improve, the perusal of the curate's excellent sermons serving only to remind the rector of his own deficiencies. One Saturday morning he received the curate's manuscript, which was even better than usual. The rector's own sermon, for Sunday morning was still in the making, and he was not getting along at all. The temptation was too strong and instead of returning the curate's sermon he carried it into the pulpit, and read it instead of his own. In this way he expected to get credit for one good discourse, besides causing the curate some inconvenience in preparing another on short notice. The curate ignored the whole proceeding, and said not a word. Naturally the rector did not like to refer to the subject, and waited with nervous anxiety to see what the young man would do in the evening.

At the usual time the curate entered the pulpit, through the door, quite unruffled, and calmly announced his text: "He that entereth not by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

Equal to the Occasion.

A DISTINGUISHED English woman, on a recent visit to Canada, was invited by a woman's club to a luncheon which was given in her honor. Two of the club members escorted her to the club house, and immediately on their arrival introduced her to all the members present.

She failed to catch the name of a member standing near her but thought it was the same as that of the next one introduced. So she said. "Is this your daughter?"

She noticed at once by the expression on the faces of those present that she had made a serious mistake. But she did not say anything until the member said, "No, she is my sister."

Then in a most casual but gracious way she remarked, "Canadian women are all so young, that it is impossible to distinguish between mothers and daughters, or older and younger sisters. You are all young like your country."

And the women were all so pleased with the compliment that the situation was saved.

Elizabeth, the new Queen of Belgium, is one of the most versatile members of royalty. A daughter of Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, renowned as an oculist, she has inherited her father's scientific tastes. She began the study of medicine at the age of sixteen under her father's guidance, and took her M. D. degree at Leipzig shortly before her marriage. Since then she has continued her medical studies in Brussels. Recently she gave a practical proof of her interest in the profession of her choice by founding the "Albert-Elizabeth Dispensary" for poor tuberculosis patients in Brussels, to which she has been a daily visitor.

"I believe I'll open a dramatic school," said the seedy-looking man.

"Why? You never have been on the stage, have you?" asked the preacher.

"No."

"Then how do you expect to be able to teach people to act?"

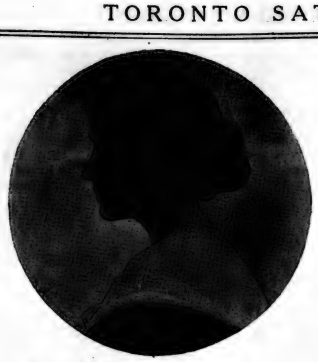
"It's simple enough. You're teaching people how to be angels, aren't you? Have you ever been in heaven?"
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Letters of a self-made woman to her Daughter

MY DEAR ANNIE:

You ask in your last why I have not made some particular friend, among the many women who come and go in my parlors and whom I in turn am visiting, lunching and dining with? At first I was shy, because I did not feel sure of myself, but now that I am beginning to take a firmer hold on position and all it implies, of duties and cares and burdens, I can quite see how happy I could be, if I knew one of these important people intimately and interested her sufficiently to ensure her friendship. For I am beginning to feel lonely, now that the novelty has worn off. The visits of those two sweet little children at the Ponce de Leon were such a pleasure to me, and only that I was devoting my time to golfing, sailing and going about the country with your father, I should have found out all about them and gone to visit their sick mother. I am hoping to do so very soon, for the little ones told me they lived near me, and were soon coming back from the South. The day we returned, the mother of the boy you and the girls liked so much called, and talked of nothing but her son and her clothes. Both had apparently no rivals and I rather enjoyed hearing the way she tried to impress me with the fact. I have found out that it is vulgar to talk about your clothes, but not in the least so to rave about your children. Which would comfort me, if I were a fluent talker, because I loathe the things Madame sends me, and as you may have discovered, have the opposite feeling toward you. This silly lady tells me that her son is always praising you. So you see you and the girls have made an equal impression on him. How nice it would be, if he would want Louise, that delightful orphan. We would give her a wedding, and the nicest trousseau money could buy! You must find out whether she thinks much about him for more unlikely things have happened! Now, don't call your mother names, Annie, but do as she asks you. The dinner on the night before last went off beautifully and the maids and two clever waiters gotten in, did quite as well and much quicker than the butler used to do. I promised the maids something nice if they were smart and made no mistakes and they certainly did do very nicely. So I have given them a pianola to their cottage piano, and had a double door put on their little sitting-room. The way they strummed on the little piano was much more distracting than you could imagine, but the pianola stops all that. Your father has gone to London, and uncle and aunt are coming to-morrow to stay a week with me. I have told the maids how anxious I am that the old people shall enjoy their visit, and they have promised to do their very best in attendance. I am going to take them to the theatres if there is something they would enjoy and I shall ask the minister and his wife and daughter to dinner one evening. Of course on Wednesday evening they will want to go to church, and I will take them to hear a good preacher on Sunday. Uncle James is a great critic, and likes the Low Church, so I know where to take him. Miss Brown came to see me yesterday and made a sort of apology for leaving so abruptly. She said she was very sensitive and fancied we didn't understand how she had worked in our interests. I asked her to stay for luncheon and see your father before he left, but she seemed rather in awe of him and declared she must hurry along, as Lady A. had a bad headache and might want her. So I suppose she is back at the cribbage and Lady A's complaints, which she said had been such a hard combination for her in years gone by—I hope I shall never become a fractious old tyrant over anybody. Don't you allow me to, Annie! At Christmas, as you may remember, Miss Brown gave me a little set of books in a little book rack, for my bedroom table. I have enjoyed little wise things I found in them very much, particularly as they are what I seem to have been thinking in the back of my mind, without being able to take out the idea and examine it, as the book does for me. I am sending you a copy of one of the little books which I feel sure you will read and think over. The particular attraction about it to me is that it is written by a Roman Emperor, and has just the plain simple sensible ideas one would never expect so mighty a man to bother about. Whenever I see the people about me putting on great airs and being affected and unnatural, I like to go and hunt in my Roman Emperor's book for the wise little way he writes about such antics. I feel just that way myself, but with more impatience and less kindliness. Perhaps you, young and ardent, Annie, may yet find some words of Marcus Aurelius wise and helpful. Your father said he would make time to see you before his ship sailed, so he will give you the news. One of the ladies who dined here the other evening said that she thought he was one of the most lovable men she had ever met, and also one of the cleverest. When I told your father about it, he laughed and closed one eye at me, and said "She also is a clever person, Annie, my girl, and as they say two of a trade cannot agree, I don't mind telling you I am not consciously making myself attractive to her. In fact, she's a good one to keep clear of. Don't you have too much talk with her!" It does seem as if one were trying to walk on quicksand, Annie, and I don't know whom I can take at their face value. There must be some sincere, honest, dependable women in this big city, and I'd certainly be glad to know them. Good bye, my dear. Ask Madame to let you practice not more than three hours a day.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.



A BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN.

Mrs. David Beatty, whose husband is the youngest British Admiral, is a daughter of the late Mr. Marshall Field of Chicago, and is noted for her good looks.

A DESCENDANT OF SHERIDAN.

Mrs. Hall-Walker, before her marriage some years ago to Colonel Hall-Walker, was Miss Sophie Sheridan, and among her most treasured possessions are portraits of her famous ancestor, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and his beautiful wife, who was Miss Linley. Mrs. Hall-Walker is devoted to racing and is an excellent golfer. She is also a noted hostess and entertains a great deal.

Women Election Agents.

IT is probable that in the recent General Election in Great Britain more women were employed as election agents than was the case in 1906. Not more than half a dozen were so employed at that time, because not more than that number were properly qualified. Not only is knowledge of election routine needed, but a thorough acquaintance with election law and the Corrupt and Illegal Practices Act is absolutely necessary. The sub-agent, when appointed, becomes in law the agent for the candidate, and any mistake might render the election void. Many women have done splendid work at elections on both sides in politics, but to be officially appointed a paid sub-agent is a different matter, says a recent writer.

The pay of a sub-agent and of the head agent is a matter of arrangement. Suppose the agent who takes charge of the whole election is receiving a regular salary as secretary of the Liberal or Conservative Association, he may arrange to receive an extra £50, or possibly £20, for the work of the election. On the other hand, if a stranger—some special expert—is brought in he may command £75 or £100 for his services. The same rule applies to sub-agents. In no case have I found that a woman has been paid less than a man. A sub-agent's fee may be anything from £10 to £25, inclusive of expenses, according to the distance and size of the polling district. Obviously a sub-agent sent from London to a division in, say, Northumberland, must consider the distance in the fee asked. If he takes charge of a district in which, or near which, he lives, he can afford to accept a smaller fee.

From a fortnight to three weeks is the usual duration of the work, and the fee is, as a rule, inclusive. It is only at a General Election that a woman has much chance of employment; at a bye-election agents can be drafted in from other constituencies, and there is never any lack of them. The head agent makes the appointments, and it is of very little use for the candidate (who pays) to wish for a woman sub-agent unless his agent is favorable—the work would be made impossible.

A sub-agent is placed in charge of a polling district or, in the country, of several such districts grouped. There is an official form of agreement to be signed by her and the chief agent. After such appointment no payment or agreement to pay is legal without her sanction. The first work to be done is to take a committee room in some central village or small town—I am now considering a rural constituency—from which the district can be worked. Of course, according to the Act of Parliament, no such committee room may be on licensed premises, nor on any premises "whereon refreshment of any kind, whether food or drink, is ordinarily sold for consumption on the premises" (Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Act, 1883). Sometimes it is convenient to make the headquarters a couple of rooms in an empty house or shop, which can be "furnished" with a table and a dozen chairs, to be had on hire. The next thing is to see that committee rooms—generally the "parlor" of a cottage—are arranged in the outlying polling districts. Payment for these is a matter of arrangement, and there are sometimes exorbitant demands, for many people think that rivers of money flow at election time. The sub-agent must use tact and firmness in making these arrangements.

The committee room having been secured, she should call a meeting of the committee at the earliest possible moment. It is wise, too, for a woman sub-agent to make a point of calling on some of the leaders who may be disposed to resent her interference. It is quite easy to convince people that one is only there to advance the cause they all have at heart. Lists of addresses are supplied from headquarters. The mother wit of the sub-agent must teach her how to deal with the committee. Everybody will have suggestions to make, and these will generally mean the spending of more money. But it is possible to keep everyone in good humor and yet get one's own way in the things that matter. The main thing, if possible, is to convince each individual that the success of the election depends on his efforts.

The appointment of the paid helpers is always a delicate matter. A "messenger," a clerk, an errand boy, and, later, a personation agent may have to be selected, and usually each member of the committee knows "just the person." Care should be taken not to select anyone with a vote, for if he receives payment his vote is lost. One is sometimes informed, "If you appoint so and so as errand boy his father will vote 'straight.'" This is an indirect form of bribery, and it is much better to make the selection on the individual's merits alone. There are recognized amounts to be paid to these workers, information as to which will be supplied by the head agent.

Expenditure must be most carefully regulated, and an exact account kept of all disbursements. Vouchers should be obtained, as the head agent is compelled by law to make a true return of the expenses within thirty-five days of the election

A certain number of meetings will most probably have been arranged from headquarters, and speakers will have been engaged. The sub-agent must see that the speakers are met at the station or properly received when they arrive in a motor; if the train or motor is late, she may have to take a turn at speaking to keep the meeting going till the advertised speakers arrive. If a meeting is to be held in a remote village, she must see that it is properly advertised by handbills; it is well for her to glance over a proof of such handbills to see that time, place, and name of speaker are all there. I have known a thousand bills printed announcing a meeting with no mention of the date on which it was to be held! A man may be sent round fly-posting—that is, with a pot of paste and instructions to stick a bill on any gate-post, wall, or barn he comes across. Nothing is more annoying for a speaker than to find an audience of three or four after he has taken a long cold journey to some distant spot.

A MILITANT SUFFRAGIST.

At one of the big political meetings at Albert Hall, London, to which admittance to women was denied, Miss Jessie Kennedy attempted to pass in disguised as a telegraph boy. A policeman, however, discovered that she was disguised and she was prevented from disturbing the meeting, which was the one at which Mr. Asquith announced the fighting policy of the Liberals. Other suffragettes had hidden themselves in various parts of the hall, but they were discovered and removed before the meeting began.

Meetings of canvassers should be called, and careful explanation made to novices that no payment of any kind must be made to any voter, and that no threats—of loss of custom to shopkeepers or dismissal from employment—are permitted.

On polling day the agent should keep her head cool and remain in the committee room. As the day goes on returns will be brought from the polling booth saying who has voted—not, of course, how. As soon as a number is received the man's name should be looked up on the register (which should be pinned up in sheets on the wall) and immediately scratched out. If this is not carefully done motors and carriages may be sent scouring over the country to bring up electors who have already voted. Towards eight o'clock excitement rises, and everyone has something to suggest, but the only work now is to get the men who have promised to come up and vote. The names of all "promises" are written on cards, and immediately a man is known to have voted his card is torn up, so that in a well-managed election it is possible to see at a glance towards evening who want looking up and reminding.

The work is hard—one is rarely finished before ten at night—but it is interesting, and if the woman sub-agent goes the right way to work she has nothing to fear from male opposition.

A CHARMING SOUTHERNER.

Mrs. Waldorf Astor, who is one of the most beautiful of the many Americans who now reside permanently in England, was a Miss Langhorne of Virginia. She belongs to the group of sisters celebrated for their beauty, which includes Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson.

Old Friends and New

The following poem, "Each in His Own Tongue," has been widely quoted. It was written by Prof. William Herbert Carruth, professor of German in the University of Kansas. The title was suggested by a line in "Faust":

A FIRE-MIST and a planet—
A crystal and a cell—
A jelly-fish and a saurian.
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the fair horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high,—
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,—
A mother starved for her brood,—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

The Shoot.

WENT out shootin' in the wood—
My, the mornin' air was good!
Sort of filled your soul with joy.
Made ye feel jest like a boy.
Made ye want to dance and sing
Like a bird upon the wing!

Soon a partridge come along,
Whirrin', whirrin', mighty strong.
Had my gun acrost a rail,
And a bead that couldn't fail,
But, by jings! I felt so full
Ne'er a trigger could I pull!

Later on I found a track
Leadin' through the piney black.
Surest thing you ever knew,
Mr. Fox had jest been through—
Trailed him squarely to his hole—
Couldn't shoot to save my soul!

'N'en I heard a tromplin' sound,
Like a big deer some'eres round;
'N'en a cracklin' in the bush,
'N'en a sudden sort o' hush,
An' a pair o' starin' eyes
Soft as ever summer skies.

Shoot him? I'd ha' soon ha' shot
Sleepin' babies in a cot.
Kill him? With two eyes abeam
With a sort of friendly gleam?
Nary kill for Mr. Deer
In that mornin' atmosphere!

So it went the whole day long.
Somepin' sort of went all wrong.
Had my gun, and had my lead,
Got up early from my bed
For to land a lot o' things.
And jest couldn't—no, by Jings!

—John Kendrick Bangs.

The Reward.

NOT to high vaunting pride of place
Shall be the guerdon in life's race,
Nor yet to greed, with gripping palms,
Grudging a little boon of alms.

But rather to unselfishness,
Whatso the hazard or the stress;
By him unwitting, shall be won,
The Master's ultimate "well done!"

—Clinton Scollard.

Mrs. Macnamara.

The wife of Dr. Thomas J. Macnamara, M.P., is a quiet and rather pretty little woman who is devoted to her family. Prior to her marriage she was Miss Rachel Cameron of Bristol. Her husband, who is noted for his wit, is one of the Canadians re-elected to Parliament this week in England. Dr. Macnamara who was Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty since 1908, was born in Montreal, his father having belonged to the old 47th Regiment, now the Loyal North Lancashire.

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"Let one man stand at my right hand," Horatius quoth, quoth he, "Let one abide at my left side and keep the bridge with me. Three men, I wot, can make it hot for caitiff foes like these; and when we write about the fight, we'll share the royalties."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

First Chauffffeur.—You're a bum driver. Second ditto.—Say, what I know about automobiles would fill a library. First Chauffeur.—Yes, and what you don't know about 'em would fill a morgue.—The Club-Fellow.

Tom—"I hear that the girl you broke your engagement with was engaged to several other men." Jack—"I guess she was; when I requested her to return the ring she asked me to call and identify it."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Henpeckke—"I remember the time when you were crazy to marry me." Mr. Henpeckke—"So do I, but I didn't know it at the time."—Philadelphia Record.

"Does Gladys look any different since she and her husband separated?" "Yes, she wears her hair a la divorcee." "Heavens! How's that?" "Parted."—Pathfinder.

TORONTO SOCIETY

THE marriage of Mrs. T. M. Harris (*nee* Stewart) of St. George St., and Dr. Edward V. Raynolds, D.C., of Yale University, formerly Lieutenant in the United States Navy and Captain in the Connecticut National Guard, a very prominent and well known citizen of the Republic, took place on Thursday afternoon at the home of the bride, the ceremony being performed by her father, Rev. Dr. Stewart, for some years retired from active work in the ministry. The marriage took place in the drawing-room, where a beautiful decoration of white roses, lilies and green simulated an altar, the plan of the room lending itself to the design, and Mr. Lawrence Harris gave away the bride. There were no guests but the immediate relatives, and after the ceremony the bridal party attended the wedding of Mr. Lawrence Harris and Miss Beatrice (Trixie) Phillips in the Church of the Redeemer. Mrs. Raynolds was in violet chiffon broadcloth costume, with chinchilla furs and a violet velvet hat with plumes. Dr. and Mrs. Raynolds have gone to the Mediterranean for their honeymoon; and will be back in Toronto later in the year. The bride has endeared herself to a huge circle of friends here, by her bright and amiable disposition, real kindness of heart and tactful and generous hospitalities. The young people are particularly fond of her, and all offer the heartiest good wishes on her marriage. This double bridal of mother and son is almost unique in society annals, and has aroused much interest and pleasant comment.

Invitations to the Floor of the House were out early this week, for the Opening of the second session of the Twelfth Parliament of Ontario, which will take place on Tuesday, January 25 at three o'clock. His Honor the Lieutenant Governor will open the Parliament with the usual ceremonies. The Council Chamber at the east end of the Parliament Buildings has been reserved as a tiring-room for the ladies holding cards for the Floor of the House, and full dress is the proper garb for the occasion. The invited guests are requested to be in their places at half past two. These details are very familiar to old residents of Toronto, but there are a great many new people each session who are anxious to do the right thing but who find it difficult to accept the idea of evening toilette directly after luncheon.

COUNTESS LONYAY.

The second daughter of the late King Leopold, Princess Stephanie was first married to the Crown Prince of Austria and was left a widow by his tragic death a few years later. With the consent of the Emperor of Austria she later married Count Lonyay, and the marriage is said to have proved most happy.

The accident at Cobalt in which Miss Muriel Boehme's fiance was seriously injured aroused much sympathy among their many friends. The patient is doing very well.

On Saturday evening Dr. George Carveth's fine new home in Huron Street was ablaze with lights and filled with a merry party of Miss Alicia's friends for a Cinderella dance. The young folks were largely her college friends and classmates and the young students who cavaliered them were augmented by a number of bright young professional men. Dancing was carried on in the large upper rooms, where an excellent floor and splendid music added to the fun. A buffet supper was served about eleven, and the short evening was full of gaiety and enjoyment from start to finish. Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Carveth were among the guests, Mrs. Carveth looking very well in heliotrope satin, with her sunny hair becomingly dressed. The hostess looked even prettier than usual, in a gown of blue-green soft satin with gold passementerie outlining the decolletage. Miss Alicia and her little sister were in white. One of the bright young men was Mr. Stewart Jackson whose acting in the "Westerners" none have forgotten, and two pretty girls were Miss Gladys Alley and Miss Hazel Blewett, but all looked most attractive at this very jolly evening.

Miss Fletcher and Miss Marion Grace Fletcher, 137 Cottingham street, are spending the month of January in New York.

There will be an afternoon "happiness" at the German Lutheran Church, next Thursday, in celebration of the 53rd birthday of the Kaiser. The Ladies' Aid Society of the church have the affair in hand, and it will surely be a success.

Mrs. Caldwell's ball at McConkey's on Feb. 1 and Mrs. Robin's ball at the King Edward, on Feb. 4, are two more large dances which will add to the *eclat* of the closing season. The Rose ball always blooms out as a grand finale on Shrove Tuesday and this year the tickets are in the hands of a committee so that the sale can be controlled not to exceed the space available for entertaining. Last year this ball was so popular that it became very much over-crowded, which has led to a slight increase in the price of the tickets, and a great decrease in the number for sale.

Next Tuesday night, what promises to be a very successful ball will be given by the President and members of the Toronto Cricket Club, in the King Edward at nine o'clock. An imposing list of patronesses have promised their presence.

A very enjoyable little tea was given by Mrs. Maclean at her home in Queen's Park, last Saturday, to which both husbands and wives were invited and came gladly. Mrs. Maclean had two able assistants in her husband and bright young son, who looked after the guests indefatigably. Mrs. Fred Plumb poured tea, and among the little company were Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Gwynn, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Colonel G. T. Denison, Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Denison, Mr. Plumb, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Van Koughnet, and two or three others.

Mrs. Fred Symons will not receive again this season as she is leaving to visit friends in El Paso, Texas, later on to California, where she will remain several months.

Mrs. Harold W. MacMahon (*nee* Cook) received for the first time since her marriage on Thursday and Friday, January 20 and 21, at 10 Spadina Gardens, Spadina road.

Mrs. R. S. Williams, 57 Cluny Avenue, gave a large tea on the same afternoon to which her friends turned out in much enthusiasm, as, although she has been chatelaine of her handsome home for several years, the contretemps of illness, bereavement in her husband's family and so on, have prevented her from entertaining, so that Saturday's reception was in the nature of a housewarming, or, as a funny man calls it, a "first offence." Mrs. Williams' brunette beauty was admirably suited by her gown of delicate pink embroidered *crepe de soie*, heavily fringed. Mr. Williams received with her, and Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Moore of Oak Lawn, and Mrs. Boone and Mrs. Coleman assisted in the reception room. In the tea-room were Miss Irene Britton, Miss Evelyn Taylor, Miss Gage, Miss Telfer and the Misses Moore, who waited gracefully on the guests; the table was done with pink roses in a mound of pink tulle as a centre-piece and baskets of lily of the valley at each corner. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Cleeve Hall, Dr. and Mrs. Doolittle, Dr. and Mrs. Snelgrove, Dr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Worts, Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Dr. and Mrs. Trow, Mr. and Mrs. Crean, Mr. and Mrs. George Gale, Mr. and Mrs. W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Louden, Madame Rochereau, Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Mrs. and the Misses Trees, Mr. and Miss Miln, Mr. and Mrs. West, Mr. and Mrs. Telfer, Mr. and Mrs. Laird, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. Taylor and Miss Davies, Mrs. Vogt, Mrs. Crompton, Mrs. Pearson and many others.

The engagement is announced in Paris, Ont., of Miss Helen Stewart Jones, daughter of Mrs. Stewart Jones, and the late Rev. E. Stewart Jones, to Mr. Arthur F. Veysey, of Montreal, son of the Rev. F. C. Veysey, of Devonshire, Eng. Miss Stewart Jones has many friends in Toronto where she has so often visited her aunt Mrs. D. O. Brooke, in Jarvis street, and Mr. Veysey will be well remembered as one of the foremost and popular players at the Niagara Tennis Tournament last summer. The wedding will take place quietly at Easter.

The Cinderella Dance in Varsity Gym on Thursday night, occurred too late for notice this week.

Mrs. Hugh J. Macdonald, 14 Classic ave., held her post nuptial on Thursday, Jan. 20, 1910.

One of the most welcome of the holiday visitors has been Mrs. Henry McVity, of Banff, who has been kept busy during her month's visit, accepting the various hospitalities offered her. Mrs. McVity left this week for the West. One very pretty tea given in her honor was that of which Mrs. Roberts, of Parkdale, was hostess one afternoon last week. The tea was quite informal, invitations having been telephoned. Mrs. Roberts received in pale green satin, and the guest of honor was very bonnie and bright in a gown of pale blue, with coat of Duchess and Rose point lace. Miss Roberts assisted in the reception room. The tea room done in crimson and white carnations, mignonette and holly was in charge of Miss Kate Roberts, Miss Helen Baines, Miss Louise Watt, Miss Edith Porter, Miss Audrey Gouinlock and Miss Dorothy Greenwood. Two young matrons, Mrs. Duncan McDougald, in white satin, and Mrs. Arthur Holmstead, in black satin and lace, presided over the tea and coffee trays. Beside this tea several others as well as luncheons, dinners and evenings have been given for Mrs. McVity.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrie, 193 Cottingham street, and the Misses Lawrie, have gone to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan S. Merwin, of Pasadena, California, recently gave a very enjoyable dinner at the Layfayette Hotel, Niagara Falls. Among the guests were the Very Rev. Stewart Houston, Dean of Niagara, and Mrs. Houston; Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Slater, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Smith, Miss Bartle, Miss Edmund, Mr. Harry Hanan, Miss Hanan, Mr. E. Stanley Fraser, Mr. T. Dyson Slater and Mr. D. B. White. Mr. and Mrs. Merwin, who have spent the past five months in Canada, expect to visit New York, Washington and New Orleans before returning to their home in California. They will probably leave Niagara Falls the last week in January.

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LIVER AND KIDNEY TROUBLES

Many are troubled with either their liver or kidneys. Owing to the skin being inactive, these troubles are aggravated. COOK'S TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS will render the skin active and allow nature to throw off impurities through the perspiration, relieving these organs.

The MASSAGE given by skilled attendants tones the nervous system, increases the circulation, exercises the muscles, and restores the liver and kidneys to normal condition.

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If you wish to put it to the severest test, try a bottle now, when the changeable weather will emphasize its merit as an article of toilet for the particular woman's use. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. a Bottle.

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THE POPULAR ROUTE TO THE NORTH.

It is as hard to make water run up stream as it is to divert the mining people from going north via the G. T. Railway. Why? Because the G. T. R. 10.20 p.m. train from Toronto fills the bill, and you can enjoy a comfortable night's rest in Pullman and breakfast in style and comfort in dining car in the morning. It is the only route to Gowganda via Elk Lake, passing all the principal mines. Full information at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

THERE'S an old darky barber down in the House shop at Washington that has a gift of blarney that would put Bourke Cockran to the blush. One of the new representatives blew into the barber shop. He looked a little frowsy, and one would assume that he had dined heavily and slept lightly. The barber turned on the blarney faucet at once.

"Mistuh, yo' is a congressman, ain't yo'?" he asked.

"I am," was the reply. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I jes' couldn't mistake it. I knows a statesman when I sees one. You reminded me of mah ole fren' Senator Thurman, of Ohio, jes' as soon as yo' set down in mah chair." "In what respect do I suggest that noble gentleman?" asked the new statesman. "Yo' breff, sah."

Golfer—"The day I get round these links in under a hundred, I'll give you a shilling, Sandy!" Caddie—"Hoo will I want it when I'm drawin' me auld-age pension?"—Punch.

"Sir, your son has just joined a college fraternity. These college fraternities——" "Never mind about breaking it gently. What hospital is he at?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Lady Gay's Column

A FRIEND writing from England asks why it is that the young fellows who come out here often don't "get on," and whether I'd advise her to send her son to Canada to make his way? Just for a moment I was on the point of saying "by all means," and then I began to recall the personality and disposition of that son, and I am writing instead, "I don't think so." He is a very good-looking chap, with a girl's complexion, blue eyes, golden hair, long slender hands, and very long legs (he stands over six feet), and that peculiar build of shoulders which make a good tailor recklessly generous in padding an overcoat. This young man has loafed helplessly in a college city ever since he graduated. He is lovely to his mother and sisters, always ready for a boating party, a tennis party, a cycle run, a picnic on a certain fascinating island, or a dance or supper in some jolly home. He reads novels and smokes a seedy, short pipe, is great at sprawling in a hammock, or on a window-seat, and the most expert hander of tea and cake, as well as the grandest consumer thereof, I ever saw. Why should this young man expect to be happy out here, where none of the best accomplishments are taken seriously? What could he do in the rush of homesteading, mining, road and bridge building, anything that needs grit, enterprise, persistence, ambition and industry? He has none of these things developed in him yet, and even if he has the beginnings, he would lose a vast lot of invaluable time getting them into working order, as necessary to success out here. I once suggested to his mama that there were two or three rich girls who might take a fancy to him, but he says marriage is a horrid grind, then I naturally thought of the army, for such a young person looks particularly fit in a smart uniform, but he said that was a horrid grind also, and no "prospects" in it anyhow. Now, his mama thinks he should try Canada, but I don't think he will, unless just to "look about a bit, you know," and feel how foreign to his nature is the virile, businesslike industry of the Canadian young man who is making his way up. The dread of a horrid grind is on my handsome young English friend, and a horrid grind is just what he'll get if he trusts himself among the workers out here. So, what's the use?

BARON AND BARONESS DE FOREST.

Baron de Forest, who is a hereditary Baron of the Austrian Empire, and authorized to use his title in the United Kingdom, married about five years ago a daughter of the 2nd Baron Gerard. Both Baron de Forest and his wife are devoted to outdoor sports, and the former also takes a keen interest in politics.

The election utterances in the beautiful old land have been so extreme at times, that they have been worthy of preservation. But I think the most delightful has just come by English mail. in a letter full of good things. "If the elections go for the Radicals," says my correspondent, "we are going to live in America. It will be no use living in Canada. *She will be a German Colony in less than two years!*" Now, will you all be good, and build battleships, and keep your powder dry!

A very moderate, liberal and learned man, perhaps the most all-round cultured person I have ever met, has written what an Englishman thinks of woman suffrage over there. "You ask about woman suffrage, and it would be difficult to say all I think about it; for one thing it would more than double the number of irresponsible or inexpert voters, of whom we have already far too many. These inexpert voters may, and do turn the scale of politics, when the experts ought to decide, (the question of the budget will be decided by those who think of their stomachs rather than the prosperity of the nation.) 2—Feminine influence is weakening to all causes where force has to be used; and ultimately, all legislation has to be backed by force, coercion, even war, from which women rightly shrink. 3—It is enough for the maintenance of government that our sex should have the votes, since the number of voters (not individuals) is nearly the same in both sexes. It would be better if only every 10th or 100th man had a vote, such vote to be determined by the importance of the person to whom it is allotted. Lastly—A woman who does her duty as a mother has such an arduous life, that she should be relieved of every duty that man can relieve her of. If, in addition to his ordinary duties, man were called upon to mother the race, he would rebel, yet woman claims the right and even the ability, to do all that man can do, in addition to her duties as mother. Mothers are the women who deserve the vote, but as a class, are those who least desire it." This is one view of the suffrage question, from an Englishman noted for calm, clear and just concusions.

There was probably but one sentiment of grief and regret among many women who wield the pen, when they got the sad news of the death, after a short illness, of "Francoise," that splendid French-Irish, big-hearted, broad-minded, lovable and loving journalist of old Montreal. It is difficult to find just the word to describe her, to make you feel her firm hand clasp, her magnetism, see her little sagacious nod of assent, with a full musical rich tone of voice saying, "True! how true!" It was a rainy night in old Montreal the last time I saw Francoise, who came to have a talk before I went aboard the steamer. We put off the goodbye, loitering down the corridor of the Windsor with arms about one another; we, who are not wont to be demonstrative, but who were I hope mutually loving. There came a gleam of lightning, and a growl of thunder, and Francoise flashed a bright farewell and "bon voyage," and dashed out to a car. I can see her merry eyes, her bright face, her fine figure, and hear her rich tones as she ran out into the gathering storm. And so she has gone away into the dark again, to the place where those especially fine and true and brave and wholesome foregather, and to her freed soul one can cry in strong faith and loving appreciation, "Excelsior."

Do you believe in luck, just plain unaccountable luck—unexpected, undeserved and inevitable? A man came out from England in the steerage; he had been a "young man in the city," the kind one sees in frock coats and high hats, and with gentle and courteous deference to their superior officers in bank or office. He took up some land out west, and settled there. He built a shack and put his savings into a few stock and some modern machinery. He just made a subsistence. Presently a railway came streaking through his farm, a station sprung up near by. His farm became a town-site, and he was rich by reason thereof. He went to England and enjoyed a vacation, and returning to the West, bought land far from his first venture. He and his workmen soon got things going, and were working away steadily when another railroad came along. It sounds too good, doesn't it? He still holds his land, and a third railroad is to intersect the second one just at one side of his new farm. When he got thus far in his recital of the luck that has followed him so persistently I felt as if I had wheels, engine wheels, inside my cranium. When, on an exploring tour with a good sailor-man, I saw him in the steerage, being attentive to a wretched sick man, little did I think that his lucky star had already risen in Canada—the great wide West of ours! But so it is, and what on earth can you call it but just excellent luck?

LADY GAY.

THE FUNERAL OF KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM.
The cortege with plumed horses passing to the Cathedral in Brussels.

WIFE OF THE LATE KING OF BELGIUM.

The Baroness Vaughan and the settlement of her affairs have created a great deal of interest in Europe. This morganatic wife of the late King was Caroline Delacroix, and her father is said to have been a well-known engineer who, owing to misfortune, was compelled to accept a position as foreman in a Bucharest foundry. The Baroness is only twenty-six years of age.

SISTER OF THE KING OF BELGIUM.

Princess Henriette, sister of the new King of the Belgians, was married in 1896 to Prince Emmanual d'Orleans, Duc de Vendome. She is of course a niece of the late King, and is said to be very charming and agreeable.

A Credit to Canada

The following letter regarding a

GERHARD HEINTZMAN GRAND PIANO

COMPELS RESPECT, as it is not the common commercial utterance of a professional artist, but the actual experience of a purchaser, a prominent (musical) citizen from across the line, and the Piano spoken of was selected from our regular stock of Studio Grands.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 18. 1909.

Gerhard Heintzman, Limited, Toronto, Canada:

Dear Sir,—I am pleased to advise you that the Studio Grand Piano I bought from you arrived at my home in Webster Park a few days ago and is giving us satisfaction.

It is probably due you that I should give you the facts as to my purchasing in Canada a piano when there are so many noted piano manufacturers in this country. In explanation I beg to say when I started out to buy a piano I had in view two points which to me seem paramount. First, I wanted a piano of certain tonal qualities which should embody my ideals of volume and brilliancy. Secondly, I wanted the finest workmanship case and finish to complete perfectly my piano.

With these two points in view I visited the warerooms of nearly all the high-class manufacturers in the States, but I could not find here that really fine tonal property I sought.

I am rather diffident of writing a letter of this sort, fearing my motive may not be understood, but it is a fact that I found in your piano what I could not find complete in any other make.

The instrument we have is perfect in tone, beautiful in workmanship and finish, and it embodies that piano perfection I sought. I should rather have found this instrument in the States than in Canada, but I bought the best piano I could find, regardless of favor or prejudice.

Respectfully yours,

C. G. GLECKENSTEIN.

The reputation of the GERHARD HEINTZMAN Piano is world-wide and has been gained by MERIT alone through nearly half a century of honest endeavor.

Our Booklet on

Gerhard Heintzman Grand Pianos
Gerhard Heintzman Player Pianos
Gerhard Heintzman Upright Pianos

is free to you for the asking.

Your present instrument taken as part payment, and easy terms of payment can be arranged for the balance.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Limited

NEW SALESROOMS:

OPPOSITE CITY HALL - (41-43 Queen St. West) - TORONTO

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LARGEST RUBBER MANUFACTURERS IN BRITISH EMPIRE OPENING CANADIAN BRANCH.

Nowadays when we so often have to remark upon the apathy shown by British manufacturers towards the Canadian market, it is refreshing to have to chronicle the advent of a British firm enterprising enough to establish its warehouse here.

Such a firm is The North British Rubber Co., Ltd., who have taken over No. 43, Colborne street, Toronto, and these commodious premises will be stocked with the firm's productions. The Canadian branch will be under the management of Mr. Ernest L. Kingsley, of Toronto, who has had a very wide experience in the rubber business.

The chief lines stocked by the North British Company will be rubber footwear, although they manufacture rubber goods of every description for mechanical, engineering, and scientific purposes.

The principal factory of the concern is at Castle Mills, Edinburgh, Scotland, where over 4,000 hands are employed.

Established in 1854, The North British Rubber Co., have, owing to the excellence of their productions, so increased their business that to-day they are the largest Rubber Manufacturers in the British Empire.

In addition to warehouses throughout Great Britain they have established warehouses in all the capitals of Europe, namely, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Brussels, while they have agents in all parts of the world.

The North British Rubber Co., are not members of any combine.

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA STATEMENT.

The seventy-eighth annual report of the Bank of Nova Scotia will be found in another column of the SATURDAY NIGHT. The interest bearing deposits of the Bank are now upward of $27,000,000, and deposits not bearing interest upward of $7,000,000. The Bank's total assets have reached $48,300,000. The statement shows that during the year $125,000 was written off for Bank premises, and $100,000 was transferred to reserve fund. The net profits for current year, after making the usual deduction for bad debts, amounted to $604,000. As usual the statement of the Bank of Nova Scotia is a very conscervative document, every possible loss being more than provided for.

LOOSE TEA LOSES FRESHNESS

and flavour quickly and is soon quite unfit for use. It takes on the odors of other articles. It deteriorates by exposure to the sun and air. It is uncleanly — dust and dirt get into it.

"SALADA"

is sold only in sealed packages—in all its native purity and garden freshness. "SALADA" costs no more than common tea.

THE RED ROOM

By William Le Queux

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SYNOPSIS.

In the beginning of 1907, Henry Holford, proprietor of a garage in Chiswick, a suburb of London, is asked for assistance by a mysterious neighbor, Kershaw Kirk, who tells him that he is suspected of the murder of Professor Ernest Greer, a famous chemist, who was stabbed to death in his laboratory in Regent's Park, London. The two men go to the Professor's residence and find that his daughter Ethelwynn has been murdered in the same mysterious fashion. Kirk acts suspiciously, and Holford follows him to a miserable tenement in the slums of London. He is startled by a woman's scream: "You've—killed me—just as you killed—my dear father!" Subsequently Holford goes to Greer's house and finds a young man trying to get in. While the young man goes for assistance, Kirk slips out in evident fear of detection, and insists that Holford let him pass. When Langton comes back they force a way into the house. Holford finds that the bodies of the Professor and his daughter have disappeared. He sees reason to believe that they have been cremated in the laboratory furnace. Langton goes to the 'phone and then comes back and tells Holford that he has just been speaking to Miss Greer. Holford gets a report that Professor Greer is in Edinburgh, and goes to that city. He finds that a man answering the Professor's description had been there for a week, and had shaved off his beard, but had just left for Glasgow. Holford follows him, but without success.

CHAPTER XIV.

A REMARKABLE TRUTH.

THE morning was cold, with fine driving rain, when at eight o'clock I alighted from a hansom before my own house in Bath Road, and entered with my latch-key. In the dining-room I found Annie, the housemaid, in the act of lighting the fire, but turning suddenly upon me with surprise, she exclaimed:

"Oh, sir! You gave me quite a turn! We didn't expect to see you back again just yet."

"Why not?" I inquired, with some surprise.

"We thought you were with the mistress, sir."

"With my wife. What do you mean?"

"Mrs. Holford obeyed your telegram, sir, and has left for Italy."

"For Italy!" I gasped. "Where's Miss Gwen? Go and ask her if she can see me at once." And I followed the maid upstairs.

In a few moments Gwen Raeburn, my wife's sister, a young, pretty, dark girl of seventeen, who wore a big black bow in her hair, came out of her room wrapped in a blue kimono.

"Why, Harry!" she cried. "What's the matter? I thought Mabel had gone to join you."

"I've just come down from Glasgow, where I've been on business," I explained. "Where is Mabel?"

"I don't know, except that I saw her off from Victoria at eleven the day before yesterday."

"But why has she gone?"

"To meet you," replied the girl. "The morning before last, at a few minutes past eight, she received a telegram signed by you, urging her to meet you at the Hotel Grande Bretagne in Florence at the earliest possible moment. Therefore she obeyed it at once, and left by the eleven o'clock train. It was a terrific rush to get her off, I can tell you. But haven't you been in Florence?"

"No, I've been in Scotland," I repeated. "Did you read the telegram she received?"

"Yes; it was very brief, but to the point. Mabel was annoyed that you had not told her the reason you had gone abroad without explanation. She feared that, in view of your preoccupied manner of late, something disastrous had happened to you. That's why she left so hurriedly. I wanted to go with her, but she wouldn't allow me."

"I wish you had gone, Gwen," I said. "There's some plot here—some deep and treacherous conspiracy."

"Why, what has hapened?"

"A lot has happened," I said. "You shall know it all later on. At present I haven't time to explain. I suppose the telegram isn't left about anywhere?"

"Mabel took it with her."

"You didn't notice whence it had been despatched?" I asked.

"From Turin. We concluded that you had halted there, on your way from Paris."

I was silent. What plot had those blackguards formed against me and mine! Why had my dear wife Mabel been decoyed out to Italy by them? I grew apprehensive and furious.

My sister-in-law descended with me to the dining-room. She saw my agitation, and after the first surprise had worn off tried to calm me.

"There's a perfectly feasible explanation, I'm sure, Harry," she said. "Perhaps it is some practical joke being played upon you and Mabel by your friends. They want you out in the South for a week or two to escape from the cold and wet of the London spring. I wouldn't worry, if I were you."

"Ah, Gwen!" I sighed. "You are unaware of all the grim circumstances," I said. "There's a serious conspiracy here, I'm convinced. The hand of a secret enemy has been lifted against me."

Had the crafty servant at Sussex Place dispatched the false message, I wondered? Or was it Kirk himself? And if so, with what motive? Was Mabel, my beloved and devoted wife, to fall helplessly into their unscrupulous hands? My blood rose within me when I reflected how innocently I had walked into the trap which my mysterious neighbor had prepared for me.

I took up a Bradshaw, and saw that if I left Charing Cross by the boat train at 2.20 I might, by good chance, catch the night mail for Italy by the Mont Cenis from the Gare de Lyon. I could only do it if we ran into the Gare du Nord in time. But from experience I knew that the afternoon service to Paris was pretty punctual, and one usually arrived in the French capital about 9.20. Then, by the aid of a taxi-cab, I could get across to the Lyons station in time.

So I decided to make the attempt. I had been in Italy several times when a youth, and knew Italian fairly well. My father, before the smash in his fortunes, had rented a villa for several years up at Vallombrosa, in the chesnut-clad mountains above Florence.

"May I come with you, Harry?" pleaded my sister-in-law. "If Mabel is in danger it is only right that you shoulde take me to her."

I knew how devoted the girl was to her sister. A year ago she had come to us from Caen, where she had been at school, and among the languages in which she was proficient was Italian. I hardly cared, in the circumstances, to leave her alone; therefore, although a big hole must be made in my slender bank account, I resolved to take a second ticket for her.

When I announced my decision her dark eyes sparkled with delight, and she clapped her hands.

"You are a real good brother, Harry!" she cried. "I don't want any breakfast. I'll go and begin to pack at once. I've never been in Italy, you know."

I told her that in the circumstances of the rush we must make across Paris I could only allow her hand-luggage, and she sped away upstairs to put on her frock and to commence placing her necessaries together.

Afterwards, greatly agitated and full of dark apprehension, I got on, by telephone, to the Wagon-Lit office in Pall-Mall, and reserved berths for us both on the Rome express from Paris as far as Pisa, where I knew we would be compelled to change. Then I addressed a long telegram to Mabel at the Hotel Grande Bretagne, on the Lung Arno, at Florence, explaining that she was the victim of a bogus message, but that we were rejoining her at once, in order to bring her home.

I judged that she must already have arrived in Florence, but unfortunately there would be no time to receive a reply ere we left London.

Having dispatched the message, I went round to the garage, and, telling Pelham of my sudden call abroad, gave him certain instructions, drew a cheque for wages, and otherwise left things in order.

Then I called upon Miss Kirk, but she denied all knowledge of her brother's whereabouts. The Times, which I had just bought in the High Road, Chiswick, contained no advertised message from him. Nor did I expect any.

My intention now was one of bitter retaliation. I had been fooled by the man who I had proved held secret knowledge of the mode of the poor Professor's tragic end. By this message to my wife someone had touched my honour, and I intended that he should dearly pay for it.

Gwen, girl-like, was all excitement at the prospect of this flying journey to the south. At one moment she endeavoured to reassure me that nothing was wrong, while at the next she expressed wonder at the motive of the mysterious message.

At last, however, we found ourselves seated in the corners of a first-class carriage, slowly crossing the Thames on the first stage of our dash to Italy. The outlook was grey and cheerless, precursory, indeed, of a dismal conclusion to our journey to the far-off land of sunshine. We got out at Folkestone Harbour, however, well to time, and that evening were fortunately only seven minutes late in arriving at the Gare du Nord. We had dined in the train, so, therefore, entering a taxi-cab, we were soon whirled across Paris to the Gare de Lyon, where we had only eight minutes to spare before the departure of the *rapide* for Rome.

All that night, as I lay alone in my sleeping-berth while the great express rocked and rolled on its way to the Alpine frontier, my mind was full of gravest apprehensions. Gwen had been given a berth with another lady at the further end of the car, and I had already seen that she was comfortable for the night. Then I had turned in to spend those long dreary hours in wakeful fear.

I could discern no motive for inveigling my wife—with whom Kirk had never spoken—to a destination abroad. Yet one curious point was quite plain. That mysterious dweller in Bath road—the man with the pet parrot—was well aware of my absence in the north. Otherwise he would not have forged my name to a message sent from Turin.

For what reason could he desire Mabel's presence in Florence? He must have some object in her absence. Perhaps he foresaw that her absence meant also my absence—and that my enforced journey meant a relaxation of the vigil I had established upon the man who had gone north on the night of the Professor's assassination. That was the only feasible theory I could form, and I accepted it for want of any better. But in what a whirlwind of doubt and fear, of dark apprehensions and breathless anxiety I now existed you may well imagine.

Gwen, looking fresh and bright and smart in her blue serge gown, came to me next morning, and we had our coffee together at a wayside station. Though we sat together through the morning hours until we stopped at the frontier at Modane, she refrained from referring to the reason of Mabel's call abroad. The young girl was devoted to her sister, yet she did not wish to pain or cause me any more anxiety than was necessary.

After passing through the great tunnel, emerging on the Italian side and coming to Turin, where we waited an hour, the journey became uneventful through the afternoon and evening until the great bare station of Pisa was reached, shortly before midnight.

Here we exchanged into a very cold and very slow train which, winding its way in the moonlight through the beautiful Arno valley all the night, halted at Florence terminus early in the glorious Italian morning.

"*Fi-renze! Fi-renze!*" cried the sleepy porters; and we alighted with only about half a dozen other other passengers who had travelled by that *treno lumaco*—or snail- train, as the Tuscans justly call it.

Then, taking one of those little open cabs so beloved by the Florentines, we drove at once to the well-known hotel which faces the Arno, close to the Ponte Vecchio.

Florence, in the silence of early morning, looked delightful, her old churches and ponderous palaces standing out sharply against the clear, blue sky, while, as we passed a side street we caught sight, at the end of the vista, of the wonderful black-and-white facade of the Duomo, of Giotto's Campanile, and Brunelleschi's wondrous red-tiled dome.

A few moments later we stepped from the cab and entered the wide, marble-floored hall of the hotel.

"You have a Mrs. Holford staying here?" I asked in English of the manager, who was already in his bureau.

"Hol-ford," he repeated, consulting the big frame of names and numbers before him. "Ah yes, sir; I remember! But——" He hesitated, and then inquired, "Will you pardon me if I ask who you may be?"

"I'm Henry Holford, madame's husband," I replied promptly.

And then the man told us something which caused us to stare at each other in speechless amazement.

The man was a liar—and I told him so openly to his face.

His astounding words rendered the remarkable enigma more complex than ever!

CHAPTER XV.

A MAN DECEIVES A WOMAN.

The story told me by the bald-headed Italian hotel-keeper was that another man had usurped my place!

He said that Mrs. Holford accompanied by her husband, had arrived at about seven o'clock on the morning of the day before yesterday, remained there the day, and had left by the express for Rome at five o'clock that same evening.

"You don't believe it, sir!" the man exclaimed with some warmth. "Well, here is the gentleman's signature!" And he showed me upon a printed slip, whereon hotel visitors in Italy write their names according to the police regulations, boldly inscribed in a firm hand, "Mr. and Mrs. Henry Holford. Profession, automobile engineer. Domicile, London. British subject."

I stared at the words utterly confounded. Somebody had assumed my identity! Yet how was that possible with Mabel present?

"What kind of man was madame's husband?" I inquired, while my sister-in-law stood by astounded.

"He was slightly older than yourself, sir, with a moustache turning grey."

Surely it could not be that arch-scoundrel Kershaw Kirk!

"Was he about fifty, and rather thin?"

"Yes," replied the *hotelier*. "He spoke Italian very well; indeed, with scarcely any accent."

My suspicion at once fell upon Kirk. Yet how could he so impose upon Mabel as to be allowed to pass as her husband? She had never before spoken to the fellow, and had, I knew, held him in instinctive dislike.

"They were out all yesterday morning driving up to Fiesole," he added. "You don't happen to know to which hotel they've gone in Rome?" I asked.

"No. There is a telegram here for madame. It arrived half an hour after their departure. They would leave no word with the hall-porter regarding the forwarding of letters."

"I am her husband," I said, "and that telegram is evidently mine, which has been delayed in transmission, as messages so often are in this country. As her husband, I have a right to open it, I suppose."

"I regret, sir, that I cannot allow that," said the man. "You have given no proof that you are madame's husband."

"But I am!" I cried. "This lady here is my wife's sister, and will tell you."

"Yes," declared the girl, "this is Harry, my brother-in-law. The other man, whoever he may be, is an impostor."

The short, bald-headed Italian in his long frock-coat, grew puzzled. He was faced by a problem. Therefore, after some further declarations on my part, he handed me the message, and I found, as I had expected it was my own, which, unfortunately, had never reached her to reassure her.

Of course, I was not certain that Mabel's companion was actually Kirk. Indeed, as I reflected, I grew to doubt whether she would accept any word he told her as the truth. Yet whatever the story related about myself to her it must be a strange and dramatic one, that it should induce her to travel across Europe in company with a stranger.

I had never had the slightest reason to doubt Mabel's fidelity. She had always been a good, honest and true wife to me, and our strong affection was mutual. Indeed, few men and women led more blissful, even lives than we had done. Thoroughly understanding each other's temperaments, we were content in each other's affection.

No, even though this man might tell me this astounding story, I refused to give it credence. The grey-moustached stranger, whoever he might be, was a scoundrel bent upon entrapping my wife, and had done so by relating some fictitious story about myself.

This theory I expounded to her young sister Gwen as we sat at our coffee half an hour later. We had resolved to rest until eleven, when an express left for Rome. I intended to follow her and rescue her from the hands of those who were most certainly conspirators.

More mystified than ever, we therefore travelled south to the Eternal City, arriving there in the early hours of the next morning, and going to the Grand Hotel, which was full to overflowing, the Roman season having already commenced.

To find my beloved wife was now my sole aim. I thought naught of the startling mystery of Sussex Place, or of the strange identity of the false Professor. I had abandoned the inquiry in order to recover from peril the woman I loved so dearly.

The young girl, my companion, was beside herself with fear, dreading what had occurred; while I myself became more and more puzzled as to the motive for inveigling Mabel abroad. She had not the slightest connection with the secret tragedy; she was, indeed, in ignorance of it all. For what reason, therefore, was she being misled, and why, oh, why, did she allow this perfect stranger to pose as myself?

I hardly slept at all that night, having searched all the published visitors' lists in vain, and as early as seven o'clock next morning I started upon a tour of the hotels to make personal inquiry. At the Russia, the Modern, the Continental, the Milan, and other well-known houses of that class I conned the names of the visitors for my own, but though I was occupied the whole day upon the task, snatching a hasty luncheon at a little *trattoria* I knew just behind the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphy, all was, alas! in vain.

Part of the time Mabel's sister was with me, until she grew tired, and returned alone to the hotel in a cab.

Earlier in the day I had telegraphed to Pelham to inquire whether Mabel had sent me any message at home, but the reply came that neither telegram nor letter had been received.

Though there seemed no connection whatever between the tragedy in Sussex Place and my wife's flight, yet I could not help suspecting that there was, and that my apparent abandonment was due to the subtle, satanic influence of my mysterious neighbor. I was now all the more anxious to condemn him to the police. The remains of the poor Professor had been cremated in his own furnace, and by the blackguardly hands of the assassin.

Yet, before I could raise the finger of denunciation, I had to discover the fellow's whereabouts, and this seemed a task impossible to accomplish. I had kept my eye upon The Times daily in the course of my quick journeys during that most eventful week, but no advertisement had appeared.

Next day, and the next, I spent alternately searching the hotels and idling in the Corso, on the Pincian, among the tourists in the Forum, or in the broad Piazza Colonna, the hub of Roman life. Among the hosts of foreigners who walked and drove in the Corso at the hour of the *passeggiata*, my eyes, and those of my bright little companion, were ever eager to find my dear wife's handsome face.

But we saw her not. She and the man posing as myself had entirely and completely disappeared.

I sought counsel of the Questore, or chief of police, who, on hearing that I was in search of my wife, ordered the register of foreigners in Rome to be searched. But two days later he informed me with regret that the name of Holford did not appear.

In face of that my only conclusion was that, after leaving Florence, they had suddenly changed the course of their flight.

Their flight! Why had Mabel fled from me, after speeding so swiftly to meet me? Aye, that was the crucial question.

Late one afternoon I was standing upon the Pincian, leaning upon the balustrade of that popular promenade of the Romans, and watching the crowd of winter idlers who, in carriage and afoot, were taking the fresh, bright air. I had been there every day, hoping against hope either to recognize Mabel or the man Kirk among the crowd of wealthy cosmopolitans who thronged the hillside.

Before me moved the slow procession of all sorts and conditions of carriages, from the gaudily-colored, smart motor car of the young Italian elegant to the funereal carozza of the seedy marchesa, or the humble vettura of the tweed-skirted "Cookite." Behind showed the soft grey rose of the glorious afterglow with the red roofs, tall towers and domes of the Eternal City lying deep below. Against the sky stood the tall cypresses—high, gloomy, sombre—and over all spread that light film of mist that rises from old Tiber when the dusk is gathering.

The scene was, perhaps, one of the most picturesque in all Italy, even surpassing that from the Piazza Michelangelo in Firenze, but to me, hipped and bewildered as I was, the chatter in a dozen tongues about me was irritating; and I turned my back upon the crowd, leaning my elbows upon the stone parapet, and gazing over the gay, light-hearted capital whence at that moment came up the jangling of bells started by the great bell at St. Peter's and echoing from every church tower, the solemn call to evening prayer that is, alas! ever unheeded. In modern Italy only the peasant is pious; in the *alto mondo* religion is unfashionable.

Perhaps you have driven in the Corso, that narrow and most disappointing of thoroughfares, gossiped in the English tea-shop at five o'clock, taken your vermouth and bitters in the Aregno, and climbed the Pincian to see the sunset. If you have, then you know that life, you recognize amid that crowd faces of both sexes that you have seen at Aix, at Vichy, at Carlsbad, at Ostend, or in the rooms at Monte Carlo, many of them vicious, sin-hardened faces, careless, indolent, blase; few, alas! with the freshness of youth or the open look indicated by pure-mindedness.

On the Pincian you have the light-hearted thoughtless world which exists only to be amused, the world which laughs at grim poverty because it obtains its wherewithal from the labors of those poor, underpaid and sweated millions in other countries who must work in order that these few favored ones may indulge in their extravagances.

Sick to death, disappointed, worn out by a continual vigilance and with a deep anxiety gnawing ever at my heart-strings, I had turned from the scene, and was gazing across into the rose-tinted mists, when of a sudden I heard a voice at my elbow, exclaiming in broken English:

"Why, surely it's the Signor Holford!"

I turned quickly, and to my amazement found myself confronted by the thin, sinister face of the dead Professor's servant, Antonio Merli.

(*To be Continued.*)

PRINCE OLAF AND HIS GRANDMOTHER.
This is the most recent photograph of Queen Alexandra, and is taken with the Crown Prince of Norway, the only son of her youngest daughter.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH CANADA?

If your destination is the Canadian North West, reach it by the Canadian route, study the varying scenes of your own country by the way, and enjoy the advantage of travelling in a through train without the trouble of transfers, Customs, etc. The Canadian Pacific Railway's "Winnipeg Flyer," 10.10 p.m., every day in the year, is the only through train from Toronto, or any point in Ontario, to Winnipeg and the Canadian North West. Tickets, berth reservations, etc., at Canadian Pacific Ticket Office, southeast corner King and Yonge streets.

He—"So your husband has given up smoking? It requires a pretty strong will to accomplish that." She—"Well, I'd have you understand that I have a strong will."

Shooting Grizzlies in Alaska

REX. E. BEACH, author of "The Spoilers," and "The Barrier," tells in the Chicago Inter Ocean of an Alaskan hunting-trip which he took in company with his brother-in-law, Fred Stone, the comedian. Arriving at Cordova after a five-days' northward voyage from Seattle on a "typical ratty Alaskan steamer," they secured a guide, Joe Iback, by name. With him and two bear-dogs, Jack and Jill, which they had brought with them, they scoured the country round for five strenuous days. But they failed to get a single shot at a bear, and decided to go "down the sound in a fast launch toward an island which for years has been shunned because of its ugly bears." Here, only a few days before, "a pair of native hunters had been chased into a camp by a herd of grizzlies." To quote from Mr. Beach's narrative:

Into a shallow uncharted bay we felt our course, past cliffs white with millions of gulls, under towering columns of rock, which thrust wicked fangs up through a swirling ten-mile tide and burst into clouds of shrieking birds at our approach.

We anchored abreast of two tumble-down shacks, and, as the afternoon was young, prepared for exploration. Ahead of us rolling hills arose to a bolder range, which formed the background of the island. The timbered slopes were broken by meadows of brilliant green, floored not with grass, but with oozy moss.

"We've got three guns in the party," said Joe, noting the preparations of Little, the owner of the launch, "so I'll take the camera instead of my rifle. If we see a bear, them dogs can't trip up more than two of us, which will leave one man to shoot and one man to use the machine."

For hours we had tramped the likliest looking country we had seen, so I suggested that we divide in order to cover more territory. Fred and Little, escorted by Jack and Jill, headed toward the flats, while Joe and I turned upward toward the heights.

Away we paddled over the crater lakes half choked and hidden under fifty feet of snow, skidding down crusted slopes, lowering ourselves hand over hand down gutters, where the snow-water drenched us from above. In time we left the deeper snows for thick brush, broken by open patches, and a 10-o'clock twilight was on us when we found a fresh track. The moss had slipped and torn beneath the animal's weight and the sharp slashes of the claws had not yet filled with seepage.

"He's close by," said Joe, shifting the camera. "Gee! I wish I'd brought my gun instead of this thrashing-machine," and for the first time I realized that I had a new, small-calibered rifle with me, and had selected this day to try it, not expecting to have to rely upon it.

"There he is," I called sharply. "Look out for yourself."

I stepped to the edge of the bluff, for after my first glimpse that angry fur had disappeared—and looked down directly into the countenance of the largest grizzly in the world! Halted by our approach, he had paused just under the crest.

I have seen several Alaskan bears at close range, but I never saw one more distinctly than this, and I never saw a wickeder face than the one which glared up at me. His muzzle was as gray as a "whistler's" back, the silver hairs of his shoulders were on end like quills, while his little pig eyes were bloodshot and blazing.

"What luck!" I thought wildly, as the rifle sights cuddled together, but in that fraction of a second before the finger crooks, out from the brush behind him scrambled another bear, a great, lean, high-quartered brute of a cinnamon shade, appearing, to my startled eyes, to stand as tall as a heifer.

Now, I never happened to be quite so intimate with a pair of grizzlies before, and since that moment I have frequently wondered how they happened to impress me so strongly with the idea of a crowd. The woods seemed suddenly filled with bear, and involuntarily I swept the glades below to see if this were a procession or a bear carnival of some sort. That instant's weakness cost me the finest pelt I ever saw, for at my movement bear No. 1 leapt, and as I swung back to cover him, I saw only a brown flank disappearing behind a barrier of projecting logs. At this distance I dared not take a chance on other than a head shot, so I jumped back, peering through the brush at our level, hoping to see him as he emerged.

Joe rushed forward to the edge of the hills as if about to assault the cinnamon with his camera, stepping directly between me and where I expected bear No. 1 to show.

"Shoot! Shoot! Give it to him before he gets up here," he yelled hoarsely.

"Get out of the way," I shouted, with my eyes glued upon the vegetation at his back.

He was still screaming, "Shoot! Shoot!" when his voice rose to a squeak, for up through the undergrowth lounged the big cinnamon, nearly trampling him. The bear rose to its hind legs and snorted, while Joe did a brisk dance, side-stepping neatly from underneath his photographic harness and fairly kicking himself up and out of his rubber boots. Before either foot-gear or camera had ended its flight he had sized up the dimensions of every spruce tree within a radius of forty rods, and was headed for the most promising.

"Come on! Let's get after them," I shouted, and away he went up the mountain side, running till we were breathless, guided plainly by great patches of torn moss and heavy indentations. We ran up grade until I stumbled and staggered from exhaustion; we ran until my legs gave out and my lungs burst; ran until I feared I should die at the next knoll, and kept on running until I feared I might not die at the next knoll. Up, up, and up we went, until 200 yards above a moving spot amid the timber halted us.

But my legs refused to propel me faster than a miserable walk, so I floundered away, while I flopped to my back in the centre of a wet moss patch and hoped a bear would come and get me.

Ten minutes later I heard him empty the magazine, but as he reappeared I knew the shots had been long ones.

Stone and Little, having covered the flats unsuccessfully, were rowing into the mouth of the creek when we slid down the bluff above the launch, but at my recital of our adventure Fred went violently insane, and was for setting out for the scene of our encounter at once. Eventually he was calmed, and we rolled up for a few hours' rest on the floor of the launch.

After this day's hunting followed what Mr. Beach calls "as heart-breaking a week as I ever endured," a week which he sums up thus:

Every morning we were off early, to drag ourselves in ten, twelve, perhaps fourteen hours later, utterly exhausted. Every noon we stopped to dry out over a smoky fire, for an hour's work on the slopes threw us into a dripping perspiration, which the chill wind discovered at the first breathing spell. Our feet were constantly wet from the melting snow, and the rain did what remained to be done. We stood barelegged and shivering in the snow, our feet on strips of bark, the while we scorched our underclothes and swore at the weather.

During this time Joe, the guide, managed to shoot a good-sized grizzly and a cub while hunting by himself. But Mr. Beach became thoroughly disheartened and one morning, while the others set forth with their guns, he went fishing in the channel. To quote further:

Having drifted opposite the mouth of a tiny creek without a strike, I rowed ashore and wandered aimlessly back into the open flat through which the stream meandered. It was the first time since landing in Alaska that I had been without my gun, and within 300 yards from the shore I encountered fresh bear tracks. As I regarded them a movement at my back caused me to whirl, and there, where I could have hit him with a stone, was my bear observing me curiously.

We looked each other over several moments. We were both blonds, although his fur was a bit lighter than mine. When I moved his hair rose; when he moved, my hair did the same. He was much the larger of the two. I matched him up with my dining room rug, and he went all right. I must likewise have harmonized with some color scheme of his, for he took a step toward me engagingly.

Remembering that my hunting-knife was in the gunwhale of the skiff and my rifle way across the bay I closed the interview and went after them. It was a nice, cool day, and I hurried a bit. You see, this was the first bear I had encountered which really matched my furniture and, in fact, there were sundry reasons why I increased my normal speed of limb.

Two hours later I stumbled out of the woods, sweaty, smelling of blood, and supremely proud of a wet heavy skin, which dragged upon my aching shoulders, its points trailing on the ground behind me.

As I gloated barbarically over the magnificent carcass, up from the woods across the bay came the sound of four quick, faint shots, "Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!" as if Fred and Joe were answering my recent fusillade.

It took me an hour to finish the skinning, and as I reached the launch I heard wild shouting across the mud flats. On the fringe of the timber we saw the two boys.

"They've got a bear," I yelled gleefully. "Fred has got one at last." And ten minutes later, while still a half-mile distant, he began to tell me about it. I answered with my story, neither of us distinguishing than the din of his own voice.

"I got——" came Fred's rejoicing, while the sun glinted on Joe's white teeth—"big grizzly—color—match—bungalow exactly!"

I ran toward them, joining in a muddy war dance on the sandbar, which had so kindly delayed our departure.

We all talked at once, but my companion had more ground for joy than I, for this was his first bear, and it had charged unexpectedly at a distance of fifty feet.

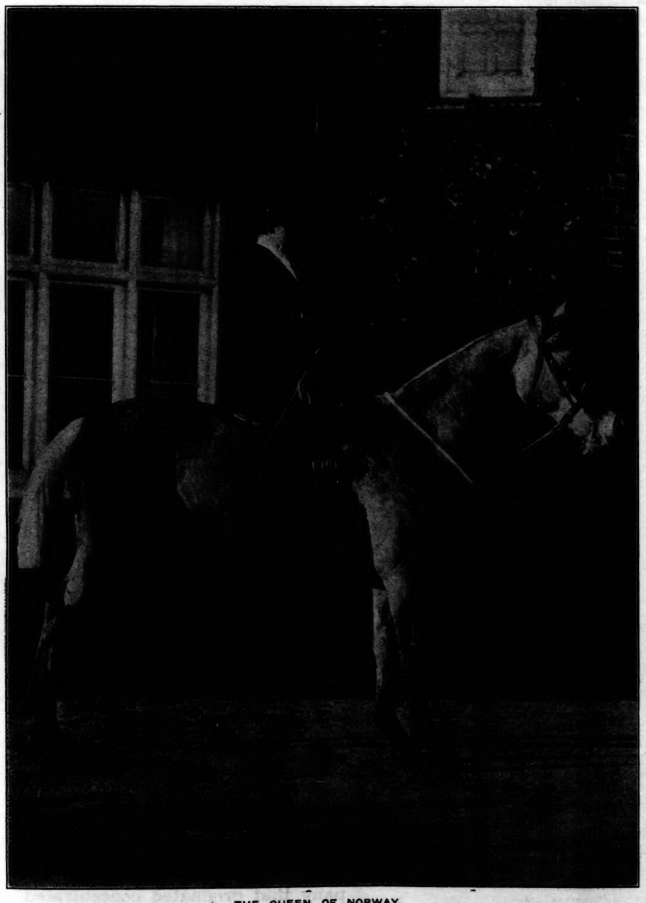
"She was coming so fast when I saw her that I didn't have time to get scared," said Fred, "and it took four shots to drop her."

"He only had four shells in his gun," Joe chimed in, admiringly. "He could almost touch her when she fell."

"We came back for you and the camera. Get your gun quick and come with us; you never saw so many bear signs in your life."

"They've all left the hills for the flats," declared our guide. "That's why we've had such bad luck. We'll get a boat-load before dark." So, taking time to gulp a mouthful of cold food, we headed back toward the thickets where Fred had disproved the old theory that your bear is a peaceful brute and will never deliberately attack a man.

The Conversationalist (to well-known authoress)—I am so delighted to meet you—it was only the other day—I saw something of yours—about something or other—in some paper!—Sketch.



THE QUEEN OF NORWAY.

Youngest of King Edward's daughters, Queen Maud of Norway is one of the most accomplished of women. It is said that she can cook, sew, trim her own hats, carve in wood, bind books, take excellent photographs, manipulate a typewriter and a billiard cue, ride, drive, fence, swim, row, and manage a yacht, as well as converse fluently in ever so many languages. So persistent was the rumor, at one time, that she had written a book that an official denial was made. Queen Maud is something of a suffragist, and when the World's Women Suffragists met in London last May she sent them a message of sympathy, being the first Queen to openly identify herself with the cause. Thirteen years ago the marriage of Princess Maud of Wales took place to her cousin, Prince Charles of Denmark, and for several years she divided her time between her husband's country and England. Later her husband was offered the throne of Norway, and since her arrival in her adopted country she has become thoroughly popular with its people.

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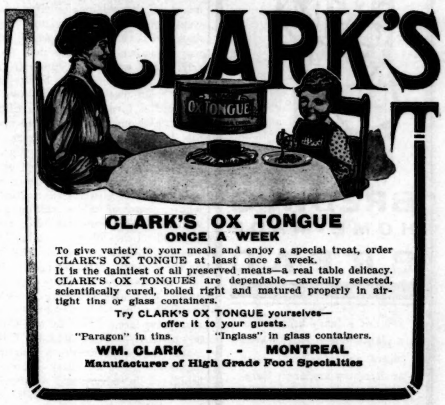

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The Care of House Plants.

THE care of plants in winter has worried many a housewife, and most women have wondered why those intended for the decoration of the home in the cold weather show such a decided capacity for dying off just as soon as they are brought indoors in the late autumn, or are purchased. Even the once popular rubber plant used to show a fondness for shedding leaves, while palms speedily reduced themselves to a condition of stalk and one or two stiffened brown leaves.

According to a florist, one great point in being able to keep one's plants in condition lies in their careful selection, certain varieties being more suitable than others. Azaleas are among the popular plants for use in winter, many of these coming from Holland, Belgium and France. When buying an azalea it is wise, says the florist, to select a plant on which the blossoms are not yet fully opened. The plant with the mass of open flowers may appear more perfect, but it is well to remember that after perfection comes the fading of the flowers, and that within a few days the blooms will have gone and only leaves remain.

Potted azaleas are grown in two styles, the low dome and the taller conical. By all means choose the tall conical style. The low dome is by far the more common because it makes the greater show, but the tall shape is not only more artistic but, other points being equal, lasts longer.

While azaleas are indoors as the flowers fade the dead corollas should be picked off and the roots kept well watered so as to encourage new growth. About once a week a small quantity of liquid fertilizer should be given. Such fertilizer is to be bought in powdered form at almost any good seed store for a few cents. A small package will be sufficient for half a dozen plants for the entire season.

When the weather becomes sufficiently warm and settled the plant may be set out of doors in a slightly shaded spot where there is free circulation of air, but not in the direct rays of the sun. During the summer the object should be to keep the roots cool and moist. This can best be accomplished by sinking the pot up to its rim in the earth and watering constantly.

When cold weather returns it should be taken in and can be easily made to blossom with more or less freedom in the winter garden. Under no circumstances should the roots of the azalea be allowed to get dry. This will cause the leaves to drop and kill all the flower buds in progress of maturing.

The cyclamen is a showy plant and one that has the added merit of being inexpensive, and if one chooses may be raised from seed, in a window garden. Not only are the flowers beautiful in both color and form, but the foliage is prettily marked and very ornamental when the plant is thrifty. Like the ordinary geraniums it thrives with a minimum of care if only protected from the frosts. It is excellent as a table decoration.

A plant that makes a pleasing change from the red blossomed ones so popular in winter is the small fruited Otaheite orange. It is the only plant with a yellow berry to be had at this season. It has the advantage of being easily carried over from one season to another. It can be successfully grown in a window, where it will bloom and add a welcome fragrance to the room.

A pretty red berried shrub is the ardisia, which, in addition to being extremely beautiful, it is about as hardy as any house plant, and will endure for years, both the leaves and berries keeping their color and lustre in the alternate heat and chill of the ordinary living room, with a varying degree of moisture and as much or as little light as one will supply. It is recommended highly to persons who are looking for an ornamental house plant that will grow under adverse conditions. Its berries are about the same size and color as the holly, while its leaves lack the unpleasant prickly spines.

Should, by any mischance, the plants one has cherished become frozen, the only thing to do is to remove them at once to a cool place before they have time to thaw, and if possible have the temperature just above freezing point. Shower the plants freely with cold water and keep them for three or four days away from all light and heat.

After this they may be brought out again and the wilted parts cut off. This is to prevent decay. If they should be wilted to the roots, cut off and keep in a cool, sunny window and water freely. Unless the freezing has been much more severe than is customary in a house there will be a fine new growth. Some varieties of plants will even send out a profusion of blooms.

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Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, JAN. 20, 1910.

THE event of the past week was the reception given by the wives of the various Cabinet Ministers, the second of a series of four, for which they sent out invitations earlier in the season. On this occasion the ladies' reception rooms in the House of Commons were, as at the former gathering of the kind, beautifully decorated with cut flowers, potted plants and bright crimson carnations in abundance, while softly shaded lights threw a becoming glow over the pretty scene in the rooms, and rows of palms, ferns, and other greenery banking the halls and corridors leading thereto. Though, owing to the absence of so many of the sessional visitors, who went home for the Christmas holidays and have not yet returned, there was a smaller attendance than formerly, yet it was an exceptionally enjoyable function. As before, the large room was divided into two by a partition formed of a bank of tall palms, and one half was given up to the dancing folk. The hostesses on this occasion were Mrs. Frank Oliver, wearing an exquisite gown of white satin with gold sequined tunic and gold embroideries; Lady Borden, whose gown of white chiffon over white satin was embroidered in green and had touches of green satin; Mrs. Pugsley, in pale grey satin, with lace on the corsage; Mrs. George P. Graham also wearing a delicate grey satin gown; and Mrs. Fielding in white crepe de chine, with trimmings of old rose point lace. The Earl and Countess of Lanesborough and Lady Eileen Butler were present, the former in a handsome gown of black satin embroidered in silver, and wearing a magnificent tiara of diamonds, and Lady Eileen Butler, looking very pretty in white satin, embroidered in gold. Supper was served in a large room nearby, which was made attractive with easy chairs and sofas.

Miss Jane Fielding has continued to be much entertained during the week prior to her marriage, and those who added to the already long list of farewell gatherings given for her were Miss Sparks and Miss Edith Powell, who were joint hostesses at a merry luncheon at the Country Club, when covers were laid for eighteen of her most intimate friends, including both matrons and maids. The luncheon was followed by a game of bridge. Miss Tudor Montizambert also "lunched" Miss Fielding and twelve of her companions on Thursday; and Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, who has now quite recovered from a rather tedious illness, entertained at the tea-hour on Friday. Miss Ethel Burn was the hostess at a dainty luncheon given to permit Miss Fielding's special friends to meet her once more before her departure, and earlier in the week Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss gave a theatre party at The Russell for the prospective bride and her bridesmaids-to-be. Miss Elizabeth Borden entertained at a dinner on Saturday in Miss Fielding's honor.

The Country Club has been the scene of a number of most charming festivities recently. Hon. Wm. and Mrs. Templeman entertained there at a dinner when their guests included: Hon. Frank and Mrs. Oliver, Hon. Charles Marcil, Hon. H. Bostock, Col. and Mrs. Andrew Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mackenzie, Miss Stella Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Young, Mr. Ralph Smith, M.P., of Nanaimo, B.C., and Mrs. Smith; Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, of Vancouver, B.C.; Mr. Glover, of Vancouver, B.C.; Mr. Brewster and Mr. Nicolas. The table was prettily arranged with masses of pale pink carnations and pink shaded lights. Mrs. Charles Read also entertained at a luncheon at the Club, given in honor of two Montreal visitors, Mrs. F. Cowie and Mrs. James Ross, the former her own guest, and the latter staying with her sister-in-law, Mrs. P. D. Ross. Other guests present were: Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Mrs. H. Allan Bate, Mrs. T. Cameron Bate, Mrs. Alex. Cartwright, Mrs. Henry Blakeney, Mrs. Alex. Simpson, Mrs. J. F. Kidd, Miss Loucks and her guest from Brockville, Miss Ward.

Miss Edith Fielding invited about thirty young girls and matrons to meet Miss Eileen Dwyer, of Halifax, and to join in a game of bridge at the Country Club one afternoon late in the week, when Mrs. Hamnett Hill, jr., and Miss Katie Christie proved themselves the most adept players, and carried off pretty souvenirs of a pleasant afternoon.

The following had the honor of being invited to dine with Their Excellencies at Government House on Wednesday: Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, Hon. W. S., Mrs. and Miss Fielding, Hon. David and Mrs. Mackeen, Hon. George E. and Mrs. Foster, Miss Mackeen, Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., and Mrs. Osler, Mr. David Henderson, M.P., and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. Gervais, M.P., and Mrs. Gervais, Mr. F. Congdon, M.P., and Mrs. Congdon, Mr. A. A. Clare, M.P., and Mrs. Clare, Mr. Daniel, M.P., and Mrs. Daniel, Mr. Lloyd Harris, M.P., the Chinese Consul and Mrs. Kung, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. P. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ahearn, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Baker, of Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lumsden, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cook, Miss Cook, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Finnie, Miss Finnie, Col. and Mrs. S. H. P. Graves, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. S. D. C. Roper, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Pennington Macpherson, Miss Macpherson, Mr. Morley Donaldson, Mrs. Remon and Mr. H. N. Bate.

Several small and pleasant dinners were on the week's social programme. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Griffin entertained at one of these when their guests were Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, Col. and Mrs. de la Cherois Irwin, Hon. David and Mrs. Mackeen, of Halifax; Mrs. J. S. Ewart, and Col. Lessard. At Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden's well appointed dinner the guests included Dr. Peterson, Principal of McGill University, Montreal, and Mrs. Peterson; Dr. and Mrs. Adam Shortt, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. T. O'Hara and their guest, Mrs. H. Corby, of Belleville; Mr. Martin Burrell, M.P., and Mrs. Burrell, of Grand Forks, B.C.; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Northrup and Mr. Richard Lake, M.P. Others who entertained at delightful little dinners were Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Avery, Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert, whose gathering was in honor of their daughter, Mrs. Reginald Beckett and Mr. Beckett, of Quebec, who are shortly leaving for England; Col. and Mrs. Rutherford, and Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Ross, the latter making Miss Fielding their guest of honor.

Mrs. Drummond Hogg entertained at the tea-hour on Tuesday of this week in honor of Mrs. Edwin Forse, of Niagara Falls (formerly Miss Cissy Moore, of Ottawa), who is paying Mrs. Hamnett Hill, jr., a short visit.

Mrs. W. G. Perley and Mrs. W. C. Edwards were also tea hostesses of Tuesday, and the same afternoon as well as the following one was chosen by Mrs. Nicholas Slater, of Broadview, Aylmer road, for two most interesting bridge parties. Mrs. Cuffe-Quinn was the hostess on Monday of a very bright little tea in honor of her guest, Miss Grace Smith, of London, England, who has recently been a guest at Government House.

Invitations have been sent out by Their Excellencies for a dance at Government House for to-night. This is not the State Ball which always takes place later in the season, but is a much smaller affair, given principally in honor of the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough and Lady Eileen Butler.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pringle, of Cornwall, are at present the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Northrup at their apartments in The Aylmer, and in their special honor Mrs. Northrup entertained at a delightfully arranged "bridge" on Friday, another equally charming card party on Wednesday the 19th, and these will be followed on Friday, the 21st, by a luncheon given by the same hostess.

The First Baptist church was, on Wednesday afternoon, the scene of one of the prettiest weddings that has taken place in the Capital for a long time. The bride was Miss Janet Louise Fielding, eldest daughter of Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, and Mrs. Fielding, and the groom, Mr. Kutusoff Nicolson MacFee, of London, England. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by her sister, Miss Florence Fielding, as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Ethel Burn, Miss Elizabeth Borden and Miss Edith Fielding. Mr. George A. Walker, of London, England, acted as the groom's best man, and the ushers were Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Minister of Labor, Mr. J. S. Tilsbury, of Minneapolis, Mr. Robert Farrell and Mr. Fred Magee, of Ottawa. Among the guests from out-of-town who came to the Capital especially to be present were Mr. and Mrs. Allan Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rankin and Miss Rankin, of St. John, N.B.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hemming and Miss Clara Hemming, of Montreal; Mrs. T. G. Smith and Mr. W. G. Smith, of Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett Magann, Mr. and Mrs. William Mulock and Dr. Hubert Bruce, of Toronto, and Mr. Alex. MacFee, of Montreal. Mr. Harry Fielding, brother of the bride, also arrived from South Africa especially for his sister's marriage.

THE CHAPERON.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S WIFE AND CHILD.
Mrs. Chamberlain was Miss Ivy Muriel Dundas, daughter of Col. H. L. Dundas, her marriage to the Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain taking place in 1906.

FORTIETH ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF
THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

LIABILITIES

	Dec. 31, 1908.	Dec. 31, 1909.
To the Public		
Deposits bearing interest	$24,300,726.66	$33,456,828.35
Deposits not bearing interest	13,090,564.60	16,955,930.07
Interest accrued on Deposits	52,150.33	64,563.16
Deposits by other Banks in Canada	133,102.61	344,507.23
Total Deposits	$37,576,544.20	$50,822,129.31
Notes of the Bank in Circulation	3,556,432.65	4,579,678.65
Balances due to Agents in Great Britain	.....	241,178.65
Balances due to Agents in Foreign Countries	560,818.84	215,724.26
	$41,693,795.69	$55,853,710.87
To the Shareholders:		
Capital Paid-up	3,900,000.00	5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	4,000,000.00	5,700,000.00
Dividend No. 85 (quarterly at 10 per cent.)	97,500.00	.....
Dividend No. 89 (quarterly at 10 per cent.)	.....	123,857.73
Former Dividends unclaimed	230.00	340.08
Rebate on Bills Discounted, not yet due	100,000.00	140,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward	78,685.26	228,393.94
	$50,870,210.95	$67,051,102.62

ASSETS

Gold and Silver Coin	$3,221,717.14
Dominion Government Notes	3,760,344.35
Deposit with Government for Security of Note Circulation	100,000.00
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	2,985,741.45
Balances due from other Banks in Canada	36,259.51
Balances due from Agents in Great Britain	372,358.60
Balances due from Agencies in Foreign Countries	826,657.36
Government and Municipal Securities	2,093,101.20
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	4,561,489.26
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds	3,386,141.29
	$21,344,440.19
Loans to other Banks in Canada	496,248.15
Loans to Provincial Governments	107,656.95
Current Loans and Discounts	26,738,164.99
Overdue Debts (Loss Provided for)	84,776.28
Bank Premises	1,150,324.39
	$50,870,210.95

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

By Net Profits for the Year, after deducting Charges of Management, Accrued Interest on Deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and rebate of interest on unmatured bills	$838,366.51	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, December 31, 1908	78,685.26	$916,091.77
Appropriated as follows:		
To Dividend (10 per cent.)	463,597.83	
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	25,000.00	
Written off Bank Premises Account	200,000.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	228,393.94	$916,091.77

Average Paid-up Capital during 1909, $4,636,000.

EDSON L. PEASE,
General Manager.

TUBE LINES TO HEART OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Grand Trunk-Lehigh Valley route, which is the only all double-tracked line from Toronto and Canadian territory, now lands passengers in the heart of New York or Brooklyn by means of the tube lines from Jersey City Depot in five minutes' time. No long street car lines are now required. Take the 4.32 p.m. or 6.10 p.m. trains, and enjoy modern electric-lighted sleepers, with individual berth lights. Fare $10.55 from Toronto to New York.

Tickets, reservations, etc., at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

"Did you have any assistance when you made your appearance as a singer?" "Yes," answered the amateur soloist. "There was a policeman keeping order in the gallery."—Washington Star.

"Do you like my new hat?" asked Mrs. Brooke. "Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Lynn. "I had one just like it when they were in style."

OXO

is the perfect fluid beef—the crowning achievement of the Company that originated concentrated beef extracts more than forty years ago.

Try it to-day—then you will use it all the winter.

Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, JAN. 20, 1909.

THERE have been very few entertainments given this week, the reaction from the Christmas season, with all its attending gaities, having set in. But several delightful affairs are arranged for the next week or two as Lent will appear very early this year, and the usual rush of social events is sure to come.

Miss Alice Hope was the hostess of a bridge party on Tuesday evening, given in honor of her guest, Miss Gladys Wheeler. The prizes were won by Miss Charlotte Balfour and Mr. McLaren. Among the guests were Miss Meta Bankier, Miss Muriel Hoodless, Miss Strathmore Findlay, Miss Mona Murray, Miss Eleanor Lazier, Miss Dorothy Henderson, Miss Marjorie Bristol, Miss Dorothy Wilgress, Messrs. F. Morrison, Allan Young, H. Wilcox Long, H. Crerar, P. Townsend, Maynard Ridley, and Dr. McGregor.

Miss Jean Haslett has returned from Montreal, where she spent some time.

Mrs. Collinson was the hostess at a delightful informal tea on Friday afternoon at Highfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ferrie, Vancouver, are in town, the guests of Mrs. Alex, Turner, Hughson street.

Mrs. John Counsell has returned from a visit with Mrs. Gibbons in London.

Mrs. F. W. Gates will be the hostess of an evening bridge party on Tuesday.

Mrs. Fred Greening has returned from New York, where she spent Christmas with her mother.

Miss Sage, of London, is the guest of Mrs. English, Mountain Top.

Mrs. A. Osborne has returned from Clifton Springs, and is occupying her new residence, Aberdeen avenue.

Mrs. John H. Kerr is giving a bridge on Tuesday afternoon at her residence, Aberdeen avenue.

The opening of the Musical Club at the Conservatory on Wednesday was very largely attended, and a most enjoyable programme given by Mrs. George Allan, Mrs. McKay, Mrs. Huerner Mullin, Mrs. M. Glassco, Misses Carey, Gladys Gates Tallman, Jean Malloch, Jean Findlay Gates and Hattie Greening.

Mrs. Southam, Pinehurst, returned this week from a short stay in New York.

Miss Marguerite Cotton, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. Treble, Glenfern avenue.

Miss Sophie Ridley, New York, is the guest of Mrs. R. H. Labatt, Bay street.

Miss Eleanor Lazier was the hostess at a delightful tea on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. J. J. Deane's buffet luncheon, given on Tuesday, was one of the enjoyable events of the week. The guests included Mrs. A. I. Malloch, Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. J. J. Morrison, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Wilgress, Mrs. Levy, Mrs. Gabrielle Levy, Mrs. Ingersoll Olmsted, Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. King, Mrs. Frank Wanzer, Mrs. Robert Hobson, Mrs. Algernon Woolverton, Mrs. Alex. Beasley, Miss M. Bell, Miss S. McKenzie, Mrs. King and Miss Walker.

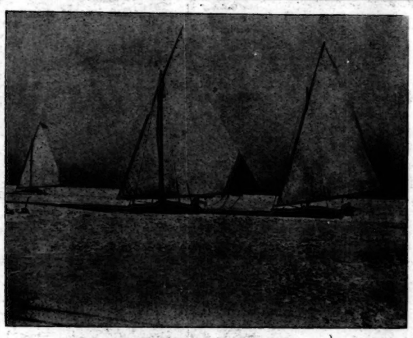
Mrs. R. B. Gardner spent the week-end in Toronto, the guest of Mrs. Leonard Zimmerman, Wilson avenue, Parkdale.

Mrs. E. H. Ambrose has issued cards for a buffet luncheon on Friday of this week.

Much sympathy has been extended to Miss Abbott and Canon Abbott in the sudden death of their mother, which occurred Saturday morning. Although Mrs. Abbott's residence here has been of short duration, she had endeared herself to a large circle of friends to whom the news of her death came as a great shock.

Miss Lillie, of Kansas City, is the guest of Mrs. Fank Wanzer.

KATRINE.



WINTER SPORT ON THE BAY.
The start of an ice-boat race on the Bay recently. The keen weather and hard ice made the sport excellent.

Women Who Win Votes.

ALL sorts of Englishwomen have been expending time and energy of late in trying to influence the electors of Great Britain, and although more were interested during this election than in any other, it has long been the woman's part to help her husband or brother in his campaign. Many work merely through interest in their party, and this year the militant branch of the suffragists were working for an aim that has nothing to do with party politics, but has reference altogether to their slogan, "Votes for Women."

Since the day when Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, captured a vote with a kiss, women have adopted many ruses in their attempt to win votes, and they undoubtedly do excellent work. Discussing some of the women who have been most prominent of late years in helping to win elections, an English writer says:—

Mrs. Cornwallis-West, when Lady Randolph Churchill, was a noted woman politician, and worked hard both for her husband in his campaigns and for Mr. Burdett-Coutts at Westminster. When canvassing for the latter in 1885, she said to a doubtful voter: "I hope you will vote for the constitutional cause and support the Queen and Conservative party." "Well," replied the man, "if I could get what the Duchess of Devonshire once gave for a vote, I think I could promise." "Thank you very much," said Lady Randolph demurely; "I will tell Lady Burdett-Coutts!"

Lieut.-Colonel Seeley, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, was returned to Parliament for the Isle of Wight when away serving in the South African War. His friends ran the election for him, and his wife was indefatigable in making speeches and canvassing on behalf of her husband, and had no little hand in the overwhelming majority by which he was returned.

Of course, the most famous modern woman's election was that in the Eye Division of Suffolk in 1906. It almost resolved itself into a duel between Lady Mary Hamilton, at that time engaged to the Marquis of Graham, the Conservative candidate, and Mrs. H. Pearson, the newly-made wife of the Liberal who was eventually returned by the smallest majority in the history of the constituency. Both ladies canvassed energetically and made little speeches and appealed for help on sentimental grounds, so that the men were entirely overshadowed.

The east of England seems very partial to women politicians, as the husband of another lady election fighter was M.P. for a constituency in Cambridge. This lady was Mrs. Arthur Brand, who sang her husband into Wisbeach. She canvassed, made little speeches, and sang at his meetings, until she completely won the hearts of the electors. At the last general election Mrs. Cheney Garfit, the wife of the Conservative candidate for the same division, worked hard for her husband, but she did not have the same success as Mrs. Brand. She made herself very popular, speaking on the platform and organizing the workers and canvassers. In one speech Mrs. Garfit said she was no nightingale, and did not sing, but she was a love-bird and would twitter for her mate. However, politics trimphed over the charms of woman, and Mr. Beck was elected.

Other political ladies are those belonging to the Earl of Carlisle's family. This family is divided against itself. The Earl and his heir, Lord Morpeth, are Conservatives, while another brother, the Countess, and his sisters are Liberals. At a by-election at Horsham some two years ago, the piquant spectacle was witnessed of Lord Morpeth speaking for the Unionist candidate, while his sisters, the Ladies Dorothy and Aurea Howard, were doing their best to bring about the return of his opponent. They and their mother are energetic politicians, and helped to win an election for their brother, the Hon. Geoffrey Howard at Eskdale.

Mrs. Philip Snowden, the wife of the Labor member for Blackburn, is another hard worker who speaks at labor meetings; while Mrs. Bertram Falle, the wife of the candidate for Portsmouth, who recently withdrew in favor of Lord Beresford, made herself very popular in the dockyard town.

Perhaps the youngest worker on record is the little daughter of Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, who succeeded the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as member for Stirling Boroughs. When he stood for Taunton in 1906, she attended a meeting and held up a huge card on which was inscribed, "Vote for Father." In other elections diminutive children of both sexes have been led around the constituency in donkey carts or panniers bearing cards with the same legend, but they have not attended meetings.

GLADSTONE IN SOUTH AFRICA

The upper picture is a photograph of General Lord Methuen, who has been such a prominent figure in South Africa, and who has now been appointed Governor of Natal.

The large picture shows the late Mr. Gladstone aboard the "Tantallon Castle," on the occasion of the opening of the Kiel Canal in 1895. He had lately been Prime Minister, and, probably, little suspected that the function which he was attending was to turn out to be the inauguration of an attempt on the part of Germany to undermine the sea-supremacy of Great Britain.

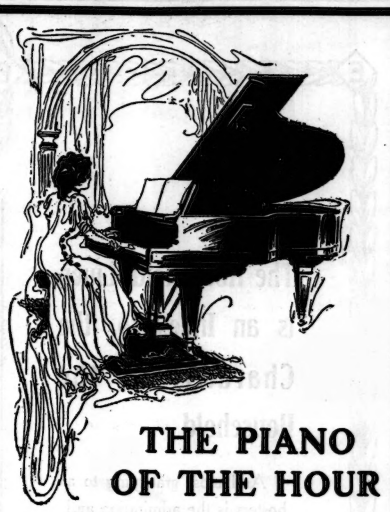
The lower picture is a recent photograph of the Right Hon. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., who has been appointed first Governor-General of United South Africa. Though the father failed in his dealings with South Africa, it is hoped that the son will prove successful. Certainly he is starting out under favorable auspices. His political career so far would also indicate his possession of the tact and firmness which are necessary for so difficult a position as the one he has been called on to occupy.

The Women of Iceland.

ICELAND may not be an ideal country in which to live, but to women it gives many advantages, and in some respects the weaker sex in that country occupy a better position than their sisters in Europe and the United States. In 1850 a law was passed giving them equal rights of inheritance with their brothers, but it was not until twenty-four years later, when the right of self-government was given to the country, that they began to take an active part in public affairs.

In 1881 unmarried women and widows over twenty-five, who were householders or self-supporting, were given the vote for parish or town councils. The National Woman Suffrage Association was founded at Reykjavik, January 21, 1907. Its objects are to obtain political and civil rights for women on the same terms as for men, and to interest women in the cause. In the summer of 1907, Skuli Thorodden, a member of the Althing, brought forward a bill to enfranchise women. It was not discussed, but was referred to a committee, and another bill was passed granting all married women in Reykjavik and Halnaifjordur who pay taxes, however small, the right to the municipal franchise and to sit in the councils. The bill became a law January 1, 1908.

Preparations were at once made for the next town council elections at Reykjavik. A committee of thirty-one was formed and four woman candidates were chosen. There were few absentees when the polling day came, with the result that all the woman candidates were elected. April 15 another bill was passed, further extending the suffrage to all tax-paying men and women over twenty-five years of age who have lived a year in an electoral district. This law came into force January 1, 1909. There now remains but the parliamentary vote to fight for, and the granting of it cannot be long delayed. The whole trend of public opinion is in favor of it, and the new minister, Bjorn Jonsson, has promised to take up the question.



THE PIANO OF THE HOUR

Discriminating purchasers, who are looking for the best in Pianos, should bear in mind that the only way to distinguish quality is by comparison, and, if you neglect this, you deceive yourself.

Buying a Piano because some friend informs you it is the best is not always wise, as they are sometimes prejudiced, so it behooves everyone to examine all high-grade makes carefully before making a decision.

THE NEW SCALE **WILLIAMS**

is the best Piano made in Canada to-day, and we will gladly place one in your home (on trial) beside any other make you wish to select, and let **you** decide for yourself which is the **real standard for Canada.**

Used and endorsed by such great artists as **Sembrich, Damrosch, Bispham, Schnitzer, Marchesi** and others.

We also have the finest stock of **PLAYER-PIANOS** in the city, and extend a cordial welcome to all to visit our warerooms at any time for demonstration.

SOLD ON EASY PAYMENTS

THE R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO. LIMITED

143 YONGE STREET

BANKING PROFITS IN A PECULIAR YEAR.

The trade and monetary conditions that prevailed during the last year, have made it a very peculiar one for the leading banking institutions of the country. Owing to the low rates that prevailed for both time and call loans for quite a portion of the year, some banks found it very difficult indeed to make anything like the profits they had during the previous few years.

Indeed, not for many years has there been such a diversity in the reports put out by the leading Canadian banks as was the case for 1909, and on this account financial interests have been watching with a great deal more than usual attention, the statements that have been put out by the leading institutions.

That of the Royal Bank of Canada is of much interest. Notwithstanding the fact that the larger profits ever previously shown by the bank were made in 1908, the net profits for 1909 were close to $100,000 above those of the previous year, amounting to $838,306.51, which was equal to 18.08 per cent. on the average paid-up capital of the year of $4,636,000.

As indicating the increase in the business of the bank for the year, the deposits increased by over $14,000,000.

With the larger amount of money at its disposal the bank showed a very large gain in call loans, these totalling at the end of the year $9,638,309.

There was also a substantial increase in the current loans and discounts, these now amounting to $33,644,705, as compared with $26,736,164 at the end of the previous year.

The Royal also seems to have provided for it being able to handle a very large amount of business in the future, an issue of stock having been made during the course of the year, and the paid-up capital now amounting to $5,000,000 as against $3,900,000 during the previous year, while the reserve fund increased to $5,700,000 as against $4,600,000.

"What was your husband saying to you last night?" "Nothing." "Why, I was sure I heard him talking to you for over an hour." "You did."—Houston Post.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

McEACHERN—At 7 Roslyn road, Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, the wife of John McEachern, Western Superintendent of the Bank of British North America, of twin daughters.

MARRIAGES.

STRATHY—McPHAIL—In St. Clement's Church, Eglinton, January 18, 1910, by Rev. Canon Powell, uncle of the bride, Beatrice Clara Marion McPhail to Hugh Seton Strathy, both of Toronto.

HOOEY—ROY—In New York, on January 15th, at the Little Church Around the Corner, by the Rev. Geo. C. Houghton, D.D., Ida Harriette, second daughter of the Rev. James Roy, LL.D., of Montreal, Canada, to William Wilson Hooey, of Cobourg, Canada.

BOVRIL

Athlets train on BOVRIL.
Nurses depend on BOVRIL.
Children thrive on BOVRIL.
Mothers gain strength from BOVRIL.
Physicians endorse and prescribe BOVRIL.
Invalids obtain health quickly on BOVRIL.
Everybody benefits by using BOVRIL.
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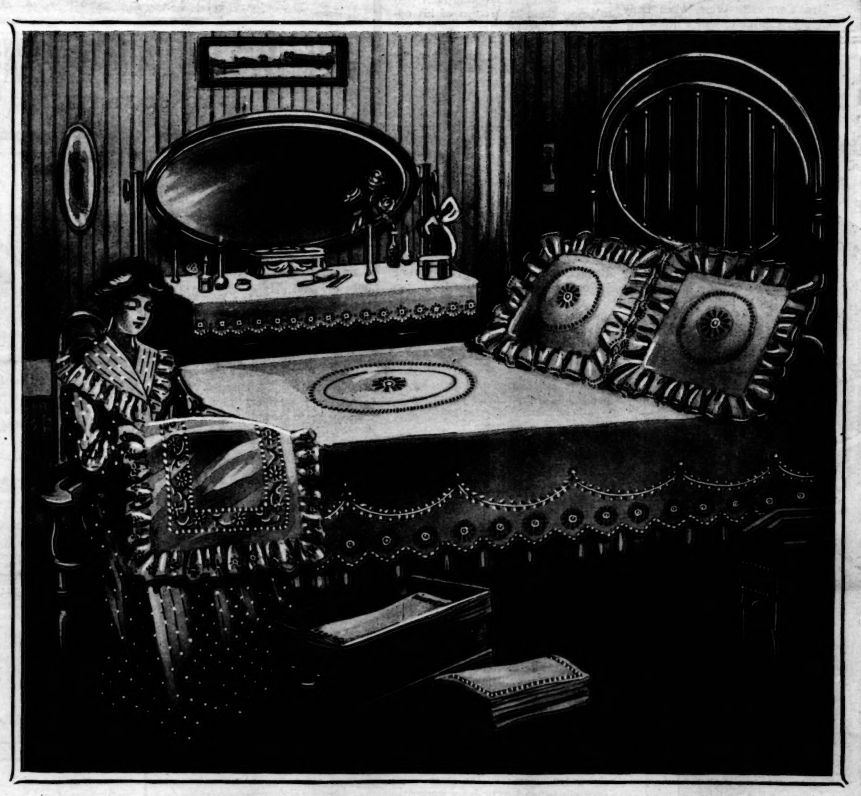
EATON'S

The Household Linen is an Index to the Character of the Household

And most gratifying to a hostess is the admiration and appreciation aroused by the snowy whiteness and refined elegance of her linen display.

An important section of the Store since its foundation, our Linen Section has maintained its position not only for its large turn-over, but also because it has won a reputation as an authority on all that is new and desirable in high grade linens.



Representations of the linen world's most elegant examples are displayed here—the result of our buyer's half-yearly journeys to the linen marts of the Old World — exquisite effects from France, lovely eyelet designs in hand-made linens from Madeira, beautiful weaves from Ireland and sturdy reliable grades from Scotland.

The ever increasing demand has made it possible for us to offer a selection of greatest interest to anyone who has in mind the purchase of linens of the highest grade.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED